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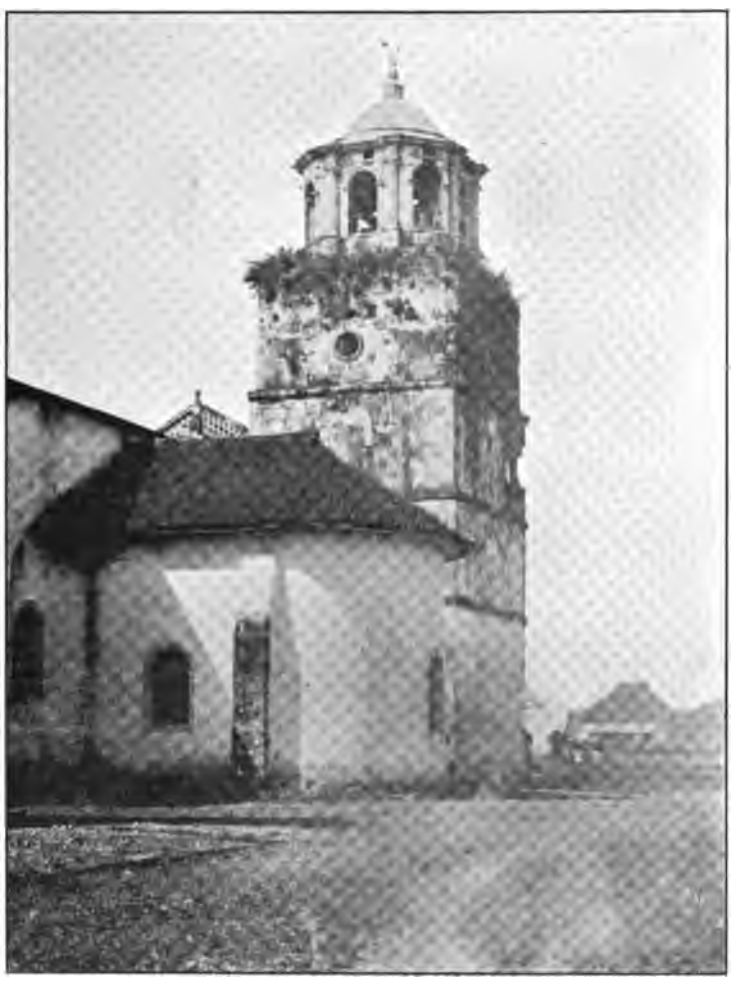
continued picnic and few of the Americans seemed to have anything of a settled feeling. It was like camping out indoors, and well for us that it *was* indoors and upstairs for it rained a tropical deluge for a solid week during the three weeks of our visit. Yet it was impressed upon us, meanwhile, that this was "the pleasantest season of the whole year"—November and December. The second morning of that "rainy spell" came a practical reminder of the verdancy of Manila, in finding one's shoes, and everything else that showed a bit of leather, such as portmanteaus, dress suit case, shawl-straps, photographic bags, etc., covered with a green mould from the damp over night. Articles that had been united with glue and paste in fairer and drier climes here became divorced, while others swelled with the dampness and refused to be opened. Canvas here supersedes leather in many things, and one had been wise if he had had a foreword of warning.



CATHEDRAL TOWER AT PASIG.

The method pursued by the laundry-lady was unique and played sad havoc with one's *new* pongée garments. Alas! it was that rainy week that she selected for doing them and she as well as I had hopes that each

succeeding day might be bright and fair. We were doomed to continuous disappointment. She just dumped the soiled clothing down upon the flagstones and scattered them abroad thereon so that they might one and all get the full benefit of Nature's cleansing and freshening showers four or five consecutive days. That accomplished, she wrung them out and hung them up to flutter a while in the breeze and blessed sunshine which came at last. During this process they had been growing beautifully less and shapeless, insomuch that when they were again adjusted to one's frame they were scarcely to be recognised as having been originally "made to order," for not only did they make one realise how rapidly one had increased during those few days since arrival, but they were changed from a plain buff colour into streaks, stripes, and spots!

Perhaps one of the experiences in Manila that stirred up the deepest emotions of pride and satisfaction was the resting of one's eyes upon the stalwart manly figures of the American police stationed here and there in the thick of the traffic on the Escolta, or at either end, and at the middle, of the Bridge of Spain. They towered head and shoulders above the surrounding seething and confused masses of vehicles and pedestrians and with a few motions of direction, or words of command, quickly smoothed out the tangles of traffic and set things in regular and easy motion again, to the evident satisfaction of those who had unintentionally got hopelessly swamped or balked. Many a time, when meeting one of these fine fellows, one had to stop and exchange a few words of greeting or cheer, especially when meeting a roundsman on his beat at some late hour on a moonlit night, or at some early hour of dawn. They were invariably courteous and obliging and reminded one more vividly than all else of the homeland far away. They had nearly all come out among the volunteer troops and after serving out their time had secured positions upon the police-force. With their uniform suits of khaki and broad-brimmed felt hats and sun-burned faces they looked like possible descendants of a Hercules, and undisputed masters of the situation. The cost of living, and all things else, in Manila—saving cigars and other forms of tobacco—especially impressed one as being outrageously beyond all limits of reason and justice. This has been one of the evils resulting largely—if not exclusively—from the American occupation of the islands. Americans, individually and collectively, can be traced wherever they go abroad by reckless extravagance, and Manila unfortunately is no exception. The difference here is that fictitious values have reached their extreme of absurdity and unreasonableness. House rents were immeasureably exorbitant, and any sort of a roof to cover one's head cost far more than its worth. The rental of a most modest—and often undesirable—

residence in Manila would provide a very comfortable, and, in some cases unusual, home in Japan. One was surprised, too, in visiting the markets, to find such tropical fruits as pineapples, cocoanuts and bananas (often poor ones) costing fully as much, and sometimes more, than in Japan, where they all have to be imported from the tropics. Fruits were not nearly so good or plentiful as one had reason to expect—flowers still less so—yet Manila is "the land of fruits and flowers!" But, as one has ruefully expressed it in a facetious vein: "The fruits are on the inside of the cans and the flowers on the outside."

MARBLE STATUE TO HERNANDO DE MAGELLANES ALIAS CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

One boon for which all good Americans should be—and no doubt are—thankful is the fact that Manila is in direct communication with the meat market of Australia, and has a large cold storage plant under the control of the Government, from which beef, mutton and other meats may be had at prices which leave no question in any mind that the profits are substantial "to the pockets of the men who run it." Yet one can ill afford to be without fresh meat, since canned goods, even when sold honestly by non-fraudulent

American concerns, can only fill a temporary need and cannot be used as a constancy without considerable risk to health, particularly in a torrid climate.

We had the privilege of dining with our kind host and hostess, along with other company, on Thanksgiving Day, and it was properly celebrated, according to time-honoured custom, with real roast turkey and cranberry sauce. The hostess, wishing to personally superintend the preparation of the Feast of Thanksgiving—as every true housewife should upon such a grand occasion—attended to the preparation and stuffing of the turkey, but before she could finish her part was called away just as she had washed the noble bird and had dried it with a spotless new dish-cloth, leaving it inside the fowl to absorb the superfluous moisture till she could resume the further preparation of it. But other duties diverted her mind into other channels so the Filipino chef assumed the sole responsibility of the roasting thereof. When, at length, the handsome fowl appeared in all his golden-brown glory upon the table, and the host had helped generous portions of it, he suddenly bethought himself that there might be some stuffing which he had omitted to serve, so he plunges spoon and fork into the recesses of the lordly bird and begins to ladle forth one continuous indivisible portion of dressing, much to his own amazement, his wife's confusion, and the jollity of such members of the dinner-party as "caught on." Incidentally one might mention that this particular bird cost only twelve dollars (Mex.) and had been imported from Australia, cold storage, along with forty thousand pounds of other sacrificial turkeys, especially for this great American feast-day in the Philippines. The day before, the feast day eggs—the small native hen-fruit—were selling at twenty-five cents (Mex.) *each*. As for bread, one's recollection is of having hot biscuits (what our British friends call "scones") *once*, when especially invited to dine at the home of an army officer. Everyone depends upon bakery bread, which is usually heavy and sour, but it was then the main dependence and all had to subsist upon it; but one may still hope that in the subsequent betterment of conditions this staff of life has reached a higher state of development.

While speaking of the National Thanksgiving Day—which, by the way, is the only day in the whole calendar year especially set aside by the Chief Executive of the Nation—one of necessity recalls the indifference shown it that year (1901) by the officials of the Government. It was suggested that it was not for them to seem to commit themselves to a religious celebration of any sort. That was plausible but did not hinder anyone, or all of them, from attending a religious service of this sort as ordinary Christian citizens might reasonably be expected to do in an unofficial capacity. There was a service held in one of the large theatres and special speeches and

a musical programme were arranged. The attendance upon this occasion of a nation's gratitude for the mercies of a year was pitifully slender, and would have been truly mortifying if it were to be taken as a real index of the true feelings of a community of loyal Americans in a state of semi-exile in a new and far country. One would have thought that the circumstances would have especially bound them together in one cordial bond of fellow-feeling but, alas! not so. Those in authority who were notably conspicuous by their absence were to some extent represented by their better selves, their wives and daughters.

Another of the blessings to residents in Manila was the Government ice-plant where distilled water and ice could be had at a fairly moderate rate. Ice was previously unknown to the populace of Manila, in practical use, under the Spanish régime. One evening, while giving an illustrated lantern lecture to an audience of Filipinos, the lecturer threw upon the canvas a series of snow-scenes. It became necessary to stop and explain in some detail what snow and ice were and how they come about. The ability to get ice at all has proved a blessing many times over and has gone far to make life in that humid and torrid atmosphere more tolerable for those from a brisker climate. It has been, too, of incalculable value in cases of critical illness, especially the various forms of fever to which Philippine residents are sadly subject. The use of distilled water has been an efficient preventive against dysentery, one of the relentless foes of nearly all European residents in the hotter parts of the Great Far East.

PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, ILOILO.

One of the most characteristic sights of Manila was the numerous and wealthy cathedrals. They occupied the finest sites in the city and were monuments of the hold of the various Romish orders—largely political rather than religious—upon the emotions and imaginations of the people. The various members of the orders of friars and monks seemed to be legion, though many had been sent away since the American occupation. Dominicans, Capuchins, Jesuits, Franciscans —elbowed one another on every side. Though one visited most of the principal cathedrals and enjoyed the sensuous music, and choked from the bitter incense which the acolytes swayed about in all directions in their filthy incense barners, there is one cathedral—the quietest of all—the visit to which one recalls only with a shud-

der. It was that called (San) Paco. It was surrounded by a double set of circular walls, some ten feet in thickness, and these walls contained sections of niches—about nine to each section—which were nothing less than cemetery vaults. It seemed curious to find such a means of sepulture. Each niche was built to hold the body of an adult person. A revenue accrues to the cathedral from the rental of these burial vaults. Thirty dollars (Mex.) is the rental of one space for a period of five years, at the expiration of which the remains are taken out and dumped upon the promiscuous heap of bones at the rear of the Cathedral. This dumping out is done only when relatives or friends of the deceased do not, from whatever cause, pay up for an additional period of years. Of course, the periodical dumping out of the human débris makes room for new arrivals as the "accommodations are limited."

TEMPORARY QUARTERS WITH OUTLOOK IN TREE TOP.

These wall-tombs were not the only burial places at Paco cemetery. There was a considerable green space between the two, or three, rows of walls which contained numerous ordinary graves. Upon many of them there were great boxes of artificial flowers, under glass, in form of wreaths, anchors, etc. Some of them seemed to have been there for ages, so dirty and decayed were they. In marked contrast to all other graves, and somewhat of a surprise to find it there, was the newer grave of Doctor Rizal, that truest of Filipino patriots who, before America had any thought of having relations like the present with these islands, yearned and strove to bring light and truth to his own people, and to share with them some of the blessings he had himself received by years of education abroad. The end of it all, for him, was a cruel death at the hand of an instigated assassin. But as the blood of martyrs has, in all ages, been the seed of the church, so his death may be said to have been, in a sense, the seed from which are now springing up all over the islands the liberty and free thought and speech for which he yearned and wrought and yielded up his life.

The story is told of a poor mother whose only child was buried in one of these niches and at the expiration of the first period she promptly, out of her penury, paid in advance for the second period, but, somehow, the receipt was not entered in the proper place and the remains were dug out and thrown upon the bone heap, and the mother discovered it only after it was too late to distinguish the remains of her loved one from those of any other. It is said to have broken her heart. The most of these wall-tombs have Latin and Spanish inscriptions. On many of them—those of pious nuns in the majority of cases—appear the initial letters D. O. M. The words for which these letters stand have now faded from our memory, but in view of the malarious conditions of Manila one has suggested that they may with perhaps as much truth represent the sad epitaph: "Died of malaria."

With regard to the bone-pile episode one feels a sense of relief in being able to add that the American Insular Government has laid its hand upon this heartless and shameless abuse and now it has been strictly prohibited. Along with these niche-tombs (many of which were empty and yawning, like open-mouthed monsters, so insatiable is Death!) one recalls the dismal, dank chambers in the walls of the Walled City. These were near the principal gates, and had iron bars instead of doors, giving them the appearance of hopelessly secure cages, into which in the olden days of the Spanish régime human victims were cast and allowed to slowly perish amid the gloom, the mould, and the chill. An imitation—and, possibly also, a relic—of the days of the Spanish Inquisition.

One was greatly pained to see the popularity of the mixed alliances between some of the young Americans and the various Filipino and *Mestiza* (half-caste) women. One had seen enough of this sort of Eurasian intermixture in Japan, Corea, and China, to have a feeling of keen disappointment in finding it attaching itself like a frightful incubus upon the new life just flowing in from a new world to invigorate the old. A friend of the writer—one of the first ministers of the Gospel sent to Manila after the occupation—told him that during a certain period he performed an average of three such marriages per week, and that, though he often advised both parties against the future they were preparing for themselves, in most instances he was only laughed at for his pains.

Of course, the reason why the parties came to the American ministers to have the marriage ceremony performed, rather than to a Romish *padre*, was because it was far cheaper, frequently costing them nothing, and sometimes scanty thanks were the only wedding-fee from the bridegroom. There were inducements on both sides in bringing about these marriages. On the one hand, in those earlier days when the resident families in

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Manila did not understand the motives of America with regard to them, they secretly feared them and suspected them as they had the Spanish in former days. Some of them supposed that by forming an alliance with an American they would ensure for themselves a greater degree of safety, prosperity, and consideration, in the reformation of things, and so were not so greatly averse to making such an alliance. On the other hand, in the subtle and hypnotic influence of society in Manila, many an American became affected by, and easily fell a victim to, the melting eyes and fairy, graceful forms of the Philippine beauties. In a few cases the financial possibilities open to one making an alliance with one of the wealthy Chino-Filipino families was inducement enough. But later on the families of good social standing changed their attitude and showed their wisdom in preferring to marry their daughters to Filipinos who would remain in the islands, rather than to the alien Americans who, after a few years, would repent of their too hasty alliances and long to return to their own, their native land, and leave these fragile, doll-wives behind them. But, of course, the vast majority of these mixed marriages occurred in the lower strata of society, between men in the ranks and petty officers, and the daughters of the houses where they were quartered.

These mésalliances are a serious problem throughout all the lands of the Great Far East, and have occasioned many and difficult complications. They have brought much wretchedness and heartache into the lives of both parties to such contracts, along with some bitter remorse. How much the more are they to be deplored when they occur between a lusty, stalwart member of a vigorous race and a fragile, listless member of an inferior race, both being naturally uncongenial. How can happiness result? The shame of it is that frequently both parties undertake it as a sort of temporary arrangement to be discontinued at any time, and which, sad to say, is often terminated on too short notice by the flitting of the husband across the sea, leaving a wretched wife, and often small children also unprovided for.

This became such a regular disgrace that the military authorities had to interfere and take the part of the maltreated wife, by deducting a liberal

proportion of the monthly pay of every such renegade and diverting it to the relief of the wife and her disgraced little ones. It is eminently true of the Americans in the Philippines that "love is blind," and with many a vain regret these unwise wooers discover that the companion proverb is likewise true that "marriage is an eye-opener." But it was not confined to "love at sight" arrangements. One recalls the cases of two Americans—one a military officer and one in civil life—who had become infatuated by what they had seen, in passing glimpses, and heard, of the incomparable merits of Japanese maidens. They wrote urgent letters to some of the American missionaries in the ports of Japan, inclosing introductions and credentials and references, and imploring them to procure one each of these charming and superlative maidens. Of course they were reasoned with, and discouraged as much as possible in such insane folly, though one of them persisted, insomuch that a Christian girl from one of the larger mission schools consented to become his bride, and he came to Japan and married her with a Christian ceremony, and triumphantly carried her back to make him a (let up hope) happy home. The other's discharge was soon due, and he wisely took the kind counsel offered him by one who was far wiser than he, and was safely piloted away from this dangerous reef, and the last one knew was of his safe arrival in his homeland, cured, as we hope, of his temporary aberration of mind. The combined effect of a tropical sun, a relaxing atmosphere, and the freedom from all moral restraint, conspire to produce many lamentable effects in matters affecting the reason and sound common sense.

A ROMISH CATHEDRAL IN THE PHILIPPINES.

During one's rambles about Manila one found a few monuments that had been erected at various times to glorify the memory of certain Spanish worthies. In the small green spot facing the Great Cathedral and the Administration Building stands a pensive bronze statue of Don Carlos IV, presiding over a fountain of water for thirsty passers-by. A few steps away one enters the spacious building, then being used for Government offices, and after gaining the first floor above the entrance one comes across a

most beautifully-wrought marble statue representing an ancient Spanish mariner in velvet puffed cap, and high boots, with a coil of rope, an anchor and a mariner's compass beside him, making a most splendid and characteristic piece. One may well stand and admire it at leisure for it is worth more than a passing glance. Upon inquiry one was told that it was a statue to Hernando Magellanes, that prince of navigators, who made so many valuable geographical discoveries and who so cruelly lost his life at the assassin's hand in these islands. Recently this personage has suffered a change of name, and, since the American occupation, has come to be known as the great and illustrious Christoforo Colombo, who was also a well-known ancient mariner! As time goes on he may yet undergo another metamorphosis, but needing some change of raiment to effect it, and pose as a modern man of the sea, declaring himself to be none other than Admiral George Dewey, the liberator of the Philippines! All things are possible to the inventive genius of the modern hero-loving American.

Another monument, out beyond the Ermita district, was a well executed bronze figure of a most corpulent and dumpy woman, with a prodigiously long bronze train which hung stiffly over one side of the pedestal upon which she stood. She wore a crown upon her head, which bespoke at once her queenship. One was not surprised to be told that she was Queen Isabella I of Spain, who, with her consort Ferdinand, was such a patron of arts and learning. One had always remembered her as pictured in the graceful act of entreating Columbus to accept her own personal jewels to fit out his expedition of discovery, and in those days she was a most charming personality. The modern conception, as expressed in this statue, disillusions one's imagination harshly, making her a coarse, obese figure, far too broad and squatty to show any possible lines of grace. We were bitterly disappointed to find such a travesty of one of the redeeming personages of Spanish history. Long may she stand there as a friend and inspiration to the young Filipinos in their progress upward! But by far the most grand and striking monument in Manila is that to Legaspi, the friend and successor of Magellan (alias C. Colombo!). He and his priest friend (whose name escapes me) are represented standing side by side on the top of a chaste columned pedestal; the soldier standing with uncovered head and sword in hand, pointing downward, and the flag of Spain semi-furled between them. The priest is represented with the cross held before him as a world-conquering sign. The whole conception is magnificently carried out and inspires sincere admiration. The idea is that discovery and religion go hand in hand and suggest the ultimate world-conquering destiny of the Romish religion. Lower down, near the base of the pedestal, a woman with bended head and hand upraised, pointing to the

two figures above her, is represented. She stands for the Philippine expressing her gratitude for all the many blessings received through the hands of the Spanish worthies above. In the light of the subsequent history of the islands under the Spaniards one may more truly and in greater justice place a different interpretation upon her dejected and downcast face, as much as to appear to be pointing the hand of blame at the two in whose train followed so many blights and curses and bitter agonies. This monument stands where the palm-grove on the Malacon Drive ends and the driveways and greensward of the Luneta begin. It is the finest memorial in the Philippines and was imported by the Spanish residents just prior to the outbreak of hostilities between Spain and America, so was not erected. The Americans took charge of it and set it up in this conspicuous situation as soon as practicable after the conclusion of hostilities.

A vivid memory of Manila, that oftens causes a fleeting smile, is that of a little corner house near the space over which Queen Isabella holds her perennial sway. As I passed by one day I was attracted by the sound of an emphatic voice in a high pitch and that had every quality of the American school-mistress. I cautiously crept nearer and nearer and when quite opposite the open door I caught a glimpse of this vision. A typical schoolroom, with blackboard, teacher's desk and chair, and several hard benches. All, save one of them, entirely empty. Only upon the front one of them eight little wondering and terror-stricken Filipino lads were seated, with open mouths and eyes stretched to their utmost limit. Before them stood a straight up-and-down typical New England spinster, sharp of chin and limb and voice, with "specs" on her nose and an open book held in one hand, and a rod of index and emphasis in the other. She was holding forth with great enthusiasm in voluble English announcing the mysteries of a-b, ab, a-d, ad, etc., while a phlegmatic Filipino interpreter stood by her side translating her remarks as often as he got a fair showing. This, then, was one specimen of that small army of educationalists for the Islands of whom one had read some and heard much. I drank in my fill with eyes and ears and wondered and chuckled to myself and passed on. One might write a volume of the happenings to these various teachers who came out "just for the experience, you know," and might tell many a sad tale of disappointment, misrepresentation, and sickness, resulting in some cases in death. But the far greater number served their contracts and were glad enough to get safely home again, sadder but wiser individuals. Very few of them renewed their contracts. Those in Manila had a comparatively easy time compared with many who were sent into provinces more or less remote. But to all of them it was what many called "the experience of a life-time," with no desire for a repetition.

One was much impressed with the good work being done by the Young Men's Christian Association, both among the thousands of soldiers continually passing through the city, as well as among those stationed in other large centres and on the march. There were city secretaries and travelling field secretaries. The city Y.M.C.A. was well fitted up with all that good judgment and good taste, with periodic meetings and entertainments, could dictate. One was proud of the fine type of Christian young men whom one met in the leaders of the work, and they realised the unusual opportunities open to them and were "instant in season" in following them up. One had occasion to see one more instance of the generosity of that noble Christian woman, Miss Helen Gould, of New York, in the magnificent soda-water fountain which was opened and put in operation during my visit. It soon became very popular and attracted great numbers of soldier and sailor lads, drawing them away from the otherwise disreputable gambling and drinking saloons. One does not at present recall the exact items given by the Y.M.C.A. secretary as to the number of "ice cream sodas" supplied during those first days, but one vividly remembers the picture of several Y.M.C.A. secretaries and helpers, with sleeves rolled up, busy as a hive of bees, making cauldrons (containing *gallons*) of syrups and numberless nectars and extracts. The demand was so constant that there seemed some danger of the supply running short. It was such a popular resort that the receipts soon began to swell and become quite a source of revenue to the Association, enabling it to make further and better equipment for its work. The Association did work for which many a mother—and mother's son—should feel grateful, in that it sought out and saved many a homesick, discouraged and sick soldier-lad. The Y.M.C.A. has fully justified its right to be, in the Spanish-American war times, and the American Government has shown wisdom in making the recognition and giving it the favour it enjoys.

PART VIEW OF CAMP WALLACE, MANILA.

One was pleased to find a Christian service held morning and evening every Sunday in the Evangelical Church, a moderate-sized rented building, the minister being a fine young American who has since joined the missionary ranks at Dumaguee, Panag. In those days, before the residents were properly distributed into their respective sheepfolds, they worshipped together, but now that a great Episcopal cathedral has been erected, a Methodist chapel, and a Baptist church, and others have come to pass, one may attend according to one's ecclesiastical choice. It was good to meet so large a proportion of earnest Christian women among the naval and military officers' wives, though they were few in comparison with the whole number in Manila. One recalls a dear motherly woman whose chief aim in life seemed to be to make life brighter and more tolerable for the soldiers. And she did it not only in Manila, in the hospitals and elsewhere, under adverse and unusual circumstances, but at every military post, in the Far West of America, on the Pacific Coast, and at every post to which her husband, an army physician, was transferred from time to time. Such a character is a blessing to the world; would that there were many more women after her model!

However sleepy and dejected Manila may seem to one in the middle of the day, or the early afternoon, when everything stops for its daily siesta—which is as much of a necessity here as a Britisher's cup of tea—there comes a time in the cooler hours of evening and twilight, when all animated life seems suddenly to revive and with marvellous unanimity to make its way towards the Luneta. The Luneta is the broad band of greensward and smooth driveways skirting the beach, ending in the lovely drive alongside the seawall, extending down to one of the entrance gates of the walled city from the direction of Ermita. This carriage drive is between two long avenues of graceful cocoanut palms and is truly freshening after a hot, sultry day indoors. It is the one in Manila where all sorts and conditions of men and women gather together to enjoy the sea-breezes, listen to the strains of a military band in either of the octagonal bandstands at the ends of the open space, and enjoy themselves lolling in rattan chairs, or upon benches, or upon the stone curbing of the green. "The world and his wife" are there and they come in carriages, phætons, buggies, and rigs of every stage of newness or decrepidness. The military and naval great ones are there in full force, each conscious of his own degree of dignity and not for a moment lowering himself from his dangerously lofty pedestal of pride to recognise an inferior officer. The military great ones *may* bring themselves to tolerate the naval great ones, but they are both tacitly agreed upon snubbing the civil small ones. Many of them seem to devote this hour of evening to studying the heavens, to judge from the upward glance of the eyes when in too close

proximity to a small one, or to be consciously absorbed in watching the varying play of colours in the waters of the deep blue sea stretching far away. It was a wonderful opportunity for observing the practical demonstration of the great American principles of liberty, equality and fraternity, and these exiled Americans, though staunchly democratic in national feeling, were ridiculously imperial upon this bit of Imperial America.

Close beside the Luneta runs the one-horse car-line, and each small car that arrived at long intervals brought its quota of soldiers in their dust-coloured suits of khaki. These big fellows were piled into the car, with here and there a sun-dried slice of brown Filipino *thinly* sandwiched in between, till each car was more than jammed and crammed full. Filipino mothers with their fat little "chocolate Cupids" in their arm and, in some instances, the fathers proudly bearing the little tots on their shoulders, were to be seen among the throng. Colour and spice were added to the gay and noisy jumble by an occasional vehicle full of lively American girls, attracting considerable notice by their merry chatter, and in suggestive contradistinction to their duskier, more dignified and quieter Philippine sisters. Would that they had been more like them in the matter of appropriateness of dress, but one must refrain from too much licence in description.

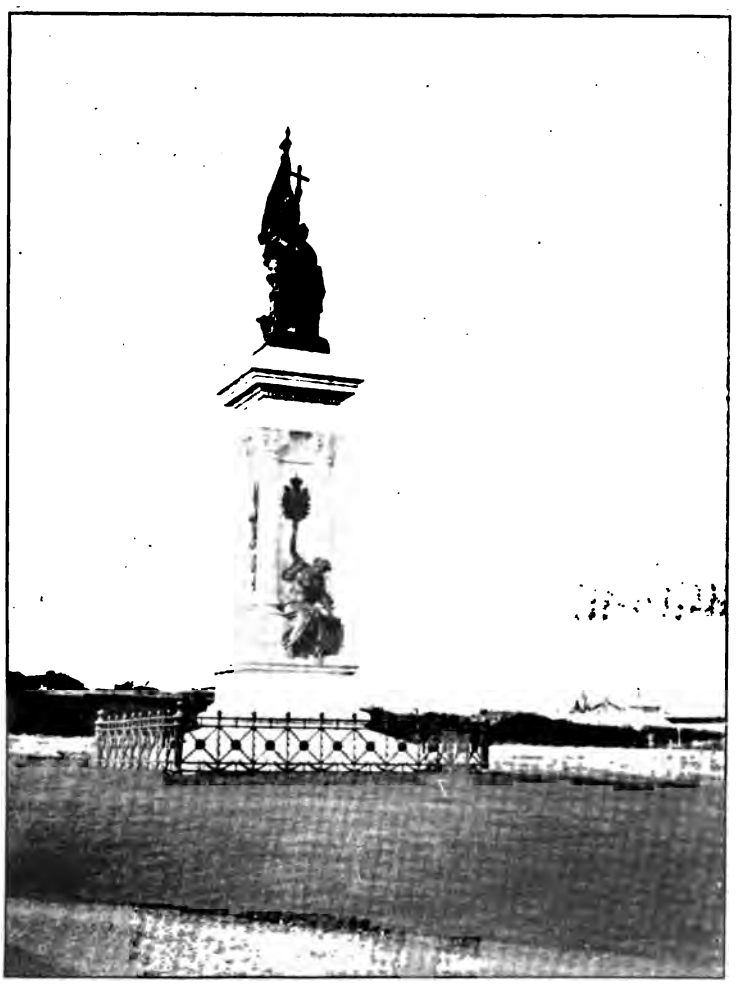
The music was exhilerating and seemed to infuse new life and enthusiasm into one. It was real American; stimulating or soothing; touching the patriotic feelings, or changing into the minor cadences of heart-longing and home-sickness and making home seem very near to some, and all too far away to others. The genius of Sousa—the "American March King"—was ever and anon apparent, and one felt like calling down a benediction upon the man who, in the realm of music, has done so much to cheer aching hearts and brighten lonesome lives. The band of the Fourth Artillery played on alternate evenings with that of the crack negro regiment the Twenty-fourth Infantry if I mistake not—of which the music could be equalled by few other bands, excelled certainly by none. Being a Southerner, "born in the bone and bred in the flesh," I felt a mighty flood of pride well up within me as I stood and listened to the strains that made troubles seem light as air and all the future full of hope and promise. At the conclusion of each number on the programme, my feeble encore, submerged and unknown as I was among that mighty crush, and drowned in the roar of appreciation, was no less hearty and sincere than the noisiest. And all the while I reflected that some of these strapping, fine-looking black, brown and mulatto music-makers *might* be my own fellow-statesmen. I had the opportunity of seeing them at a review on this same Suneta one forenoon, and certainly they were lacking in

nothing that goes to make splendid-looking and thoroughly disciplined soldiers. One heard much said in praise of them by their pale-faced fellow-soldiers and, indeed, it was told me that they were one of the crack regiments of the whole Philippine Army.

THE EVENING CAMP FIRE.

One might continue these reminiscences indefinitely and so fill a volume, but one feels that one has already exceeded the reasonable limits of a magazine article. One did not realise how much one remembered of those Manila days till in the leisure moments on shipboard one set himself the pleasant task of dreaming them over again and recording them in this fragmentary fashion. All these impressions were of the times and circumstances in Manila three years and more ago. Were one to visit that interesting city again the impressions would be vastly dissimilar. A friend on shipboard, just returning from the Islands, has spoken of many things that are different now. Conditions now are not nearly so chaotic as they were in those tentative and formative days. The Government is more established now than then; the conditions of life much improved and more healthful; the city has been laid out in broad and beautiful streets and drives; a thorough electric-car system is well on its way to completion; and beautiful parks are springing up here and there—under the magic hand of a landscape-gardener especially imported for the purpose—as in the larger American cities. Food products are better and the prices, we trust, more within the limits of reason. Teachers are renewing their contracts, finding that the promises made them are better kept and things are more to their liking. The Government has had delicate and intricate problems to handle and they have required extraordinary, and almost superhuman, wisdom in dealing with them. Fortunately some strong men of irreproachable motive and character have been sent there who have given their best thought and effort to the solution of vexed questions. Many a man has broken down under the intense and continued strain. More and more each year these hitherto suspicious and unfathomable islanders are learning to know their best friends and to appreciate the bless-

ings coming to them of which they could never know or dream under the former Spanish and Romish régime. Meanwhile we will believe that America will make no half-way job of what she has undertaken. She has given too many precious lives and too many millions of dollars to stop short of an abundant fulfilment of the hopes and prayers of the most earnest friends of these hitherto down-trodden and priest-ridden people. May it soon come to pass that the Philippines shall be the Far Eastern star that shall herald the coming day of liberty and peace and blessing through the dark lands of the Great Far East!



THE LEGASPI MONUMENT.

Chinese Customs connected with Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

III.

By HELENA VON POSECK.

DEATH AND BURIAL.

WHEN a Chinese begins to grow old, he and his family think it is time to prepare for death by the purchase of a coffin. It may easily happen that he lives for twenty years or more after the coffin is brought into the house, but that does not matter in the least: the coffin is ready whenever he may require it. Instead of the children being thought guilty of cold-blooded heartlessness in thus preparing for the loss of a father or mother, it is looked upon as a proof of filial piety and of respectability, and the old people would feel very much aggrieved if this duty were neglected, and they could not feast their eyes upon their future narrow dwelling, as it stands in an honourable place in the house, probably in the principal room. Many who have no children buy their coffins for themselves, quite in middle life, fearing lest, if the matter be left to be cared for by others, an inferior one should be provided for them. Horrible as the practice appears to our Western minds, there is something to be said in its favour. Should the person in question die suddenly, especially if in the country and at some distance from any town, it would be extremely difficult to get a good coffin made on the spur of the moment, besides which, the necessary money would probably not be forthcoming in such a hurry. A Chinese coffin is a massive affair, and Chinese workmen do not, as a rule, greatly hurry themselves, while in hot weather a corpse cannot be kept unenclosed longer than a day or so. "Unenclosed" I have said—not "unburied," for a reason which will be apparent later on.

Chinese villagers often join a coffin-club, especially if their parents are growing old, and they think a coffin may soon be needed. Each member of the club contributes his quota, and then, when a death occurs in his family, he

can claim the amount of dollars necessary for the purchase of a respectable coffin. One day, my Chinese teacher, who was living in our house at some days' journey from his own home, was surprised by a visit from his younger brother. The young man said that their father, who was about sixty years of age, was very weak and poorly, and he had thought it necessary to come and consult his elder brother as to what was to be done with respect to preparing a coffin, since the expense would be beyond the present means of the family. It was thought that the best thing would be to join a coffin-club, but there was a difficulty about getting together enough money even for that. I offered a little help, if necessary, but do not remember what arrangement was finally made; I believe, however, that the poor old man's coffin was ready for him when he died a few months later.

Burial-clothes, as well as coffins, are generally prepared beforehand, and are a good deal grander than the usual garments, being made very much in the style of a mandarin's. High boots, which are only worn by the Chinese on state occasions, are also provided.

An aged, or even elderly, person seldom sleeps out of his own home; if he happen to pay a visit to friends or relatives, they are afraid to invite him to stay the night lest he should die in their house, which they think might bring upon his hosts the suspicion of having hastened his end. So the poor old man or woman is hurried home the same evening, the fact of age and weakness, which ought to furnish a special reason for offering a night's hospitality, being the reason for refusing it. What looks like a strange lack of hospitality and good feeling is due to the want of mutual confidence which pervades all ranks of society. Children, as is well-known, are honoured with no grand funeral ceremonies, but, in too many cases, at any rate if quite small, are merely wrapped in a piece of matting and laid in a field, or on the hillside.

When a person is at the point of death, he is stripped of his ordinary clothing and attired in his burial-garments (a process which one would think must materially hasten the end, even if it does not cause death where recovery might otherwise be possible). This unseemly haste is due to the idea that the spirit ought to go into the other world respectably clothed. I remember two cases in point. Both were young men—opium suicides—whom we had been called in too late to save. In one case I had, though knowing it to be useless, tried a hypodermic injection at the earnest request of the district magistrate who was present. It had no effect, the patient being already all but dead, and suddenly some of the bystanders began to strip the motionless body, no doubt in great fear lest the best garments should not be put on in time to clothe the departing spirit. On the other occasion I

was called in the early morning to the bedside of a young man, whose relatives had only just discovered from his condition that he had taken the deadly drug several hours previously. The poor fellow was lying helpless and unconscious on his bed, his livid lips, clenched teeth, and stertorous breathing telling but too plainly that no efforts of ours could save him. As I turned sadly to come away, our Chinese cook, who had accompanied me, said to the relatives of the dying man, "It's no use: you had better put his burial-clothes on him." This was tantamount to telling them that the young man was at the point of death.

When the sick person has died, and has been noisily wailed over (often no doubt, sincerely, but often as a mere form) the first thing to be done is to send for a *yingyang sienseng* (a species of soothsayer) to decide at what hour of the day the bereaved family must assume their mourning garb. This consists, in the case of the widow, sons, daughters-in-law and unmarried daughters, of a coarse yellowish material of the nature of sackcloth; but married daughters, who are regarded as belonging principally to the family into which they have married, do not wear *ma y*, but white garments, a slighter degree of mourning. Sometimes, indeed, a particularly tyrannical mother-in-law will not allow her daughter-in-law to put on any sort of mourning for her parents. *Ma y* is worn by the nearest relatives for forty-nine days, during which time the widow also wears her hair in a sort of net, made of coarse linen thread of the same colour as her garments. I may observe, however, that the rule as to the wearing of *ma y* does not appear to be very stringent, for I have seen widows wearing the prescribed net, but clothed in white garments instead of *ma y*. They were poor women, and the probability is that they could not afford to observe all the proprieties as strictly as those in easier circumstances. A son, during this period of deep mourning, does not plait his hair in a queue as usual, but ties it together with flax, and wears straw shoes like the poorest beggar, even mandarins not being exempt from the rule. For forty-two days he does not shave, and, if in a position to afford it, he must remain indoors for forty-nine days. Of course a poor man cannot carry out this precept, as he has his living to earn; the mourning ceremonies fall most heavily on the upper classes. When the forty-nine days are over white garments may be worn instead of sackcloth, and later on, the outward signs of mourning may be reduced to a blue knob on the cap instead of a white one, which was previously worn. This again in due time gives place to the usual red knob. The queue is plaited with white thread during the time of lesser mourning.

But to return to the day on which death has entered a house. Having put on their mourning garments, the sons issue forth to kowtow to their

friends, and inform them of the sad event which has just taken place. They carry with them on their errand a small stick called "the Staff of Tears and Sorrow (or Wounds)." This staff they always use when obliged to go out, and on their return lay it on the bed of the dead man, or later on in front of his coffin. Relatives and friends hasten to the house to mourn and kowtow to the dead man or woman; all day long they are coming and going in and out of the room where the corpse lies on a bed, at the head of which a lighted lamp stands on the floor, while tall white candles burn on a table in front.

The soothsayer is consulted as to the hour at which the body must be placed in its coffin. The hour having arrived, all stand in front of the coffin, the bottom of which is spread with lime; the eldest son then takes the head of the corpse, and the eldest daughter the feet, and with the help of the others they lift it in. Then they place around it rolls of lime, wrapped in a kind of parchment, corresponding in number with the years of life of the departed, a custom which reminds one of the American passing-bell, slowly counting out, as it tolls, the years of the one whose death it announces.

If it be the mother who has died, the son, as soon as he has put on his mourning garb, sets off for her old home, and breaks the sad news to her family, who then hasten to the house of mourning. As the time approaches when their arrival may be expected, someone is sent out every now and then to see whether they are in sight, and when they appear, the sons and daughters-in-law go out to meet them, and kneel down in the road before them. The mother's relatives raise them from the ground, and all enter the house together. Incense is lighted on the table at the bedside, and the newcomers perform the kowtow while the sons and daughters-in-law kneel upon the ground. When the body has been placed in the coffin, the brother of the deceased woman strikes two blows on the lid, as a proof that he is satisfied that his sister did not come to her death by foul means. In the supposed necessity for such a declaration we cannot fail to observe a fresh sign of the terrible distrust undermining all relationships among the hundreds of millions of this vast empire. The son then presents some white calico to his uncle, which, however, the latter does not wear unless it be in the form of underclothing, for *p'ing pei-tih ren*, that is, relations belonging to the same generation, only wear very slight mourning, such as a blue knob on the cap; but those belonging to a younger generation wear it, and for this purpose the son gives white garments to his cousins. A husband only wears the blue knob for his wife.

The burning of paper money, paper chairs, houses, and other articles, takes place directly after the death, for the spirit will need the things thus represented in paper, which are supposed to be changed in some mysterious

way into a more substantial form on, or before, reaching the nether world. Friends and relations bring presents of paper-money, which they have hastened to purchase at one of the numerous shops which supply this commodity.

Another highly important item is the consultation of a soothsayer with regard to the time, place, and hour of burial. If, however, the body be committed to the ground within three days of death, or if the event take place during the period of *Ta Han* (Great Cold), which lasts for about half-a-month in the depth of winter, any convenient day may be chosen. At all other times the *yingyang sienseng* must first select a place, and afterwards a propitious day and hour, for the funeral. The choice of a suitable spot is a question of such vital importance that sometimes a corpse is kept in a house unburied for ten or twelve years, because the soothsayer has had such difficulty in finding a burial-place with the right aspect. A Chinese friend of mine once heard some fellow-passengers on a boat discussing the cause of the wonderful prosperity of Li Hung-chang. The reason suggested by one of them, and which seemed to find favour in the eyes of the rest, was that the great statesman had chosen a good spot in which to build his house, and that the graves of his ancestors were also in an auspicious place.

Two or three days before that of the funeral, invitations are sent out on yellow paper books, consisting of two or three leaves. The previous day is known as *K'ai Tiao* (Begin the Rites), for then relatives and friends swarm into the house of mourning (before the door of which an ornate pavilion is often erected), in order to again pay their respects to the poor unconscious body. As fresh guests arrive throughout the day, they first kowtow to the dead man or woman, and are then regaled on doughstrings. In the evening a feast is provided for them, and during the night prayers are chanted by Taoist or Buddhist priests.

The burial will probably take place in the early morning, and accordingly the procession must start betimes. The hour of dawn is generally chosen, but at times, for some occult reason, the ceremony takes place during the night. If the *yingyang sienseng* has decided that the body must be let down into the grave exactly at sunrise, it must of course be carried out of the house while the sky is still dark, and so great is their dread of being too late that the funeral-party sometimes has to wait a considerable time before the sun rises. The more distant relatives only accompany the coffin halfway, and are not present at the interment, but the mourners and bearers stand, shivering perhaps on a bleak hillside, till at last the brightening sky shows that the orb of day is about to make its appearance above the horizon. But now a very disagreeable hitch is apt to occur. Just at the critical moment the unsympathetic bearers utterly refuse to perform their sad office, until they have

received a tip in the shape of *shi k'un ch'ien* (wash pit money). It will be remembered that the same thing takes place on the arrival of a bride at the door of her new home, whence it would appear that the Chinese coolie is not to be prevented by any sentimental notions of either joy or sorrow from the due consideration of his material interests. However much against the grain, the person in charge must hand over the money demanded, if he would not incur the heavy responsibility of burying his deceased relative one or two minutes too late. This important transaction settled to the satisfaction of the recipients, if not of the donor, the coffin is lowered into its resting-place, in which has previously been deposited the sum of four cash (about the ninth part of a penny). One by one the members of the family kowtow before the grave, crackers are let off, and the mourners, having duly given expression to their grief by loud and discordant wails, set out for home. Outside the front door a fire has been lighted, through which all are supposed to pass on reëntering the house. It would be extremely interesting to trace these ceremonies of passing through fire, used in connection with both marriages and funerals, back to their origin in ages long gone by, for surely they point to some idea of cleansing by fire, and remind us of idolatrous practices among the Phœnicians, and also (probably as introduced by them) among the Irish of more recent times. A *yingyang sienseng* is then invited to chant before the idol certain words wishing peace to the family, water is sprinkled upon all in the house, and afterwards relatives and friends assemble and drink wine together.

The feasting connected with both funerals and weddings is a heavy drain upon the family purse, for, though each guest brings a contribution, either in the form of money or food, he will often eat more than twice the amount represented by his contribution; women, too, frequently bring with them one or two voracious children, who devour an immense amount of provisions, without having paid anything towards the expenses. An amazing number of friends and relatives turn up on such occasions, and though entailing much expense and worry, they are not unwelcome, since the greater the number of guests, the greater the amount of "face" enjoyed by the family at whose expense they feast, and the Chinese is an eminent lover of display. To "lose face" over his wedding or funeral feast would be still worse than losing money!

In the case of somewhat well-to-do families, devoutly inclined, there are special religious observances held every seven days up to the forty-ninth day, the relations coming to the house to worship the tablet of the dead man. Indeed, during the whole period there is always something going on in houses of this class—priests droning through their monotonous chantings, music (!) torturing the ears of any unfortunate foreigner who may happen to be a

neighbour of the bereaved family, and rendering sleep at night, if not an impossible, at any rate a difficult operation. Fortunately for the Chinese, their nerves are made of such substantial material that they can sleep through almost any amount of noise, and in the midst of the greatest discomfort. On the forty-ninth day comes the grand finale, Buddhist and Taoist priests chanting with special ceremony all night long, for bereaved families often employ the ministers of the two rival religions to waft the departed spirit to its future abode, thus making assurance doubly sure! Proud Confucianist scholars, who for the most part look down with tolerant contempt upon the superstitions of both Buddhism and Taoism, do not hesitate to call in the priests when death enters the home, probably in some cases merely in order to conform to general custom, in others, from an uneasy feeling that, after all, in view of the *after-state*, a cold scheme of moral philosophy will not suffice, but some sort of religion is needed.

I remember, not many months after my arrival in China, being taken one evening by friends into a Chinese house of mourning (that of their next-door neighbour) to witness the performance of the funeral ceremonies by the priests. A strange, weird scene it was. The large gloomy-looking room, for the chief part in semi-darkness, or "dim religious light," the groups of women looking on, among whom we took our place, and in the upper part of the room, a curious arrangement of various objects, of the nature of which I have but a dim recollection, not having been able to see them very clearly, though I remember an elaborate pattern traced upon the floor in rice. A young man and a boy, who appeared to be the chief mourners, knelt at the edge of this pattern, and kowtowed at certain points during the performance, while the priests, solaced and sustained at intervals by cups of tea, handed to them quietly from the background, walked in procession round and round the rice-strewn spot, and droned out their monotonous dirge, a portly and somewhat grandly-robed individual, who appeared to be the archpriest, occasionally going through various bowings and genuflexions close to the principal mourners.

"Which have no hope" are the awful words engraved upon the mind of the one who witnesses either the foolish and hollow ceremonies carried on over the dead, or the last moments of the dying heathen, whether he passes away in ignorant indifference, or crying out (as many do), his eyes wide with terror, that he sees the demons which have come to carry him away. A bright contrast to these sad scenes was presented some time ago by the deathbed of a little Christian Chinese girl, who, just before she "fell asleep," said, "I'm not afraid; I don't see any demons; Christ is with me."

During the period of deepest mourning a son is supposed to sit perpetually by the side of his father or mother's coffin in the upper part of the middle room, which has been curtained off for its reception, and to eat nothing but the coarsest food. The ancient books also prescribe that, after the burial has taken place, he should make a little hut for himself by his parent's grave, and sit and watch there for three years, but such devotion is seldom, if ever, shown in these degenerate and money-making days. There is, however, one rule which is still rigidly observed, never being broken, except in the case of some great national or local emergency. A mandarin must retire from office immediately on the death of his father or mother, and remain in private life during the whole of the twenty-seven months, which are always reckoned as the three years of mourning.

This rule is, of course, often a cause of serious inconvenience, especially during crises in which the services of a competent and honest official cannot well be dispensed with for so long a period. Keen observers of current events will probably have noticed a case in point during the recent troubles, in which one of the best and ablest of China's great men had the misfortune to lose his mother. It was immediately decided to petition the Throne to allow him under the present exceptional circumstances to continue to serve his country, instead of going into retirement. We will hope, for China's sake, that the precedent will be largely followed, till the senseless and hollow custom has lost its hold upon the minds of a great and practical nation.

Ancestral worship is, of course, closely connected with the burial of the dead, but to take up such a wide and far-reaching subject would require more information than I possess, besides drawing out this paper to too great a length, so I must refrain from entering upon it, as well as upon various details of superstitious observances connected with funerals.

One example of the latter, however, I may as well submit to the reader, as illustrating and adding to the account already given.

A Chinese friend of mine saw, not long ago, affixed to the door of a house in Shanghai, a large square of white paper,* written by a *yingyang sienseng* on the occasion of the death of one of the inmates. On this paper it was stated that the dead man was thirty-two years of ago, the year, day, month, and hour of his birth being also given. Then followed the day and hour which had been chosen for putting the body in the coffin, and

* It will be observed that in connection with funerals white or yellow paper is always used, whereas all the paper that has to do with betrothals and weddings is red, the same colours prevailing in the matter of clothing. The symbolical meaning of these colours is such an understood thing that weddings and other festivities are known as "Red Affairs," and funerals as "White Affairs."

persons of three specified ages were warned against being in the house at the time. The day and hour chosen for the burial were also announced, together with the ages (differing from the first) of persons who must not be in the house when the coffin was carried out. The *yingyang sienseng* then informed all whom it might concern, that the ghost of the dead man was twelve feet in height, and fixed the night on which it might be expected to revisit its old home. He had ascertained, he added, that the spirit had gone on the road towards Buddha.

Types of Japanese Scenery: Nikko and Asama.

By C. E. Bruce-Mitford, F.R.G.S.

THERE is one beauty of the sun, said Solomon, and another of the moon. So it is with the types of scenic beauty. There is that which enthralls by its simple grace, and there is that before whose awe-inspiring force the spectator feels that the beautiful is lost in the sublime. There is a loveliness of tree-clad mountains and torrents hurrying by moss-grown banks; of cascades shimmering out of depths

AVENUE OF CRYPTOMERIAS.

of foliage, and heaven-reflecting lakes. Such is the loveliness of Nikko, and it is easily understood. But what are the charms of Asama? Wherein lies

the attractiveness of grassy moorlands culminating in the "grisly top" of a mighty cinder heap? It is the magnetic force of weird sublimity, brooding over a land of volcanic remains. Here are hills, but they are hills of ashes. Here is air, but it has the reek of sulphur. And torrents there are:—

> "Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice
> And stopped at once, amid their maddest plunge."

Over the romantic water-riven district of Nikko, hedged in by mountains, 8,000 feet high, there hangs the pall of solemnity—that indescribable air of the past. The most renowned of its protecting peaks, the graceful Nantaisan—second only to Fuji itself among the sacred mountains of Japan—looks down through shifting mists upon the solemn groves where the buried Shoguns lie. From first to last rises the roar of the Daiyagawa—from its rocky cradle on bare Shiranesan to its debouching on the plain, intermingled with the noise of many waterfalls. Ere this fine mountain stream foams past the buttresses of the Sacred Bridge, it receives the outflow of two considerable lakes and, issuing from the second of these, flings itself 250 feet into an almost circular abyss, forming the Kegon waterfall, the largest in Japan.

ONE OF NIKKO'S TORRENTS, THE MARIGAWA.

In short, the Daiyagawa, and the course it has made for itself amid the stately mountains on its path, is the source and nucleus of Nikko's beauty. In its thirty-mile long valley, by gorge and glen and lake and chasm, there is found that combination of the sombre and the picturesque, of vivid verdure and rocky majesty, which entitles it to rank among the most charming in the world.

The Japanese people, with their keen sense of the æsthetic, give due praise to the glories of Nikko. "Call nothing magnificent," runs the proverb, "till you have seen Nikko." Yet, strange to say, Nikko is not one of the *Sankei*, or three beautiful places of Japan. That is possibly because the

scenery is not so typically Japanese as, for example, that of Amanohashidate, on the Western Sea. True, if one exclude the shrines, the occasional temple embowered in trees, and the tea-house perched on some point of vantage, the scenery of the Nikko group much resembles in its general features that of any mountainous, profusely watered district, where the erosive agencies of nature have full play, and the soil lends itself readily to their action. The region, moreover, is of volcanic origin. Basaltic rocks flank the gorge which leads to Chuzenji, hot springs are found at Yumoto, while Shiranesan, the loftiest summit of the group, was active as recently as 1889. But Nature and her grand ally Time have laid their softening hands on this once troubled land and veiled the desolation of earth's fires. Luxuriance has everywhere usurped sterility, and the great group, toned and tree-clad, now forms one of the vertebræ of the backbone of Japan.

THE KIRIFURI "MIST-FALLING" CASCADE.

The approach to Nikko is sufficiently impressive. Two avenues lined with mammoth cryptomerias lead to the equally impressive groves which hold the famous shrines. The more direct of these leads from Utsonomiya—the

route now followed by the railway—and is some twenty miles in length. The other, known as the Reiheishikaido, from its being used by the Mikado's envoy in journeying to the tombs, follows a more southerly and circuitous course, but is not in so perfect condition. According to tradition, the trees of this avenue were planted by a man too poor to buy a lantern to place on the altar before the Shogun's grave. It was a magnificent offering. The majority of trees are from seventy to one hundred feet in height and from fifteen to twenty feet in circumference at the base, while the only breaks in their continuity are at the villages and the crossing of the streams. The two avenues meet at Imaichi, four miles from Nikko, and crossing the Daiyagawa by the Sacred Bridge, pass up the long flights of steps to the mausolea, under the shadow of cryptomerias. The bridge, a structure of red lacquer, eighty-four feet long by eighteen wide, which spanned the stream between two projecting masses of rock, was swept away by floods in the typhoon of September, 1902. It is now in process of reconstruction after the original design. Ordinary mortals cross by a less elegant structure a little lower down the river.

ON THE ROAD TO CHUZENGI. A WAYSIDE FALL.

A good general view of Nikko and its surroundings may be obtained from the Daikoku Hill, behind the Kanaya Hotel, or, at the cost of a little more exertion, from Toyama, the bold, wooded eminence which rises beyond the Inarigawa, the torrential affluent which the Daiyagawa receives from the north. Immediately below is the foam-marked course of the Daiyagawa, with the temples occupying the slopes on its left bank. Above, and filling in the western sky, rises the huge bulk of the Nikko range proper—Nyohozan, Omango, and Nantaisan itself—in a magnificently outlined ridge.

The depression to the left of the last is occupied by Lake Chuzenji, while the white road winding up the valley, with its interminable stream of big-hatted pilgrims, leads to the same goal.

Nikko, we know, is a land of waterfalls. Two hundred, says Mrs. Bishop; twenty-five, says Murray. It is no doubt a question of terms, and of what amount of water falling produces a waterfall. But of those that call for notice the latter figure is probably nearer the mark. And of these, again, certainly the Kirifuri (mist-falling) Cascade merits honourable mention. A pleasant walk of three miles over undulating country to the north-east brings the traveller to a tea-house on the brink of a deep gorge from whence a *coup d'œil* of the fall is obtained. But the cascade, pretty enough as this distant view appears, improves on a nearer acquaintance. By a steep zigzag path it is possible to descend to the foot of the fall. A considerable volume of water shoots over the topmost ledge, 150 feet above, and in three leaps falls, past a wealth of foliage, into the rocky glen below. In the last descent it spreads itself over a huge sloping slab in three well-defined streams, which give to the fall its characteristic appearance. Another notable cascade is the Uraminotaki (Back-view Fall). Here the cliff over which the stream rushes overhangs to such an extent that the traveller can pass along a narrow ledge behind the fall. Neither in height, however, nor in volume does this fall approach the Kirifuri. But it is time now to make the steep ascent to Chuzenji. Let us not regret the arduous climb, for it takes us past the finest waterfall in Japan. We have seen that the waters of Lake Chuzenji descend over 2,000 feet ere they reach the Sacred Bridge—a distance of seven miles. By far the greater part of this fall occurs immediately on leaving the lake. This is the climb we have to negotiate, and it is here that the Daiyagawa takes its greatest leap.

CATARACT ON THE KEGON GORGE.

A practically level road, beset with the tramlines from the Ashio copper mines, leads the traveller to the *Umagaeshi* teahouse, beyond which horses are not expected to go. A little further, the valley narrows and the road ascends. A mile more, and the slope is sufficiently steep to require a zigzag path and sufficiently long for an hour's plodding thereon. At rare intervals one emerges from the all-pervading forest, to be rewarded with exquisite

views of other densely-wooded slopes streaked with cascades and leading up now to some mist-encircled mountain, now to some clearly outlined peak. At last the traveller sets foot on a soft and turfy stretch of land, as gorgeously timbered as before, but level—and resembling nothing so much as a bit of the New Forest set down in Japan. Already there falls on his ear the roar of many waters; he is on the Chuzenji Plateau and before him is the Kegon Fall.

Two things impress the spectator on his first view of the fall—its height and the remarkable character of the chasm which receives its waters. The former alone is sufficient to command respect, for from the sheer lip of the precipice to the unfathomed caldron below is a clear drop of 250 feet; but it is the latter which gives to this cataract its grandeur and its individuality. Apparently an ancient crater, its eastern wall broken away, the sides of the great rift are of reddish scarred basalt and sink into a rocky basin from which the spray continually rises and out of which a foaming torrent shoots to make, amidst the boulders that impede its steep descent, a hundred minor falls.

SCENE ON LAKE CHUZENJI.

A narrow and precipitous path, down which "old persons and young persons and persons who have had too much *saké*," are forbidden by notice to descend, leads to the foot of the fall, passing on the way another awesome cataract, which is bridged by an airy and somewhat nerve-trying structure. The Kegon Fall has of late years acquired a sinister reputation for suicides—some thirty persons, mainly students from Tokyo universities, having thus betaken themselves to "that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns."

Lake Chuzenji, whose peaceful shores now burst upon the eye, is the third in size, and the deepest, of the lakes of Japan. Not exceeding Windermere in area, it has twice the depth of the English lake, while it is both double the size and double the depth of its rival of Hakone further south. Despite the altitude of the lake, 4,200 feet, the foliage which surrounds it is of striking wealth and variety. The graceful pyramid of

Nantaisan rises in quiet beauty from the hither shore; beyond, the bolder outlines of Shirane, with their ever-present suggestion of volcanic force. The Daiyagawa breaks in on the northern bank fresh from its hurried course over the Dragon's Head Fall. Away across a level moor lies the still more elevated basin of Lake Yumoto (5,000 feet above sea level). Here, pines alone clothe the encircling sides of loftier hills, and the mists roll from the shoulders of wilder mountains than those of Chuzenji. Sulphur wells down from the bowels of Shirane into the western waters of the lake, constituting the famous hot springs. Yumoto's is a concentrated loveliness, distinctly Alpine in character. Like its greater sister, it leaves its elevated cradle with impetuous haste—by a waterslide over smooth rocks inclined at an angle of 60° and 220 feet in perpendicular height. Yumoto and, indeed, Japanese lakes in general, are lacking in one particular. Neither at the Nikko lakes, nor at those of the Hakone district, are to be found any of those islet-masses of foliage which, mirrored in the placid waters, form so charming a feature of English and Scottish lake scenery.

THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF YUMOTO LAKE.

Two days by road and rail—over a rough and lofty pass and down a pretty river valley—bring the traveller to a totally different type of scenery—the playground of volcanic force, where smoke and fire fiercely riot. Here Asama roars ceaselessly, and sends at intervals into a torrid sky "the pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night."

The volcano of Asama-yama lies fairly in the line of volcanic activity which runs through central Japan, in a direction generally north and south. From Shiranesan to the Seven Isles of Izu, past the neighbourhood of Fuji, this fiery trail can be distinctly traced. Here it simmers, there it boils, in Asama it day by day explodes.

YUMOTO LAKE AND SHIRANESAN.

True this is but part, and a very small part, of the great line of volcanic activity which fringes the Pacific from the Aleutian Islands to the Sunda Straits, but it is a very active part. Asama is its central vent, its glory. In the ever fuming Mihara, the lighthouse of Yedo Bay, it flashes forth once more, and betwixt the two rises the silent cone of Fuji, "their great original."

No great eruption of Asama has taken place in recent years. In 1894 and 1900 stones as well as ashes were ejected from the crater in considerable quantities. Not a day, however, passes without the frequent emission of smoke and sulphurous vapour, in varying force and volume. The last great outbreak took place in 1783—when a mighty flood of lava welled over the north-eastern lip of the crater, cut its fiery way through a dense forest and wiped out of existence a dozen villages. Now pleasure-seekers picnic on the slaggy surface of the now silent cataract.

The ascent of Asama is usually made from Karuizawa, six hours by rail from Tokyo. After passing Takasaki the line, ascending rapidly, becomes little more than a series of tunnels, of which there are twenty-six within a few miles. Karuizawa, the head of the plateau, at an elevation of 2,500 feet, nestles at the foot of grassy but treeless hills, from whence the smoking cone is in full view. "The place," says Professor Chamberlain, "possesses no attractions in itself." Wooden summer houses –some mere boxes, others more pretentious, are dotted about the plain and on the hillsides. Though not devoid of ordinary visitors, Karuizawa was made by missionaries for missionaries, and is a standing monument to the text "the labourer is worthy of his hire." Within ten miles, and six thousand feet above the surrounding country, rises the huge bulk of the largest active volcano in Japan.

Asama is generally approached by night. Fire and darkness are ever well allied, and in this instance the latter forms a powerful stimulus to the imagination, as well as aiding the eye. Horses may be taken as far as Ko-Asama, the parasitical cone on the east side. Starting, therefore, at ten p.m., this first stage of the journey, over a soil of ashes and lapilli, for the most part thinly veiled, can be accomplished by one a.m. Here the horses are left and the *bettoes* sleep; vegetation ceases and the climb begins.

Asama is a deceptive mountain to negotiate. Viewed from a distance, the ascent appears a simple matter. The angle of rest, except on the cone itself, does not exceed 30°. Nevertheless the climb is sufficiently fatiguing, and more than once the stranger is apt to flatter himself that he is on the "last lap," till yet another long slope reveals itself before him. Moreover, a soil of cinders, large and small, ashes and angular stones, does not constitute the best of surfaces for human feet.

ON THE SUMMIT—ONE OF THE UNFATHOMABLE RIFTS.

After some two hours' plodding by the dim light of a lantern, the first of the three concentric craters is reached. Ere this, subterranean rumblings are heard and felt, while against the further darkness and the sky above can be seen the red glow of the crater's fire. It is wise now to ascertain the precise direction of the breeze, so as to approach the summit of the cone on the windward side. For to be caught in one of the suffocating sulphurous clouds which the volcano belches forth at intervals would involve unpleasant if not fatal consequences. For similar reasons an absolutely calm day would not be a suitable time to approach the brink of the crater or to examine its depths.

If no other indication was forthcoming that the traveller was approaching one of Nature's grand phenomena, there falls upon his ear the roar of the volcano, like the noise of the sea upon a wild night. The awe-inspiring sound quickens his step and the pulses of his heart. Up the steep desolate slope, over the yielding dust and ashes, he hastens near the fiery goal. To his right, maybe, through the rocky lips of the gigantic safety-valve, rises a column of steam and sulphurous smoke, crimson on its under side. Another moment, and he stands on the treacherous verge of Asama's hollow breast.

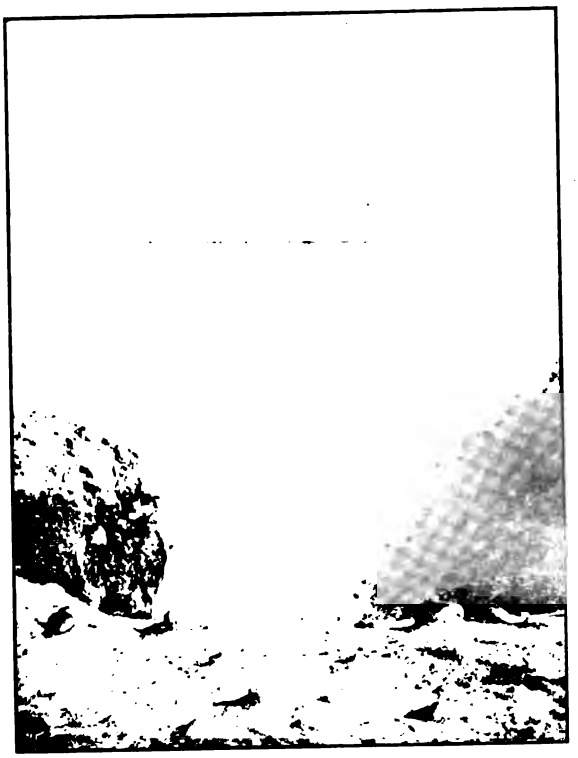
THE BRINK OF THE ABYSS.

The sun has not yet risen and it is dark. Let the traveller approach, if he dare, and prostrate himself on yon projecting shelf of rock—safer, despite its prominence, than the shelving bank of slippery soil which ends in the rotten yet abrupt edges of the fearful precipice. Here let him lie prone and gaze into the hell below.

Six hundred feet beneath him, and a quarter of a mile in width, lies the present floor—if floor it can be called, on which no mortal foot has trod. For who shall test the stability of that burning crust? or what unmeasured depths of molten rock it hides from view? And who shall state the nature of those mysterious pools which lie at random over its glowing surface, boiling furiously? Now the fiery bosom which bears them heaves and rocks; now it angrily subsides. From a hundred crevices in the dark, sheer sides there shoot out jets of steam and sulphurous vapour, illumined by the fierce light below. Livid, seared and restless—so looks Asama's burning heart by night.

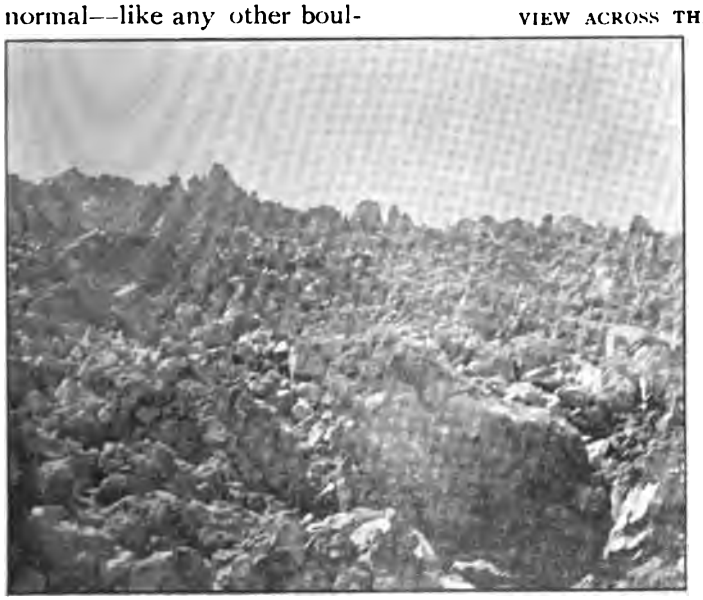
Let the spectator now retire to the outer slope of the cone, until daylight enables him to look down into the abyss under altered conditions. The sun shows redly over the dark line of the eastern hills and the level rays come clear across the mist-covered moor, to glint on the crest of Asama. To the

south they fall upon the majestic cone of Fuji, forty miles away; to the north they light up the heights of Nikko; to the west they glisten upon the jagged summits of the wild Hida-Etcha range and upon Yarigatake, the most jagged of them all. Then, when daylight floods the hills, let him return to his point of vantage and make a fresh inspection of the weird display.



VIEW ACROSS THE CRATER.

Just as a live coal, when exposed to the light of the sun, looks dead and grey, so with the fervid bottom of the vent. The heat is none the less, steam issues and the volcano roars; but the floor of the crater looks grey and normal—like any other boulder and gravel-strewn expanse, save for the boiling pools which lie about its surface. The mighty cliffs which encircle the floor of the crater are of a pale, ashen hue, streaked here and there with suggestive red.



THE LAVA STREAM OF 1783.

While the writer was thus scanning the bed of the abyss, one of the periodical eruptions took place. From a round hole, apparently a yard in diameter,

on the further side of the crater floor, a torrent of black smoke suddenly burst forth in rapid puffs, as if expelled by a series of explosions. This was accompanied by a whirring noise as of a swiftly revolving electric fan. As the smoke rose, it expanded and filled the crater, forming a great column of billowy vapour which drove away before the wind. This lasted some twenty minutes, during which, and for some little time afterwards, a slight deposit of moisture was noticeable, and a rain of fine dust.

THE LAVA STREAM—A NEARER VIEW.

On the sides of the cone are several rents and fissures —"unfathomable rifts" of which it is well to beware in making the descent. By keeping to the north of the usual path the lava stream of 1783 may be reached. This terrible evidence of subterranean force—this sample of the sublime—extends for several miles beyond the foot of the mountain, being in places from two to three miles wide, and is fringed by a dense forest, through which it has torn its way. Some of the individual blocks are from twenty to thirty feet in height. But no adequate idea of this weird yet magnificent spectacle could be conveyed by words. To stand upon its slaggy, steam-rent surface, and gaze up at the burning mountain from which it came; to hear in one's ears the roar of the volcano, and to have before the mind's eye the awful glow of the hidden fires in its breast, is to realize the magnitude of the forces of Nature, to feel instinctively the feebleness of man, and forget the beautiful in the sublime.

Kiu Hua Shan,

or, The Nine-Lotus-Flower Mountain.

By CARL F. KUPFER, PH. D.

THE traveller on a Yangtsze river steamer, passing from Wuhu to Nanking, will see about midway between these two cities, and twenty-five miles from the southern bank, a long range of mountains with unusually sharp, rugged peaks, the highest point of which are probably not over 5,000 feet above the Yangtsze Valley. The original name of this range was the "Nine Sons," but in the T'ang Dynasty the celebrated poet, Li Pah, made the observation that nine peaks were shaped like the lotus-flower, hence it was called the Nine Lotus-flower Mountain. In the whole range there are ninety-nine peaks, the most conspicuous of which are:—

天台 *Tien-t'ai*, the Altar of Heaven.
芙蓉 *Fu-yung*, the Hibiscus Peak.
中峯 *Chung-fung*, the Middle Peak.
會仙 *Hui-sien*, the Peak of the Sensï.
五老峯 *Wu-lao-fung*, the Five Old Peaks.
天柱 *Tien-chü*, the Heavenly Pillar.
眞人峯 *Chen-ran-fung*, the Wizard Peak.
雙峯 *Shuang-fung*, the Twin Peaks.
獨秀 *Tu-hsiu*, the Most Beautiful.

These peaks rise up keen and high, clothed in beautiful mantles of eternal verdure, holding their heads up in the pure atmosphere, far above the little petty trials and actions of men down in the valley. There may be mountains far more imposing, but for variety of scenery and richness of vegetation none can excel them. What a sight it must have been when they were formed; and who can weary praising their beauty and their greatness. We are not surprised that the heathen in his blindness seeks the home of his gods among these majestic granite peaks.

A mere glance at the richness of the flora of these mountains and valleys is of great interest to the lover of nature. We took note of only a few

specimens; but one fact must be kept in mind, that much of the information obtained is tinged with mythological superstition.

黃粒稻 *Huang li tao*, the yellow rice which is said to grow high up the valleys. It was originally brought from Siam by Ti Tsang Wang, being different from all other rice. It is very productive of a reddish yellow colour, fragrant and soft.

竹實 *Chu shih*, seed-producing bamboo. It happend twice during the Ming Dynasty that the bamboo on these hills produced seed. In spring and summer they grow purple flowers and in the autumn seed like wheat.

石芝 *Shih chih*, the plant that contains the elixir of life. It grows high up on the steep cliffs, and to obtain it ropes must be let down from the top, upon which the adventurers climb up. When this plant is eaten, the body becomes light as if it could fly, and long life is assured. The cliff upon which it grows is purple on the side facing the sun and dark on the opposite side.

竹簟 *Chu tien*, the bamboo mat, is soft and white like mushrooms. When cooked, the juice from it is red like blood; the pulp is good for food and of pleasant taste.

金地茶 *Chin ti tsa*, the golden-ground tea. The growth is hollow like the bamboo. The plant is supposed to have been brought from Siam by Ti Tsang Wang.

閔源茶 *Ming yuan tsa*, the Ming fountain tea; so called because it only grows at the Ming fountain under the shadow of a hill. It does not put forth leaves until the end of spring and the beginning of summer. Its limbs are long, but do not spread out, and the colour of its leaves changes suddenly from purple to green. Only the water of the Ming fountain can make good tea of these leaves.

五釵松 *Wu t'sai sung*, the *pinus massoniana*, has a hairpin-shaped leaf. The seed of this tree is like small chestnuts with three corners, the kernel is fragrant. The origin is uncertain, some claiming that it also was brought from Siam by Ti Tsan Wang.

千秋松 *Chien ch'iu sung*, the thousand autumn cedar, does not grow more than two or three inches high, and has leaves like the cypress. It is at home on the high dry cliffs, and when apparently dead, if watered, it will revive and become green again like the *huan hun t'sao*, the soul returning grass.

仙人燭 *Sien jen chu*, the sacred man's candle, is like the *wu t'ung* in colour. When full grown it can be spanned with one hand and is

not over one foot high. It is so rich in sap that, when dug up, it will not dry within one year. The burning of one limb will give light for several hours. Dilettantes in fairy grottoes are supposed to use it for their lights when performing their pious frauds in literature.

羅漢柏 *Loh han poh*, the Lohan cypress, *thujadolabrata*. It grows only one or two feet high, with leaves resembling the *arbor vitæ*. The colour is kingfisher-green.

飛仙蓋 *Fei hsien kai*, the sacred flying cover. The trunk of this tree grows high and limbless. At the top only it has limbs growing down like the ribs of an umbrella. It compares in beauty with the *wistaria chinensis ;* the leaves being bright and variegated.

羅漢條 *Lo han t'iao*, the Lohan rope, grows high and resembles the Chinese juniper. The leaves are purple red, mingled with other colours, having a white line in the centre, and are over one foot long. When dry they roll up like a rope, hence the name *t'iao.*

菩薩線 *P'u sa hsien*, the idol-thread, with an abundance of fine limbs and leaves drooping down almost to the ground like threads. The leaves are fragrant and of fish-green colour.

玉女幢 *Yü nü chang*, the beautiful woman's curtain, is an evergreen and grows ten to twenty feet high. The leaves are long, bright and glossy, growing in circles like a screen. It is found in the shade of rocks and cliffs, often standing in rows.

仙掌扇 *Hsien chang shan*, the sacred palm fan, grows large leaves out of the trunk like the fans carried in processions. The two sides of the leaves are similar and regular, being of deep green colour and fragrant. It is often found at the mouth of caves.

金錢樹 *Chin ch'ien shu*, the golden cash tree, grows straight, twenty to thirty feet high. The trunk is dark and the limbs and leaves are green. During summer and autumn fine thread-like limbs grow out of the larger limbs. Around these drooping threads are little circles like Chinese cash; some having from three to four, others as many as twelve such cash.

南天竹 *Nan t'ien chu*, the southern heavenly bamboo, *nandina domestica.* Like all bamboo it is hollow and the nodes are far apart. In spring its colour is green, in autumn and winter it is red and purple. It flourishes by the side of streams.

觀音竹 *Kwan yin chu*, the goddess of mercy bamboo, is of small growth, not quite three feet high. Its leaves are fine and their colour bluish green. It is an evergreen.

石竹 *Shih chu*, the stone bamboo, also called the dragon beard bamboo. It grows a fine flower and its colour is red and purple.

金步搖 *Chin pu yao*, the shaking golden step. It grows in abundance and flowers profusely. Its leaves and flowers are always shaking like the aspen.

仙桂 *Hsien kwei*, the sacred cassia, has leaves fine and soft of reddish and greenish colours. The colour and shape of the flowers are like red sacks and the seed like red pearl. When damp with dew both flowers and leaves emit a most pleasant fragrance.

玉瓔珞 *Yü yin lo*, the precious brooches. The flower is round and droops like pure pearls. It grows along streams in clusters, like the garden thyme.

鉢囊花 *Po lan hua*, grows over ten feet high, with long fine leaves, the calyx is like the sunflower and its fragrance is perceptible several *li* off. It is said that when Ti Tsan Wang went to the southern altar one of these flowers fell into his patriarchal bowl. At other times this flower had never been known to fall.

莎羅花 *So lo hua*, a species of sedge. The growth is of different sizes, large and small, quite different from all other plants. The leaves are always in clusters of seven or nine each. The seed is shaped like the face of a person, having eyes and eyebrows, and the flowers grow close together like the peony tree; their fragrance resembles that of the lotus-flower.

蠟花 *La hua*, the wax-flower, is small, and always has fine, thick, soft petals like wax. Its colour is red and yellow.

木蓮花 *Mo lien hua*, a species of jasmine. The Chinese claim that it produces seed before it puts forth leaves. It blooms every month except November and December. In colour and fragrance it resembles the lotus, shedding its perfume on the passing air.

水仙花 *Shui hsien huah*, is like the jonquil or narcissus. It grows in dark places and even opens its flowers while partly covered with snow.

松竹梅 *Sung chu mei*, is a strange freak in nature. It grows like the cypress, but is hollow and has nodes like the bamboo and roots like the garlic. It blooms like the plumtree, but is poisonous.

龍鬚草 *Lung hsü t'sao*, the dragon beard grass, grows three feet high and has a fine stiff stem without nodes. It is found in abundance on the dizzy heights of the mountain peaks and is used for making fine mats.

九節菖蒲 *Kiu chieh ch'ang pu*, the nine-jointed calamus, is found by well-watered rocky places The stem has nine nodes to one inch; and it is claimed that in the Sung Dynasty some were seen with from twelve to twenty-four nodes to an inch. It is regarded as a sacred plant, and many Chinese poems have been written upon it. The leaves of this plant, with those of artemesia, are hung on the door lintels in the shape of a sword on the fifth day of the fifth moon, the Dragon Festival, in remembrance of the famous rebel, Huang Ch'ao, whose soldiers had orders to spare every family who exhibited a bunch of artemesia and calamus at the door. When it is eaten by aged people their grey hair will become black again.

"Floral apostles, that with dewy splendour
Blush without sin, and weep without a crime;
O! may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your love divine."

鳳尾草 *Fung wei t'sao*, the male phœnix-tail grass, is a fern with twin leaves diverging into two branches like the tail of the phœnix. It is claimed to possess cooling properties in medicine.

金星草 *Chin hsing t'sao*, the golden star plant, has golden specks on its leaves and black fibres like hair within the stem.

百合 *Peh ho*, the lily flower, also called the devil's garlic. The bulb can be eaten and syrup is made from the juice.

黃精 *Huang chin*. The meaning of this name is yellow energy, or spirit. It grows in many other places, but these mountains produce the finest quality. To eat the best quality prevents old age and disease and assures long life.

"Hail, blessed flowers;
Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high;
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by!"

It is not, however, the beautiful natural scenery, nor is it the richness of the flora of this mountain group, that has made it famous among the mountains of China; but a great personage whose influence was powerfully felt in shaping the Buddhist religion in China during the early centuries. Buddhist history claims this person to have been a prince of Siam who, becoming weary of the pomp and vanity of court life, cultivated a love for the Buddhist religion. He was the son of the king. His surname was (金)

gold, and he was called *Chiao Chio.* As a god he is called Ti Tsang Wang. In the T'ang Dynasty, during the reign of Chih Tê, A.D. 754, he forsook his luxurious home to live the life of a poor mendicant. Passing through this unknown country he was attracted by the grandeur of the mountains and resolved to make them his home. He begged the magistrate of Tsingyanghsien to give him a plot of land in area as large as his coat would cover. This modest request was cheerfully granted and he built upon it a little stone hut. He lived upon rice and white clay and drank the fresh clear mountain water as an evidence of the purity of his desires.

FOOTHILL BRIDGE.

His first adventure was to encounter a poisonous serpent. But the prince remained quietly seated and undisturbed in meditation, offering no resistance. Soon a beautiful woman came and made obeisance to him, apologising for the baseness of the serpent's action, saying, "The child did not know what he was doing." As a compensation for the inconvenience the serpent had given him, she caused fresh water to bubble out of a rock near by, and to this day sparkling water flows from this rock. It is called the Dragon Daughter Spring; for the beautiful woman was the dragon's daughter and the impudent serpent was her younger brother.

THE BRIDGE TEMPLE.

At Tsingyanghsien, a city near by, there lived a man named Chü Kochieh, who, passing over the hills one day, saw the prince sitting in a little stone hut with a tripod by his side as a range for cooking his food. Seeing

this he was astonished, and bought for him a small piece of land, upon which he and Shen Yü, pupil of the prince, built a temple for him. In later years this temple was named "Hwa Ch'en Tsz," by Imperial permission.

TEMPLE OF REFRESHING DEW.

Many of his Siamese countrymen, having heard of their prince's fame across the sea, followed him; thus his disciples increased daily from abroad and at home. They lived with him a like frugal life, eating rice, millet and white clay. When he had reached the age of ninety-nine years and felt that he must soon depart, he called his disciples together. No sooner had they gathered around their beloved master than they heard prolonged, inarticulate sounds reverberating among the mountains and saw shafts of light scintillating along the horizon until it seemed as if the hills cleft apart, when suddenly he sank into an open gap. They buried him where once stood the little stone hut, and every three years the sarcophagus was opened and his body was found as when living, his joints trembling and giving forth a rattling sound like golden chains. Thus it was considered beyond all doubt that he had become a god; for flames of light issued from the place and it was called "the mount of spiritual light." A pagoda is erected over this spot and around the pagoda a temple is built. Here is the centre of interest, for in this pagoda rests the undecayed body of Ti Tsang Wang. But to speak of the temples we must begin at the foot of the mountains.

THE GOD SING KUAN BY THE WAYSIDE.

Approaching from the Tatung plain, the first station (二聖殿) *Er Shen Tien*, Temple of the Two Holy Ones, is seen at a long distance. A night's lodging is here desirable if the pilgrims' season—September, October, and November—is on. Bands of pilgrims, numbering from fifteen to one hundred, rush by as if in great haste. Their arrival is announced by a most pitiable lamentation, calling out: "O idol, we thy humble, spiritual followers, put our trust in thee and burn incense!" When they have gathered around the altar, all kneeling, the leader beats a sonorous gong as a signal to the idol and chants in a lamenting tone: "Saviour of the unseen world, save all the people from their sins and suffering." After which all the others repeat it three times in a similar pleading tone. A priest standing by the altar pronounces a benediction upon them as they depart, for which, of course, he expects a few cash. In like manner they make a complete round of all the temples, shrines, and altars, over eighty in number. We can only mention a few.

Passing up a romantic valley other temples for lodging pilgrims are seen, and, after an ancient moss-covered bridge is crossed, we are called upon to pass through the First Gate to Heaven (一天門). As might be expected it is a very plain, humble structure. On the lintels of the door an inscription reads. "Those who have arrived here are to be considered as not outsiders but as one of us." The chief idol here is (靈光) Ling Kwang. He was originally a travelling mendicant during the Sung Dynasty, and became the first in rank of the twenty-six supernatural soldiers under the control of the "Jade Emperor." Above his head is a searching inscription: *Shin wen er hsing*, ("ask your own heart"). He is believed to be a subtle and wide-awake god, having a third eye in the middle of his forehead. In another inscription it says of him: "With one stroke he awakens all men, and with three eyes he overlooks all under heaven. He helps people to gain their object in life with speed; his aid is as quick as thought."

Having passed though the first heavenly gate the road leads through a dense bamboo grove within which is located (甘露寺) the Temple of Refreshing Dew; a name doubtless suggested by the rich beautiful foliage with which it is surrounded. This monastery is gorgeously decorated and covered with imperial tiles of fine colours, it is also honoured by a tablet from Kang Hsi, and contains images of the Three Pure Ones, the Eighteen Lohan, the Goddess of Mercy, and Ti Tsang Wang. When I visited it a great Buddhist rally had just been held at which two hundred priests had taken orders. A few more *li* up the mountain side the pilgrim enters (二天門) the Second Heavenly Gate. This too is a small unpretentious building. The road leads through the temple. In the passage is also a Lingkwang, and

in a dark and sooty compartment is a Shakyamuni Buddha. At this stage it is claimed that all who accept Buddhism are moved upon and feel the affinity. Happiness is promised to all who come, and virtue administered to every pilgrim.

Beyond the second gate is the Dragon Pool Temple, an edifice of no special renown. A few more steps and the weary pilgrim reaches the Temple of the Southern Heavenly Gate, the half-way station. Such it is in reality up this mountain path from the first temple up to the seat of Ti Tsan Wang, and so it is in like manner the upward path of the Buddhist religion from earth to the etherial heaven called the beautiful and spiritual. Then (萬壽寺) the Temple of Ten Thousand Ages is seen and (三天門) the Third Heavenly Gate is reached. Here the pilgrim is welcomed under a large spacious passage, in which a god of riches and the king of the dragons appear in most gaudily painted colours. An attempt at beauty is also made in the inner hall, where the Goddess of Mercy with her servants are enshrined.

Following the winding road up over a ridge we saw an unusual scene. A Lingkwang of life size was placed by the wayside seated on a chair, with an incense burner in front of him and a broken one to his left. The little basket by the burner betrayed the object of his appearance in public--a few cash were in it.

A little farther on, over a thickly-wooded knoll, the illuminated glory of Buddha was seen—a restful valley nestled in the top of the mountain. Approaching from the north the (正天門) Principal Gate of Heaven is seen on the opposite side of the valley. This gate leads to (正堂) the Hall *par excellence*, also called (肉身寶殿) the Mortal Body's Precious Hall. Here rest the mortal remains of Ti Tsang Wang; here his chief influence was exerted; and here he is worshipped by millions of devotees.

This building is square. On the east and west sides stand the Ten Rulers of Hades. In the south-east and south-west corners are two Police of Hades, one having an ox-head and the other a horse-head. In the north-east corners the civil and military judges preside. In the centre of this hall stands a square altar. Upon this altar a pagoda is erected which reaches up through the roof of the building. On the south side of this altar are five images of Ti Tsang Wang and two servants; on the north four images of Ti Tsan and six servants; on the west two images of Ti Tsang, one Laughing Buddha and seven servants; on the east two images of Ti Tsan and two servants.

In front of this building and on the outside are these short inscriptions relating to Ti Tsan. "The mortal body pagoda." "These ornaments are precious adornments." "He confers grace upon all persons." "His blessing extends over all Asia." "His divine power has been shown in all directions."

"His intelligence in Buddhism was innate." "The lucky wheel of fate stopped here forever." "All people receive his divine favour." "His kindness extends to all living beings." "The divine clouds shelter all." "This is the most divine place between ten thousand hills."


INCENSE BURNERS.

On the north, outside this building, are five large iron holders. The two outer ones have horns and are five feet high and four feet in diameter; the two inner are four feet high and four feet in diameter, a smaller one being in the middle. The name of the temple is on all these vessels. A little beyond stands a three-storied iron pagoda fifteen feet high. By the north-east corner stands an incense holder with a cover like a Chinese umbrella. Upon this vessel pilgrims were rubbing cash until they became bright. The belief is that children who wear these cash round their necks will become heroes. It is called the heavenly vessel. Around these incense burners is the rallying place of all the pilgrims. Here they kneel under the open sky and worship Ti Tsang, burning incense and great quantities of sandal wood.


THE CENTENARIAN'S TEMPLE.

Beyond this chief temple is (轉輪殿) the Hall of Transmigration. At the entrance of the south door stand two black and red ferocious-looking guards. At the north door two yamên-runners with ox and horse heads. In the north-east corner a scribe who keeps the accounts of men's lives; by his side a fierce, black image holding a banner upon which is written: "Discriminate between good and evil." In the north-west corner stands a military officer holding a sword, upon which is inscribed: "The urgent warrant will seize quickly," and in the south-east corner stand two devil-faced, gaudily-dressed yamên-runners. The duty of these guards is to keep off all wicked worshippers from Ti Tsang Wang. On the east and on the west sides of this hall the ten divisions of Hades are represented, each presided over by one of the ten kings. They are holding court and mete out

indescribably cruel punishments upon all criminals. Above these courts, from the first to the tenth, are the following mottoes: "Lay thy hand upon thy breast and examine thyself." "Here goodness and wickedness must be distinguished." "Who has concealed anything from me?" "Who has ever been forgiven by me?" "You knew this condition before you came." "Why do you have so much trouble?" "There is no place for repentance here." "You cannot do any better now." "The shore is just behind you." *i. e.*, when you could have reformed. A volume could be written upon these ten courts. That no beneficent influence has resulted from these terrible exhibitions of punishment, or is affecting the people at present, is apparent by the callousness of the worshippers when passing by these awful scenes of the future state. The reason no doubt is because these punishments rest upon a false basis.

THE ALTAR OF HEAVEN.

In the middle of the ninth Chinese month, when the autumn moon is full, the visitor, standing on any of the surrounding peaks, can look down upon a scene both beautiful and pitiable. All that the creative hand has done is magnificent and grand, and the buoyant air makes one feel as if the elixir of life had indeed entered one's veins; but that mottled throng down among the temples, the ceaseless trilling echoes of the thousands of worshippers hastening from altar to altar calling to the gods; the banging of boisterous blunderbuss and fire-crackers, the din and noise of merchandise, and the pleading and moaning of countless beggars, create an impression far from what the valley is claimed to be—a fairy land. On our last visit we saw in one day no less than seven thousand pilgrims passing these altars. The great majority of them were young and middle-aged men; but often, too, very old women were seen labouring under great difficulty to reach these heights. What weary travellers walk these roads! Occasionally a well-dressed young man is seen wearing a tinselled head-band in apology for his mother, who has found it impossible to go herself. She will wear this band after death and appear with it before Ti Tsan in the next world. Recognizing

the tinselled band he will take it for granted that she worshipped at his altar in this life. Even gods must be deceived!

But nowhere can more misery be found in this or any land than is congregated here in these mountains during the pilgrimage season. It has become the harvest time of the maimed, halt, and decrepit of every description from the adjoining country far and near. They have united into an organized band, have built booths along the road from the foot of the hills to the highest temple ground. Everyone expects, and some impertinently demand, recognition from each pilgrim in the shape of small cash. Brokers among then collect these small coins and return to the foot of the mountain, where they sell one thousand of the small cash for four hundred large ones to the newcomers.

The last devotional act of the pilgrims is performed when they re-embark for home. On the bank of the river they kneel down facing the mountain, and once more in their weird tones they chant their petition to (地藏王) --Earth's Hidden King.

Notes of a Voyage across Manchuria.

II.

COUNT VAY DE VAYA.

CHAPTER III.

MUKDEN, THE CAPITAL OF MANCHURIA.

ON entering the famous city of Mukden and gazing around me, I feel lost in surprise and admiration! The scene is simply enchanting! At first sight I can distinguish neither forms nor lines. Strange figures and erratic forms are carved on the frontage of each house. I have never come across such a whimsical prodigality of the imagination! The roofs of the houses curve upwards at the corners, giving them the appearance of broadened pagodas. The carvings are coloured in red, yellow, blue, and green, and the whole effect is heightened by much rich gilding. Every house is a shop, displaying in brilliant profusion all the different products of the East—embroideries, rich silks, artificial flowers, screens, etc., in fact everything that flatters the local taste and provides for the daily requirements of the inhabitants. The show of porcelain is particularly attractive, as is also that of silver and copperware.

But what fascinated me most were the bric-a-brac shops, with their display of old lacquer, cloisonné vases of inestimable value, old porcelain, and tobacco pouches artistically worked. In front of each shop is an immense pole, supporting a banner covered with cabalistic signs, which set forth the contents of the shop. Those belonging to the shoemakers are particularly attractive, and are only surpassed by the richly embroidered festoons which denote the pawn-shops. The aspect of this street, with its wealth of colour and variety of merchandize, reminds me of an Oriental bazaar, or a particularly gorgeous scene at a theatre.

But what must strike the stranger most in this most marvellous city is its throbbing life and ceaseless activity. I can only compare it with an ant-hill or a tidal wave of human beings overflowing in the streets. Men and women, old and young, all ranks and nationalities, elbow each other in this vast throng! Some people are carried about in sedan chairs, others

patronize the humble wheelbarrow, in which six or seven persons balance themselves on two narrow planks, and are pushed by a starvling coolie. The wheelbarrow is the omnibus of this part of the world, and one can go from one end of the town to the other for a few cash. Only quite recently have rickshas been introduced, and they are certainly an improvement on the old means of transport. The Manchus are, however, great horsemen, and riding is their favourite method of locomotion. Any space left on the road is occupied by the foot passengers, workmen carrying enormous loads, and coolies engaged in their ordinary occupations. The scene is to me a most impressive one, and I come to the conclusion that the real estimate of a town is not in the width of its streets or the height of its buildings, but in the evidence of its general activity.

Though my eyes are taking in every detail, my ears are not inactive. Every variety of noise is in the air, from a song issuing from a tea-house and the cry of hawkers calling out their wares, to the shrill voice of a child who evidently thinks his argument will be more convincing the louder he screams. All these sounds rise upward in a deafening crescendo into space.

At every step there is some surprise in store for me. Happily no guide-book has yet been written enumerating the principal sights of this capital of Manchuria, and taking away the charm from the reality.

To get a proper idea of the city of Mukden, one can imagine an oblong chessboard. Like all Chinese towns, its lines are straight ones, two principal streets crossing the town at right angles, and these intersected by innumerable small ones. In the centre of the town where the two cross roads meet, there is a large drum tower, from the top of which a gong is sounded to announce the beginning and the end of the day's work, and also to give warning in case of danger. A small room in this tower is occupied by a detachment of troops on duty, who spend the time in peaceful slumber.

It would be difficult to enumerate all the sights of the city, for to a foreigner even the smallest hut with its quaint roof and singular style would be of interest; not only for its shape and colouring, but as a sign of the spirit and architectural conception of the native. As I have already mentioned, it is the general effect that is so charming, the novelty and picturesque aspect that strikes our eyes. Some of the houses are very old, the walls crumbling, and on some of the roofs there is quite a garden of moss and flowers. All this constitutes a stronger incentive for the artist to consider what a priceless objective he has before him!

Among the most interesting buildings are the yamêns belonging to the Government, and occupied by the Governor and other high mandarins, one or two Buddhist monasteries, and the vast buildings where the Russian Consul

and the General commanding the troops reside. Last, but not least, is the building occupied by the famous Russo-Chinese Bank and its employés.

Naturally the Imperial Palace strikes one as the most interesting building; with its circuit of walls it forms a city within a city. Divided by courtyards, it is composed of numerous detached houses, halls and pavilions. Taken individually, the buildings are not important, but they make a charming whole. Colonnades, beams and brackets are in richly carved wood, of a dark purple colour and, as at all the Imperial palaces and Confucian temples, the roofs are of yellow tiles. The greater portion of the palace is now used as barracks for the Russian soldiers. On passing the gate one enters an open courtyard lined with cannon. It is only by special permit from the Commandant that I am allowed to pass the sentinels. A detachment of troops occupies some low buildings facing this courtyard. The interior of the palace is in a deplorable state of dilapidation. Ever since the Imperial family left for Peking it has not been inhabited, and only part of the treasures wlth which it was stocked are left, and such are scattered indiscriminately about the rooms. There are a few pieces of cloisonné enamel, and some fine porcelain vases, but the greater part of the treasures disappeared after the late war. Some say the Boxers were responsible for this, while others place the thefts nearer home. I was informed that the collection of manuscripts and official documents, all of great interest, are now carefully preserved in the archives of St. Petersburg.

I wander about from hall to reception room, from terrace to garden, always in a state of wonder at the originality of everything. But what must strike the casual observer with surprise is that this cradle of learning of the Masters of the Celestial Empire should be transformed into a camp for Cossacks. As I leave by the principal entrance I see a Muscovite soldier standing on guard in front of the Dragon Gate, and his white blouse shows itself in slight relief against the heavy masonry.

In the course of the day I come across many more of the occupiers. I meet groups of Russian soldiers sauntering through the streets, small detachments patrol the ramparts, officers gallop past on frisky little ponies, and ladies with their families drive about in the national *troika*. The most remarkable thing is the way the soldiers fraternize with the natives, drinking with them in the taverns and seeming to be quite at home. It is true that most of them were born on the same continent and are Asiatics as well, belonging to the same race and having the same coarse habits. The difference that separates a European, be he of the Anglo-Saxon or the Latin race from the Mongol, does not exist here. As soon as the fighting is over, the two sides are the best of friends, all cruelties committed by either are forgotten.

There may be hatred at the bottom of their hearts, but to all outward appearance they are the same race. Especially do they resemble each other in their habits, their frugality, their neglect of all the refinements of civilization, their indifference to comfort, and their utter ignorance of even the rudiments of culture.

What prevents frequent clashings in their ordinary relations of life is that the conquering race, instead of trying to elevate the conquered, sinks down to the level of the latter. Except for the railway, there is no indication of any attempt to civilize the Manchus. No encouragement is given to international commerce; on the contrary, all the towns occupied by the Russians are closed to other nations, and even the control of mines in which English and American capital is invested has been taken over by the Government. The same difficulty arises in connection with religious matters, and it is a great drawback to the extension of missionary labour.

In the meanwhile the old Manchu administration retains all the outward signs of government. It is divided into three districts: Tsitsiar, Kirin, and Mukden. Each district has a Governor, and all three are under the authority of the Viceroy, who is a mandarin of high rank and resides at Mukden. The official yamên, with its array of scribes, is the same here as elsewhere. They seem busily engaged in drawing cabalistic figures on sheets of rice paper. I fancy they are occupied with the smaller details of local administration. They are kept to their tasks the whole day. I don't think they can have a voice in the important questions, but they seem quite satisfied with a situation that gives them no responsibility and does not interfere with their salaries. The Manchu mandarins and the officials seem to work together in a perfect *entente cordiale* and if ever a divergence of opinion arises it is soon smoothed over by the irresistible influence and mysterious force of the Russo-Chinese Bank.

The most important event of that day was the official reception given in my honour by the Governor. I was taken to the yamên in a sedan chair, followed by an interpreter and a small suite. The canopy of my chair was of green silk, and eight energetic coolies jolted me about to their heart's content. I feel inclined to pass over their rough handling, but I cannot forgive them the way they used to drop me down while running, changing shoulders. Although the fall was not from a great height, the sensation was about as unpleasant as the act of falling down a precipice during a nightmare, the going down seemed so interminably long.

We arrive at last in front of the yamên, where a group of creatures most wonderfully got up present arms. And what arms! The most extraordinary array, like the figures on a Chinese vase; warriors with halberds,

javelins, and sickles, the latter with carved wooden handles, all stand profiled against the sky. The yamên is a rather shabby looking building, seen from the outside. One walks round a piece of wall which fronts the principal entrance and on which a dragon is painted, which is presumably supposed to drive away the evil spirits, and some say the "foreign devils" as well; and reaches a courtyard which is used as a stable, with stalls for horses and some lofts for the soldiers and outdoor servants. I am then conducted through several courtyards into the court of honour, which is square like the rest, with a hall on either side, and ornamented with pots of chrysanthemums and a few dwarf trees, orange, pear, and peach, cultivated as ornamental plants. The whole effect is exquisite, and though the surroundings are more or less falling into decay, this interior is a picturesque corner of Chinese domestic architecture.

But I have no time to examine all the details, because the mandarin is waiting for me in the middle of the hall, surrounded by his suite. He wears a dark blue silk gown, beautifully embroidered, and his suite is no less sumptuously attired. As soon as I appear on the threshold we exchange deep bows, and as we advance towards each other we repeat the civility until we meet, and then shake hands in the foreign fashion, which for me is rather an ordeal, as my host has finger nails two inches long. After the usual presentations, he conducts me to his private apartments. The antechamber is furnished in Chinese style, with beautifully carved chairs. The artistic appearance of the second apartment is completely spoilt by two Vienna armchairs, a hideous French clock, and a tablecover which evidently hails from Manchester. After the usual compliments have been exchanged, which according to Chinese etiquette consist of most indiscreet questions, to all of which I have to reply in the same style, my host conducts me into the dining room, where a round table covered with fruit and flowers awaits our arrival. Innumerable small bowls and saucers filled with raisins, almonds, olives, and different kinds of fruit, are scattered about the table. Native etiquette obliges the guest to sit on the left side of the host, and also that the first helping should be put on his plate by the host himself. Waiters then bring in trays full of all the delicacies of Chinese culinary art. Soups made of fish and snails, sharks' fins served in some uneatable kind of jelly, hashes and stews flavoured with strange sauces, compose the menu. The custom is, on official occasions, to serve about fifty different kinds of dishes to a guest of honour. They all look different, served in series of eight to each tray, but they all taste alike to me. They are both sweet and sour at the same time, and should they be called hashed birds nests or croquettes of dog I cannot detect any difference in the taste. The other guests,

however, whose palate is more cultivated, can enjoy what my barbarian frugality cannot appreciate.

As the meal advances conversation becomes more general and animated. After the ceremonial subjects are exhausted, the company seems interested in my researches and studies. My host is undoubtedly a very learned man, but his pagoda-shaped hat, with a button on the top as large as a potato, and drooping peacock's feathers on the side, makes one forget the serious side of the situation, for the wisest of men in such a headdress must look a fool; still, I am rather impressed by his capabilities. Being a naturally reserved man he nevertheless talks much of his country, and seeing how much interest I take in its ancient history he gives me much valuable information about the origin of its inhabitants, sprung as they are from the same stock as my own race, thousands of years ago; for the Manchu kingdom is more intimately connected with the migrations of the Huns than I was aware of. To enter into researches and discover the link that connects the Magyar and Manchu races, offers a vast field to the historian.

When the meal is over the Governor suggests a visit to the Imperial Tombs, which are the principal attractions of the country. There is nothing in fact more venerable than these monuments to past members of the Imperial Dynasty, and which are also the pride and glory of the nation.

It is a glorious afternoon when we start, the splendour of the autumn sun shedding its light on the surrounding country and enhancing its beauty. We ride across a field where horses and cattle are grazing together contentedly. Here and there a shepherd, who like all human beings lost in the immensity of nature, seeks diversion in music. The air is simple and the instrument quite archaic, made out of a frail reed. Bordering the meadows is a dark wood, where I am informed are hidden the Imperial Tombs. They are about six miles distant, but our frisky little ponies cover the distance quickly. My companions with their floating draperies, pagoda-shaped hats, and neatly-braided queues, make a most picturesque group. My own mount and saddle are the same as theirs, but I must confess I have never sat on anything more uncomfortable than this Chinese saddle of carved wood, with its stirrups in the shape of slippers, placed so high up that the knees are about level with the chin.

Two huge stone monuments flank the sides of a path leading to the wood. Stone dragons with a sinister expression guard its entrance. We are in the middle of a cutting through the wood, and meet at intervals more stone monsters—elephants, camels, gigantic human figures, all facing each other across the path—guardians put there to frighten ordinary people and drive away the evil spirits. The beauty of this is indescribable. The dark

background of immense trees, the quaint statues, the winding path, all contrive to give it the appearance of an enchanted forest, whose prestige is made up of the solitude and poetic charm floating in the air.

We cross several marble bridges, with fantastically carved figures mirrored in the clear water of the streams below. I am told that the statues, rivers, and carvings on the bridges, have all a special significance, relating to departed spirits.

We halt in front of a porch leading to a triumphal arch, the sight of which fills me with astonishment. Surely there stands before me the most perfect monument of Chinese architecture. Material, design, detailed proportions, all are of finished beauty. It is of a colossal size, built entirely of white marble, and supported on enormous blocks, with cross pieces of marble arching over two carved Imperial dragons. The decoration and the carving on the frieze are unique, I have seen nothing in Peking, Hankow or Nanking to compare with it. Not only does the perfection of the work impress me, but the marvellous conception of the architect. The design is supposed to indicate the way to eternal peace, after a life of battle and victory. The only other monument worthy of comparison is that pearl of Indian architecture, the Taj Mahal.

The tomb itself is surrounded by courtyards, halls, and temples for the annual sacrifices, and shelters for the guardians and soldiers. We dismount at the entrance of an inner building. The massive doors of carved red lacquer swing slowly open, pushed by about a dozen soldiers. We enter a sort of open court, planted with avenues of trees, peopled with stone giants and other monsters, and furrowed by little canals with stone balustrades and marble bridges. The different courts are separated by open galleries, all leading to the central pagoda. The latter shelters the ancestral tablet, which is thirty feet high, and is supported on the back of a huge tortoise, larger than a couple of elephants. A few enormous braziers are lying about which serve to cook oxen whole for the sacrificial rites. The ceremonies connected with the worship of ancestors take place once a year; the Emperor is supposed to attend in person, but of late years the Imperial Court has been represented by ambassadors; and, considering the state of the roads between this place and Peking, I can quite understand the sovereign preferring to be represented by procuration. I have been told that the mandarins usually chosen for this onerous pilgrimage are those whose presence at Court is no longer desired, and as the journey can be extended to several months, it has happened that some of them have never returned.

We spend the whole afternoon here, and I avail myself of permission to take photographs and sketch. But the best photographic apparatus, no

less than the most accomplished pen, must fail to do justice to the reality. Art and nature have here combined so exquisitely that it is impossible to describe the scene to anyone who has not viewed it. The charm and beauty of the spot result from the perfect harmony of calm, peace, and solitude.

The miserable suburbs appear interminably long on our return. Rows of poor looking huts, built of dried mud and straw, with a few planks for doors and window-panes made of rice-paper, line the streets. We pass many funeral parties, the mourners following huge black coffins. I forgot to mention that there is an epidemic of cholera raging in the town and hundreds of deaths take place daily. But with such deplorable sanitary conditions nothing can be done. When I see the way the poor live I wonder they are not all carried of by the scourge. The authorities were opposed to my visit, but as small-pox was raging in China, and typhoid fever in Corea, there remained very little choice for me; besides, I was firmly convinced that providence would allow me to finish the work I had in hand. Some three months ago, when the epidemic was at its height, it claimed many victims amongst the Russian soldiers, whose morale was much affected thereby. But it is quite a different case with the coolies and the poor natives; their inborn fatalism makes them regard death as a deliverer. When they follow a coffin, one would imagine they were taking their lost relative to some abode of joy by the way they laugh and talk. The coffins are sometimes covered with innumerable articles belonging to the deceased, and these are burned at the graveside. It is the belief of these people that as the smoke ascends the objects resume their original form for the enjoyment of their owner in the new life. I must add, however, that the relatives, anxious to preserve anything of value, restrict the *auto-da-fé* to paper and cardboard imitations of the original articles.

Having been entertained at lunch by the Chinese Governor, I am the guest of the Russian Resident for dinner. We may criticize the Muscovite system of Government, and judge with severity the ways and means it employs in its administration, but we are all of one accord, the world over, about Russian hospitality. Let the guest hail from any part of the globe, let him be a political ally or a traditional enemy, a Russian will never fail to do all he can for him. While under his roof, he becomes a member of the family, and host and hostess vie with each other to make him comfortable. They overheat his room, heap him with more furs and rugs than he can possibly require, and press him to partake of food at all hours of the day and night.

The Russian Residency, which is sometimes—before people—called the Consulate, is a yamên, like all the other Government buildings, and is also falling into decay. The interior is not luxurious, in fact it is not even comfortable. It has more the appearance of a camp than a home, the rooms furnished with only the strict necessaries, and without any attempt to give it a refined or homely look. The only exception is the large dinner table in the middle of the room, which seems to be a permanent fixture. It is covered with small dishes, as at the Mandarin's yamên, but instead of these being filled with fruit and sugar-cane, they contain *hors-d'œuvres*, such as caviare, herrings, smoked salmon, and all the innumerable varieties of the national *zakouska*. There is also a large assortment of bottles on the table, as many as it can hold, containing wines from the Crimea, liqueurs and vodka. The guests smoke incessantly during the repast, and talk of their family affairs and of their distant homes, and one can scarcely believe that thousands of miles of Siberian steppes separate them from the banks of the Neva. The group before me is typical of "The House of Gentlefolk," by Tourguenief.

My visit to Mukden was of great interest. Not only the town itself with its famous monuments and its strange old-world people, but the present situation offers such an unlimited field of observation. Chinese mandarins and Russian generals, Cossacks and coolies, all tend to make a most incoherent group. What will the future bring forth? This is a most fascinating problem. Will Manchuria become more prosperous under the new régime? Will the people rise to a higher level? At the moment, when I say farewell to the ruins of our Mission, I ask myself, will it ever be rebuilt? I turn to give a last look at the site, where so many martyrs sacrificed their lives for the benefit of orphans and abandoned children, and the ruined steeple outlined against the sky seems to protest against human intolerance and blind persecution.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RETURN TO THE STATION.

If the journey from the station to the town of Mukden was exciting and fertile in emotions, the return was no less so. There was so much for me to see in Mukden that my stay there was prolonged beyond my calculations. The Resident, who had heard all about my adventure, kindly put a carriage at my disposal for the return journey, and also furnished me with an escort of Cossacks.

It is a most lovely autumn day when we start. Nature seems to be making a last effort to assert herself, before falling into the long winter sleep.

On the outskirts of the town the gardens are brilliant with flowers, of all shades and tints. Further on we pass through fields and pastures, and I now have the opportunity, not given to me before, of passing judgment on this privileged part of the earth. Manchuria is certainly one of the richest countries in the world, the soil is excellent, the hills thickly wooded and the mountains rich in minerals. We pass several farms, where maize and beans are principally cultivated. Men, women, and children are all working in the fields. The landscape is not varied, we are in a vast plain surrounded by mountains which touch the horizon. But if the general aspect is not picturesque, it does not lack a certain grandeur, and possesses a charm of its own. Like all great plains, Egypt for example, or the plain of Rajpootana, there is something indefinable in the air, which cannot fail to be noticed. The people living on these vast plains, are all affected by the peculiar atmosphere, and the Manchu has all the characteristics of a race inhabiting an open country. He is devoted to his native land, prefers an outdoor life, and is never so happy as when he is galloping across the fields, or hunting in the virgin forests.

As we trot along the painfully hard roads my spirit gathers further ideas and impressions in these novel surroundings. I must confess that my ideas of Manchuria and the Manchus were quite different before I had more or less explored the country. But the current of my thoughts is often interrupted by violent shakings when we jump the ditches, climbing up one way and rolling down the other, and it is a wonder my *tarentass* holds together. Before proceeding any further, I think I had better describe this conveyance.

It consists of four small wheels placed rather far apart. Along the centre, and fixed to the axles, is a long wooden shaft, supporting a wicker carriage, in appearance half canoe and half bathing box. The natural vibration of this shaft obviates the necessity for springs; but it would not be correct to say that it does duty for the latter; however, it holds the wheels and the body of the carriage together, and, after all, the contrivance can be depended upon, and it is eminently suitable to the high roads of Asia.

I am no longer drawn by mules, but have three little Cossack horses, harnessed side by side in the Russian fashion. These ponies are very hard and wiry, their size a trifle larger than Shetlands, with long thick manes and tails. The middle pony is bigger than those at the sides, and can trot, while the other two have to gallop all the time, their heads gracefully inclined to the outer side. The harness is no less eccentric than the vehicle itself. It is composed of no end of reins, the utility of which I am unable to comprehend, but which look very picturesque with their ornamenta-

tions of silvered rivets. My driver, like the ponies, is a Cossack, and seems to be fully conscious of his position. For an escort I have about fifteen men, who with their white coats and flat white caps, make a brilliant trail in the landscape. They are all good-natured simple folk, these sons of moujik, with their blue eyes, fair complexions and infantile expression. They seem quite at home in this country, but their own way of life, primitive and patriarchal, differs little from their present surroundings. One can scarcely believe that these men become cruel and bloodthirsty in times of war, and commit atrocities in cold blood. When the fight is over they make friends with their former foes, and mix with them as freely as if they were of the same blood. A small two-wheeled cart containing provisions completes our escort.

Should I be asked to detail any objects of interest on my journey, I would mention two pagodas, one of seven storeys high being particularly fine. It was much decorated with carvings of all the monsters in mythology, such as the erratic imagination of this old race can only appreciate. We also pass several stone tortoises, supporting commemorative tablets, setting forth the exploits of some bygone hero. The farms on the way reveal the agricultural resources of the country and even the villages have an interest from a sociological point of view. I have never seen such miserable-looking dwelling houses, nor so many children playing about in front of them. The proportion of houses to the inhabitants is very small, the people must crop up from the soil like mushrooms.

We pass many travellers on the way; some on foot, others in wheelbarrows, in crazy-looking carts and on strange mounts. We also meet a mandarin travelling in state. He is carried in a litter, lined with embroidered green satin, and his luggage is packed in gorgeous red lacquer boxes, and carried on the shoulders of coolies. His suite and retinue of servants make quite a long procession on the road, and all the emblems of his rank are carried in front of him. They consist of banners, paper lanterns, umbrellas, and panels with inscriptions on them. His Excellency is escorted by a detachment of native soldiers in red coats, adorned with a diamond-shaped piece of velvet in the centre of both front and back, on which is embroidered a Chinese inscription. I must admit, however, that many of the details of this show were quite miserable, the silk lining of the dais was faded and torn, the uniforms of the soldiers covered with mud, the banners in rags, and yet the *tout ensemble* was artistic. The Asiatic way of displaying pomp is rather imposing. A mandarin of second rank corresponds with that of a prefect in Western countries, and he is accorded an escort of several dozen soldiers, whilst in Europe the greatest show a man of that rank can make is two footmen to his carriage, and that only on special occasions.

I have already mentioned that my two journeys to and from Mukden were equally adventurous. Now that I am seated in my comfortable car, I can scarcely realize that my last adventure was more than a dream! To make my tale more interesting, I must begin at the end and relate how narrowly we escaped being abducted, or perhaps murdered by brigands. But, thank God, no more serious consequences resulted than the upsetting of my *tarentass* in the middle of a river, which forced the Cossacks to indulge in a much-needed bath with their clothes on, a few scratches and bruises, and a broken shaft. The expected attack was changed into flight, and the tragedy into comedy, to the satisfaction of all concerned. I will now give a brief account of the adventure.

When we reach the first village, the Cossacks explain to me that their horses are thirsty and we must make a short halt. They all dismount and enter the inn leaving me in charge of the horses. But as I see no signs of a well, nor even a bucket, I can be of little use to them. Presently my friends reappear, and there is no doubt whatever that if the horses have not quenched their thirst they themselves have done so. We soon reach another village and the same performance is repeated, only this time they do not trouble to invent an excuse, and say nothing about their horses. I need scarcely add, that after each halt their conversation becomes more lively, and their horses are galloped more furiously. After the third stoppage I begin to feel anxious, as their lively conversation has given place to songs and choruses; popular airs being sung crescendo and fortissimo. I cannot think what to do, and am in despair. I am unable to divert these children of nature from their inveterate habits. Besides, they behave very respectfully to me and give me no personal cause to interfere, they are only very excited. They shout and yell and wave their red handkerchiefs about, while urging their horses to do their utmost.

When we have passed the last hamlet and there is no further refreshment to be had till the station is reached, they propose a steeplechase across the country to the railway station. What distance we thus cover I have no idea, because it is cleared at the most alarming speed I have ever experienced. On this undulating ground, the steeplechase produces various consequences. Over meadows the run is rapid and the pace exhilarating, and I share the joy of these big children; across the ploughed fields, if the riders derive enjoyment, I in my *tarentass* feel as if I was being passed through a crucible, and the fields of maize make me suffer tortures.

The run continues fast and furious. Men and horses lose their heads completely, driving is out of the question, for the ponies have bolted and we just fly over ditches and through hedges. Many of the horses stumble and

their riders fall into the mud, their swords and rifles describing circles in the air. Finally, in a rather deep ditch, one of the wheels of the provision cart comes off and the contents are all strewn on the ground. At last to my great joy I perceive in the distance the miserable shanty that does duty for a station, and with a feeling of approaching deliverance I lie down in my *tarentass*. The only way in which I can keep my equilibrium is to lie down and cling to the sides of the carriage.

But I am soon aroused by a most terrific shock; the carriage grates painfully, the driver shouts unintelligibly; the horses splash about, and I find myself submerged in icy cold water. I believe I am drowning, and instinctively raise myself. We are in the middle of a river, the ponies almost disappearing in the water, a few of the Cossacks are still in their saddles, whilst others are wading up to their chests, all very excited, but as gay as ever. They laugh and joke while washing the blood from their faces and hands; and the horses, with a calm and supreme satisfaction, indulge in the drink they have so long waited for.

Without doubt our mad run was not an everyday performance. A steeplechase on horseback has its charms and its dangers, but it cannot be compared with a steeplechase in a *tarentass*, led by a detachment of wild Cossacks! And yet I ought to be thankful to these rough men, for their high spirits and uncontrollable energy in this wild race saved our lives.

As we were rushing across the fields, the horses neighing, the Cossacks shouting and their arms glistening in the sun, we observed a band of horsemen, who were hidden behind a clump of trees, suddenly take to flight. Apparently they thought we were pursuing them, for they fled in disorder. We heard later that they were a band of Hunghutzes, who are the terror of the country, and who, not very long since, carried off Mr. Wentzl, the Director of the Chinese Eastern Railway, whose sad experiences appeared in detail in the newspapers. He was taken into the interior and subjected to the most horrible tortures, and nearly lost his reason before his ransom arrived.

If my Cossacks had not halted at all the villages, and imbibed freely at the inns en route, and finally finished with that extraordinary steeplechase, my journey might have been a disastrous one for me. Thanks to the furious rush across the country, we frightened those who were going to attack us. Had they seen us trotting quietly on the high road, they would no doubt have stopped us, and thus I end my narrative quoting the well-known proverb, that "to every cloud there is a silver lining."

Skirting Babuland.

By Samuel Pollard.

THE Chinese have an apt way of giving unpleasant names to the people they despise or fear. "Foreign devil" is only a modern member of a long list of such opprobrious epithets. The original owners of most of the soil in Western Szechuan and Northern Yünnan are sometimes termed *Mantsz* but more frequently *Lolo*. The latter name is widely adopted by Western writers. Both terms are strongly resented by the people to whom they are applied, and justice to a brave, hardy race demands that they be dropped by all Christians influenced by the Golden Rule of the Master and by all Confucianists who remember the maxim of the Sage: "Do not give to others what you do not wish to receive from them." The tribes of North Yünnan and their kinsmen just across the Yangtze prefer to be known as *Yiren* (夷人). There is, however, a name in use which I have retained in the title and this is specially applied to the land and people of the tract of country in Szechuan designated on some maps as "Independent Lololand." Babu has no connection with the effeminate Bengalese but is a corruption of *p'a-p'o* (爬坡) hill-climbing. The country is termed the "Land of the Hill-climbers"—Babu-ti. Mountaineers they are indeed and the way these hardy men and women go up and down steep hills is a sight for a motorman to weep over. Last year I took a long journey on the banks of the Yangtze above the navigable point. For several days our way lay on the borders of Babuland. We hoped to get across the river right among the people but a chieftain who had promised to escort us failed us at the last moment.

The last big town we came to on the navigable Yangtze was Kukwan-ts'uen, about 300 *li* west of Suifu and one hundred *li* west of P'inshan, the farthest point yet visited by a British gunboat. Junk traffic is carried on for sixty *li* above Fukuan and then the rush of the Ox-hide Rapid stops all except very small boats, which ply in reaches of the river where the waters are quieter. The Yangtze above this is deserted. No longer the busy marts on its banks, no longer the stream of traffic with the cheery "Yao-ay, yoh-ay"

of the boatmen. Nothing but a huge rush of mad waters tearing through high hills as if ashamed of the quiet deserted cliffs and striving wildly to reach the scenes of bustling trade. Nothing but an enormous drain to carry off the superfluous rainfall of parts of two provinces and the snows of Eastern Tibet. Poor old Yangtze! Almost forgotten and scarcely explored! A casual look reveals the same muddy countenance, except where the rapids whisk the waters into boiling foam and crown the waves of the still young river with flowing locks of snowy white. A man with a strong arm could throw a stone across the river in many places. How changed the mighty Yangtze!

GARRISON TOWN OF MITIEH WHERE BABU HOSTAGES ARE KEPT.

Three short days' journey across country brought us to the Yangtze again at Hweichee. In these three days we had a taste of the dangerous roads which abound in these districts. My chairmen stopped at a picturesque shrine in which quietly reposed the Goddess of Mercy so much worshipped by Chinese travellers. The road was paved with stone and ran by the side of a steep cliff. In response to a query I found out that the name of the place was "Fairy Bridge" and I then discovered a remarkable piece of engineering. Looking between the flagstones I was surprised to see nothing between the road and the river bed. Large wooden poles had been driven into the side of the cliff and on these the roadway had been built. So like is it to

an ordinary path that many pass that way without knowing they are walking on space and are in the presence of a piece of road building so extraordinary that it is commonly ascribed to the beneficent fairies. Several other places were almost as startling, and by the time we reached Hweichee we felt we had got used to holding our breath and going round corners hugging the cliffs as closely as we could. We were assured that these roads were nothing to those we should meet later on.

A short distance above Hweichee we crossed the river into Szechuan at the foot of a hill called "The General's Hill." The name is given from a large flat piece of rock at the foot covered over with raised figures. In the distance it has the appearance of a battle in bas-relief. There are the men with swords and spears mixing in the heat of conflict. It is not often that the busy Yangtze tries his hand at such sculpture.

The same day we travelled over the Hsias-hsien and the Ta-hsien, "The Little Danger" and "The Great Danger." The road here was by the side of a large rapid whose name of Hsin-t'an, New Rapid, bespoke a comparatively short history. It was formed in the reign of Chia Ch'ing (1796-1821). Right in the cliff steps had been cut for a long distance. Some of them were worn smooth and were consequently very treacherous. A railing had at one time been provided to prevent accidents but it was now in a bad state of repair. The waves below were enormous, curling up around and breaking into great foam, reminding one somewhat of billows dashing on Cape Cornwall when the Atlantic is angry. "White horses" were in great evidence.

Multitudes of mulberry and oil trees abound in this district and often have the appearance of a Somerset orchard. The autumn leaves of green, yellow and bright red, with the setting sun shining through them, made a picture full of charm and peace.

We learnt that Babuland lay back a day's journey from here and that we had still some stages to make before the Yangtze became the boundary between the two peoples.

We spent the night at "Rim of a Frying Pan Rapid," having travelled twenty *li* on the river in a small boat, one of the longest runs made by boats in this deserted part of the Yangtze. Just before we finished the stage we passed a large grotto of young maiden-hair ferns. The grotto is quite covered at high water. I never saw the fern in such profusion before. Such a cave of ferns under the high waters of the Yangtze seems a travesty of Gray's familiar words:

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

Somehow things do get reversed in China.

Our next day's journey gave evidence that we were nearing Babuland. There were refuge towers in all directions. On one Szechuan upland, less than two miles in length, I counted eighteen towers; and on a lower level another flat tract of country, separated from the former by a large cliff, showed us eighteen towers also. Most of them were whitewashed and some of them very strongly built. A lot of gypsum is obtained from one of the cliffs here and is exported far and wide in North Yünnan to be used in making beancurd. It acts as rennet does in making junket. The fresh beancurd looks very like junket, but the taste—— ! Ah! all is not gold that glitters. When will China know the exquisite pleasure of junketing!

On the morrow a climb of forty *li* over some wild moors brought us to a point where we had a superb view of Babuland, and the slopes where stands the city of Luipo, an outpost of Chinese civilization. We were 5,000 feet above the river on the Yünnan side. The Yangtze could be seen for seventy *li*, flowing north-east and with very few bends in it. Right away in the far north was a snow ridge, shining brilliantly in the sunshine. This was right in the centre of Babu-land. At the foot of the nearer hills on the Szechuan side, a slope opened out towards the river, in shape like a fan, with Luipo situated on the handle of the fan. Cultivation became scarcer as the hills were approached, and the inevitable towers were everywhere.

Early next morning we came to the scene of a battle, fought only the year before, between Chinese and the dreaded Babumen. Numbers of burnt houses were still evidence of the struggle. The Chinese Government keep a garrison at Mitieh not far from here. Nominally there are 500 soldiers, but really only one-fifth as many. In accordance with a policy carried out in nearly all the frontier towns, numerous well-to-do Babu hostages are kept. They are well paid and fed. They wear the uniform of the Chinese military, and are held responsible for the good behaviour of the tribes. The hostages are changed about every two years. A fresh mandarin came. He was not content with pocketing the pay of the dummy soldiers but refused to be at the expense of the hostages. He cleared them out and dared them to make trouble. They accepted the challenge and in a short time some thousands of the hill-men were across the river and making a grand border raid. The news spread far and wide, causing panic everywhere. Soldiers came pouring in. Big mandarins had a chance of making a great fuss and of reporting bloody battles. The Babumen were defeated but managed to seize a strong position on a hill which we passed, and from here they made good terms for themselves. The system of hostages was resumed and is now in full swing. The Babumen usually twist their hair like a horn in front of the head, but when in Chinese territory they take the hair down and wear it concealed in a cloth turban.

BRIDGE WITH MAGIC SWORD ON YANGTZE BANK AT HWANGKUOSHU.

After passing the garrison town we at last came down to the Yangtze right over against Babuland. It was twenty *li* down the hill to the little town of Hwangkwoshu, "Banyan Tree." Half-way down the hill I stopped and counted all the towers within sight on the Yünnan side. There were sixty-four of them. A haze on the hills hid many and possibly on a clear day one could count a hundred.

There is a great bend in the river at this town caused by a long spur of a hill coming right out from the land of the mountaineers. The river flows first north-east and then rounding the promontory flows almost north-west. There are two large rapids at this point.

What a contrast between the cultivation on the two sides of the river! Miles of sugar-cane, orange groves, and rice fields were flourishing in Yünnan. White-washed houses and baronial-looking towers, nestling among bamboo groves, gave an air of life and prosperity to the scene. On the other side of the river all was desolate. Not an acre cultivated, not a house to be seen. In a few places, near the riverside, trees were growing, but the landscape as a whole gave one a fit of the blues. What a multitude of people these uncultivated lands would support were there a settled government in Babuland!

GROUP OF BABUMEN.

After a night's rest we pushed on again. The first part of the road was through some romantic passes in the rocks near the shore. Huge banyan trees threw out their welcome shade. Over a small stream flowing into the Yangtze a fine bridge had been built. I was attracted by a long sword hanging down under the arch. This is put there to frighten the demons, who control the sudden rushes of water which follow heavy rains. The people consider that the magic sword has so far answered its purpose, for the bridge

has not yet been swept away. As an additional safeguard to such bridges a dragon's head is often carved facing up stream, with his tail on the other side, pointing down stream. Between the dragon's jaws and the long sword the mischievous sprites are supposed to have a bad time. These sudden freshets are a great nuisance to travellers. Almost without warning a small stream a few inches deep will swell to an impassable torrent. On one occasion I crossed over such a stream on my pony and sat down to wait for my men who were a few hundred yards behind. Suddenly a roar attracted my attention and looking up stream I saw a regular bore rushing on. In a moment the torrent became impassable, even to men who stripped and could swim. Loss of life occurs at times. Men get caught in the bed of a stream as they are following the ordinary road and unable to find a way of escape up the banks they are swept away without hope of recovery.

All day long we skirted Babuland. We saw some signs of habitation in the afternoon and learned that a tribal fight had been in progress for days. Only the day before, the war of weapons had been distinctly heard on the Yünnan side. We saw traces of the fight in some burnt dwellings. Near the riverside we saw ruins of many houses and of old rice fields. Formerly Chinese had gone across as tenants of these chiefs, *t'usz*, as they are called, and cultivated much of the land. The light rents attracted many farmers. After awhile, however, they discovered that rent was but one of the many burdens they had to bear. Their crops and flocks were constantly liable to raids and at last the farmers seem to have been driven right away from the place.

The stage after Banyan Tree ends at Hwangp'ing, "Auburn Plain." Years ago this was a busy mart. The government copper took boat here and gave employment to many people. There are remains of one or two very fine temples built in the days of prosperity. Now all is changed. Hwangp'ing has shared the fate of that other Auburn of whom Goldsmith sang so sweetly and pathetically.

It was from here we were to have entered Babuland. The chieftain, An, who had invited us to his home, lived but a few miles away. His secretary met us and told us it was unwise to go across at this time as the tribal war was in An's territory. We looked longingly at the ferry boat and watched the secretary and a few mountaineers go across with more than usual interest. Better luck next time was our thought. The ferry is run by the major of the garrison town. Fifty cash is charged for each person crossing over and 200 for an animal.

Baulked in our intention, we resumed our journey the next day, still following the Yangtze. In the early morn we went down a long lane formed

by enormous cacti growing on either side. Two varieties, locally termed "Fairy Hand" (仙人掌) and "Tyrant's Whip" (霸王鞭), abound in North Yünnan. Towards the end of the day we had an exciting experience. All along the journey we had been hearing stories of a road termed *Liu-sha-p'o*, "Hill of the Slippery Sand." Harrowing tales were told of various travellers who had lost their lives at this point. In the afternoon we reached the famous spot and found that Dame Rumour had told the truth for once. A more abominable piece of road I have never travelled over and I have seen some lively ones in different parts of Yünnan. In a recent official report to Sir Robert Hart the main road from Suifu to Chaotong was described as one of the worst roads in the Empire. That maligned road is considered a splendid one by traders here, and though it is execrable from a Western standpoint it is infinitely better than the road by the Yangtze. At the "Hill of the Slippery Sand" there are three bays in the river bounded by almost perpendicular cliffs. A small path has been cut in the rock and some parts of it are very dangerous. There is no protection on the outside and the overhanging cliff seems to press on one and to endeavour to push one over into the boiling rapids below. The names of the various parts of the road are characteristically taken from the Chinese Hades. Here are "The King of Hell's Slide," "The Gate to Hell," "The Last Look at Home," and "The Place Where the Soul is Lost." At the angle where two of the bays meet is a small spur on which a tiny shrine is built. An old woman used to sit here selling oatmeal porridge. She was in harmony dubbed, "the Old Woman of Hell who Sells the Broth of Oblivion" (迷魂湯), the Chinese equivalent of the Waters of Lethe. The dangerous path is about one-third of a mile in length. In one place the ledge narrows until it quite disappears. A couple of planks bridge the gap. Every coolie is reported to make resolutions of reform when he reaches here, to the enormous extent of nine and a-half parts out of ten of his evil habits. This is supposed to ensure the help of the good Kwangyin against the demons, who lay in wait here for all travellers. Some of the stories told are heartrending. Once a whole family were crossing over; the boy of twelve was in front; the mother with baby on her back followed; the husband brought up the rear. The boy slipped and fell over. The mother shrieked in terror, lost her balance and she and baby followed the son. The poor husband gave one look, lost all control of himself, and in a few seconds the hungry, never-satisfied Yangtze swallowed up the travellers and rushed on in his mad race, as if nothing in the world concerned him, except to quickly reach the *dolce far niente* existence of Hankow and the lower river ports.

ROUNDING THE CLIFFS NEAR HWEICHEE.

I have no wish to see "the Hill of the Slippery Sand" again. I was hungry before I started the walk and long before I got across my legs were shaking, my heart was beating loudly, and only by a great strain could I keep my nerves steady. Yet some go over the path as easily as we boys used to race across the tops of railway arches. One of my coolies carried two baskets of bedding over this road as steadily and truly as if the roar of the Yangtze were miles away and as if the road were always eight feet wide, instead of being sometimes only eight inches.

Yet one more day and we came to the end of our journey skirting Babuland. This was at Patsingta, "Plain of the Great Well." Just outside of this busy market town, noted for its sugar industry, the cliffs of Babuland show signs of great convulsions of nature. The strata are twisted in many ways. I noticed a few places cultivated, but the contrast between the rich vegetation of Tatsingpa and the barrenness of Babuland was most marked. I learnt here that formerly several mines of silver and quicksilver in the Mountaineers' Territory were worked by Chinese, a royalty being paid to the chiefs. Also that a regular horse road of eight stages existed right through

to Ningyuenfu. However, in the 8th year of the Emperor Hsien Feng (1858) troubles broke out and all the Chinese were expelled. Attempts have been made to renew this trade but the two peoples distrust each other too much to promise success. The nominal head-chieftain or king, surnamed Tu, has little control over the twenty-two tribes into which Babuland is divided. A number of these hillmen come across to market. I tried to photograph a group, but when I opened out the camera they fled, thinking it was a gun of some sort. The second time, however, we managed to coax them to "face the music." After the market was over we watched the men return home. Quite a number carried wine in bags of goatskin. Several of the men meeting the ferry were armed and the boatmen carried guns. All are on the *qui vive* against surprise.

Although junk traffic has long ceased between this part of the Yangtze and Suifu, huge rafts of building timber still go down, risking all the dangers of the rapids. Iron rings are fixed on the boards and in the rapids the men cling to these rings and take their plunge as part of their day's work. The great danger they fear is what is euphemistically called "pasting up scrolls." Sometimes in the rapids the head of the raft goes down against a rock and the force of the waves dashes the keel flat up against the side. The poor men are crushed in this performance. The men greatly dread these literary efforts of Father Yangtze, when he takes to writing human scrolls on the cliffs which bound his domain.

After Tatsingpa we turned south-east and climbed up until we were some 8,000 feet above the river. The valley between us and Babuland was covered with white clouds on which the sun shone in all his splendour. The sea of clouds looked like an immense field of snow and was of surpassing beauty. The distant hill peaks standing out above the white sea seemed to invite us across. With this glorious view we said goodbye to Babuland, the home of mystery and mountaineers.

The Fairyland of China.

I.

By James Ware.

INTRODUCTION.

IT was in the first half of the seventh century that Yuen Tsang was sent to Central Asia, or India, in search of the classics of salvation. The occasion of his journey was political as well as religious. The country was full of unrest and the Emperor feared rebellion. He therefore sent Yuen Tsang on his pilgrimage, hoping that the Buddhist Classics would reform the people and at the same time secure the stability of his throne. The pilgrim was absent seventeen years, during which time he translated many religious books of India which, together with hundreds of other books and many relics, he brought back with him to China. After his return, he published a voluminous account of his travels, which is still extant in the Chinese language.

It is not this work, but another based upon it, entitled "The Si Yiu Ki" ("Records of a Journey to the West"), which gives us our glimpse into the fairyland of China. This work was published in the fourteenth century, and towards the end of the Yuen Dynasty. It is generally classed with novels and "leisure books," although, with its elaborate and learned commentary, and especially with its appreciative preface written by Yiu Si-tung, a famous scholar of the reign of Kang Hsi, it is spoken of as "a book of parables, whose mysteries can only be fathomed by the learned."

The writer of the preface says, "Although visionary as a dream, the book shadows forth great truths, and its wonderful and amusing tales portray the mysteries of the human nature, and its spiritual environment. Do you wish to know the celestial rulers? You will see them in Sung Yeng-tsae Pah Kia and Lung Mo (the monkey and pig fairies and the dragon horse.) In the other ghosts and fairies you will see the mightiest of the demons and all those other spiritual beings, superior to man, which are found in the religion of Buddha, and which can only be brought into subjection by a rectified heart."

And so during our journey through the Fairyland of China we shall get a tolerably accurate idea of how the Chinese regard the objects of their worship. Their gods are subject to the limitations of time and space, and have all the same passions as themselves. In short, they are but immortal men. Therefore their worshippers have no love or reverence for them; their chief regard for them being that of slavish fear. The book is full of ghosts, demons, and fairies, good and bad. But it contains no more than the average Chinaman really believes to exist, and his belief in them is so firm, that from the cradle to the grave he lives and moves and has his being in reference to them.

The Commentary is a wonderful conglomeration of ideas "grave and gay; ridiculous and sublime." Among other things the great writer has settled the long-vexed question as to which was first, the chicken or the egg. He says "Heaven was the father and earth the mother, and under their united influence a wonderful stone developed life and produced an egg, which hatched out neither a chicken nor a child, but a monkey." So some modern evolutionists are correct after all!

Speaking of rewards and punishments the commentator, in his note upon the journey of the Emperor Tai Tsung through hell, says, "Tai Tsung was asked for money, be it ever so little, in order to bribe his captors and thus secure his salvation. He replied 'Naked came I hither; how then can I have money?' So it is that neither wealth nor station can save from hell, nor atone for sins committed. Thus was the Emperor reduced to the level of one of his slaves. He also wished to do good deeds, but this was denied him, because the opportunities for doing good occur only during this mortal life." Speaking of self-restraint he says,- "He who subdueth his body, shall be exalted; and he who mortifieth his body, shall have his body preserved. For the righteous, although they die, shall live again."

One is much struck with the many apparent references to the Christian Scriptures contained in the book. For instance, we have the death of Tai Tsung, his visit to the prison of the lost, and his resurrection after three days; the crossing of the river of death while the Holy One, sitting on the clouds, stills the winds and the waves; Buddha casting down his rod, which changes into a dragon; the fisherman being told where to let down his net for a good catch of fish, and many other incidents.

Concerning this life and its mysteries, the commentator says, "To the superficial observer, everything in nature is mysterious. This is because he does not endeavour to ascertain facts for himself. He sees the rabbit's burrow, but does not notice the field which contains it."

The Commentary is entirely composed of speculative philosophy concerning dreams, life, death, heaven, hell, and immortality, all of which the soul of man is said to contain within itself. Throughout the book, as in nearly all the religious books of China, the idea of immortality is prominent and illustrates the beautiful words of Addison :—

"Whence this pleasing hope, this strong desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence the secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

The writer began to read the "Si Yiu Ki" several years ago, on the recommendation of a Chinese teacher, in order to get acquainted with Chinese modes of thought and expression. As he read he repeated the tales to his children, who were so interested that, once begun, he was obliged to continue them, day by day, to the end of the wonderful pilgrimage. What interested them will interest other children. Grown people also, especially friends of foreign missions, will be interested in this book which, besides having contributed in no small degree in the past towards the formation of Chinese character, has, perhaps, to-day in this country, more readers than any other fairy book ever published.

Yuen Chwang is the Pilgrim of the "Si Yiu Ki," who symbolizes the conscience, to which all actions are brought to trial. The priestly garment of Yuen Chwang portrays the good work of the rectified human nature. This garment is held to be a great protection to the new heart from the myriads of evil beings which surround it, seeking its destruction.

Sung Ngoo Kung, the Monkey Fairy, represents the human nature, which is prone to all evil. When Sung went off into unreasonable vagaries, his master, Yuen Chwang, would repeat the "Head-splitting Charm," which would take immediate effect upon Sung's fairy helmet, causing it to contract upon his head. The agonizing pressure thus caused would bring him to his senses, irrespective of his distance from his master. The iron wand of Sung is said to represent the use that can be made of doctrine. It was useful for all purposes, great or small. By a word it could be made invisible, and by a word it could become long enough to span the distance between heaven and earth.

Tsz Pah Kia, the Pig Fairy, with his muck-rake, stands for the coarser passions, which are constantly at war with the conscience in their endeavours to cast off all restraint.

Sau Oo-zong is a very good representation of Mr. Fearful of the "Pilgrim's Progress." In the "Si Yiu Ki" he stands for the human character, which is naturally weak, and which needs constant encouragement. In the presence of danger, or when a great crisis was at hand, Yuen Chwang would infuse him with boldness by repeating the "Charm of Confidence."

PART FIRST.

In the Eastern Ocean there stands a celebrated mountain, called the Flowery Fruit Mountain, said to be the pulse of the earth. Upon its summit there was once a rock, which from the creation had been receiving the blessings of heaven and earth. The warmth of the sun and light of the moon had been continual; and these, together with the influence of the mountain upon which it was resting, caused it to develop life, when suddenly, it burst and brought forth an egg. Directly the egg came in contact with the atmosphere it broke and produced a monkey, with all the limbs of its body complete. From his eyes there shone forth a wonderful light which penetrated into the highest heaven, and caused even the Pearly Emperor to tremble upon his throne. His Majesty commanded his two personal attendants, Thousand-Mile-Eye and Favourable Breeze, to investigate the strange phenomenon and to report at once to him. The attendants immediately opened the South Gate of Heaven, and looking out saw the light streaming from the monkey's eyes. Returning, they memorialized the Emperor that the strange light resulted from the monkey's worshipping towards the west.

One day, while simian tribes were bathing, they noticed a bubbling spring which seemed to be the main supply of their bath. They gathered round it and began speculating as to where the water came from. They had just agreed that the one who discovered its source should be made their king, when the rock-born monkey sprang into their midst, saying "I will discover it," with which he disappeared down the spring. He found himself upon an iron bridge under which flowed the stream which formed the bubbling spring. By the side of the bridge was a palace replete with all kinds of beautifully carved stone furniture. He conveyed the news to his companions, when they followed him to the newly discovered regions, and entering the palace annexed all they could lay their hands on. Returning, they invested him with the title of "Excellency," and appointed officers of state. From this time the monkey tribes separated themselves from all other tribes of beasts, and they had peace for 200 years.

NOTE.--The light is now explained as symbolizing the primitive communion that used to exist between earth and heaven.

But with his newly-acquired dignity "His Excellency" did not gain increased happiness. He was always very much depressed, and one day, while surrounded by his court, he began to weep. In answer to the terrified questions of his officers, he replied, "Although I have not offended against human laws, I see in the distance old age coming upon me, when my body shall decay. Before me is the King of Hades, at whose tribunal I must be judged. There is a heaven of happiness, among whose inhabitants I can never hope to dwell. Alas! why should I have been born at all?" Hearing this, they all wept. Presently one cried out, "Only Buddhas, fairies, and gods can escape the wheel of life and live for ever; although men, and even insects, have within them the germs of immortality." "Where do men live?" asks the king. "On the fleeting world" is the reply. "Then I will go and find the place" said the king. Seeing that he was determined to go, they prepared for him a raft laden with fairy fruit, and he embarked upon his journey across the Western Ocean. Favoured of heaven, a gentle breeze sprang up which took him rapidly across the ocean to the Southern Island, or the habitable world. As he drew near land he saw men engaged in fishing, digging salt, farming, and various other occupations. He approached cautiously and then, suddenly changing himself into a tiger, he sprang ashore and seized the clothes of those who were not able to escape. He remained in this part of the world for nine years, by which time he had learned the human language and was able to pass as a man without fear of detection.

The Monkey King was greatly disappointed by his stay among men. Instead of seeking for immortality they seemed to spend their whole time with worldly affairs. Their motto was "Grasp money and fight for fame." This made him very sad; although he still persisted in his search for enlightenment. One day, while wandering in a forest, he heard in the distance the ringing sound of steel, accompanied with singing. The words which he could distinguish spake of perfect contentment abroad and at home. The king said to himself "At last I have found a divine instructor," and rushed forward to make the singer's acquaintance. The man happened to be only an old wood-cutter who, when he saw his strange visitor, dropped his axe in fright. When he had recovered from his surprise, in answer to the king's request for instruction, he directed him to a fairy instructor, who lived in another part of the mountain.

Arriving at the wicket gate, and seeing no one about, he climbed a tree which overlooked the garden, and began shaking the boughs. This brought out a fairy boy, who asked him what he was making all the noise about. Hastening down, he replied with a reverent bow, "I am a seeker after doctrine." The boy replied, "My master has just gone to recline upon his

couch. He told me that before he ascended his pulpit to preach an inquirer would arrive; I suppose you are he?" After a little while he led the king into the presence of his master who was surrounded by about thirty fairy students. The master discerning in the king an apt pupil, gave him the name of Sung Ngoo Kung, which means, Knowledge of Vanity. By the name of Sung we shall henceforth know him. One day the master took him into his house and asked him what he wished to learn. He showed him four doors to learning: the Door of Flowing Characters, or the Wisdom of the Sages; the Door of Magic, or the Science of Luck; the Door of Silence, or the Virtue of Abstinence; and the Door of Energy, or Freedom from Restraint. When Sung refused to enter either of these doors, the master appeared to be very angry, and seizing his cane jumped down from his platform, crying, "You monkey! you won't learn this and you won't learn that, what will you learn?" He then struck him three times on the head with his cane and went out of the back door, leaving the other students nearly dead with fright. But Sung knew instinctively, by the three strokes on the head, that he was to go to his master's private apartments at the third watch, or midnight, and by his master's exit, that he was to enter by the back door. He went accordingly; and his teacher, directly he saw him, said, as if to himself, "This fellow, although he is but a child of nature, has broken my bowl and discovered my secret."

One day, while the teacher was sporting with his students, he called Sung to him and said, "Sung, you have made wonderful progress; now show us what you have learned." Sung replied, "Thanks to your instruction I have mastered the secret and can transform myself into a floating cloud of evening." Saying this he turned a somersault, and in an instant there appeared a crimson cloud sixty feet above them. Gradually rising it attained the height of a mile. Sung then descended and stood before his teacher with folded arms as if awaiting his congratulations. The teacher said "Did you call that a floating cloud? That was but a creeping cloud. You should by this time have been able to transport yourself round the world in less than a day." He then muttered a charm which, taking immediate effect, spiritualized Sung, who was henceforth beyond all human control.

Sung's first thought upon getting his great power of locomotion was to return to his old home. So he said good-bye to his teachers and fellow-students and started out upon his ærial voyage. As he went floating easily through the air, he said to himself, "How much lighter I feel than when I left home! Then my body dragged me down by its weight; now the more I know of the doctrine the lighter my body becomes. Strange that people cannot make up their minds to become enlightened."

When Sung arrived home he was greeted with joy by all his old subjects, who for a long time had been kept in abject fear on account of the depredations of a giant whose name was Confusion and who had reduced the whole tribe to slavery. Finding out his abode, Sung went to his lair, and pulling some hairs out of his own body blew upon them, when they immediately turned into a whole army of monkeys, who climbed all over the giant causing him so much confusion that he sank down helpless upon the ground. Sung then seized the giant's sword and with it he beat his body into "a counting board," after which he liberated his prisoners and burnt his stronghold with fire. The tribe memorialized their deliverer to procure them some weapons with which they could repel their enemies. Sung thereupon spirited himself to a city famous for its military camp, and during a terrific storm which kept all the inhabitants within doors, he produced an army of magnetic monkeys which, passing over the camp attracted all the weapons to themselves, which they carried off to their own mountain home. With the weapons the monkeys put seventy-two tribes of wild beasts under tribute.

Sung was not able to use the sword that he had taken from Giant Confusion as it was made of very common material. But, hearing that the Dragon King owned some celebrated weapons, he paid him a visit at his place beneath the Eastern Ocean and demanded from him the largest weapon he had. The king sent some of his officers to bring in a sword that weighed 4,500 pounds, thinking that the sight of it would discourage his visitor. But what was the Dragon King's dismay when Sung, taking hold of it, threw it aside like a feather declaring it was too light. The Dragon King in despair said "We have only one more weapon; and that is the rod of iron which fell from the milky way, and which was used by the Great Yu (the Chinese Noah) for clearing the earth of water after the flood." Sung went to inspect this rod of iron, and found it emitting a brilliant glow from the earth where it lay buried. It was of immense size; indeed so large that all the army could not move it. But Sung wished it smaller and it became smaller, so that he could carry it with ease. He then asked for armour, saying that it was easier to sit in one house than to visit three; meaning by this that he did not intend to leave until all his needs had been supplied. The Dragon King then presented him with one pair of cloud boots, a suit of golden armour and a phœnix-red golden crown.

Sung invited his seven chief friends to a feast, to whom he exhibited his treasures. His rod was the wonder of all, as it increased or diminished in size at the will of Sung. Possessed of this weapon he was also able to exercise extraordinary power over himself. He could expand himself to the dimensions of a great mountain, or reduce himself to the size of a fairy.

Sung and his friends spent a very jovial time together, and finally, having partaken too freely of the beverage of the immortals, fell into a drunken sleep beneath the willow trees.

While in this happy condition, Sung's soul went out for a walk and was captured by demons, who carried it into the judgment chamber of the God of Hades. He made no resistance until he was right in the infernal presence, when he took the rod of iron from his ear where he had concealed it, and with it scared all the hellish rulers out of their wits. He said to them, "What kind of judges are you? You cannot distinguish the good upon the earth from the bad. Why should you have put a mark against my name in order to blot out my life?" They answered, tremblingly, "Don't be angry, O! great man; the officials made a mistake in setting a mark against your name." Sung then demanded the records of Hades to be brought to him. He examined all the books dealing with birds, beasts, and fishes, but failed to find any mention of his own tribe. He demanded more records and they brought him a book dealing with the monkey family, in which he soon discovered his own name. He immediately destroyed the book, thus rendering the monkey tribe immortal. Having finished this important business, his soul burst open the gates of Hades, and he continued his sleep peacefully beneath the willow trees.

As soon as Sung had left the Dragon King's palace, His Dragon Majesty sent post haste to the Supreme God, the Pearly Emperor, to memorialize him concerning the loss of his treasures. Another messenger arrived at the same time from Hades to say that all the infernal rulers had been outraged by the same strange visitor, and to beg His Majesty to have Sung put under restraint. After hearing the evidence of Thousand-Mile-Eye and Favourable-Breeze, who reminded him of Sung's miraculous birth three hundred years before, His Pearly Majesty dispatched the White-Gold-Star Ruler to go and arrest him without delay. Sung expressed himself as delighted to have an opportunity of visiting heaven, and turning to his friends said, "If I find it comfortable up there, I will return and fetch you all." He then turned a somersault and was at heaven's gate long before his celestial guide. When he arrived, Sung said to him, "I thought you would be coming along presently." Thereupon they entered the home of the immortals.

HEAVEN.

Truly the city was like burnished gold and sparkling rainbow.
The sweetest odours were borne upon the healthful breezes.
The gold and silver palaces of the Great King
Were encircled by gardens containing flowers of the most exquisite hue.

Being ushered into the Imperial presence, His Majesty, in order to see Sung, put aside the curtain that concealed his sacred countenance. "Is this the fairy god?" he asked. Sung replied, "You are right; it is old Sung." This insolent reply angered the statesmen, who clamoured for him to be put to death. But the Emperor excused him, saying, "He became an immortal upon the earth and has only recently acquired a human body; his sins are forgiven him." Hearing this gracious reply, the court of heaven rang with the praises of the Emperor. One statesman, wiser than his fellows, suggested that such a vigorous being as Sung should be given office at once, otherwise he might make it very unpleasant for the celestial inhabitants. Sung was thereupon appointed master of the Imperial stables.

But Sung did not remain long in this office. Being ridiculed by his superiors upon being the Emperor's "horse boy" he took his rod and punished several of them very severely, and escaped back to his earthly home. The Pearly Emperor sent a band of his officers, among them three celebrated warriors who had never known defeat, to arrest him without delay and to confine him within the celestial prison. Approaching Sung they commanded him to surrender, saying, "Half a no, and we will grind you to powder." Then they fought. Such fighting had never before been witnessed. The earth trembled, the mountains shook and the stars fell like rain. Their weapons multiplied by the thousand and the fight continued, until Sung multiplied himself one thousand times, when the warriors beat a retreat and returned in disgrace to heaven. The censors, seeing that Sung could not be captured, recommended His Majesty to confer an empty title upon him and to invite him to return. This was done, and Sung went back in triumph, to be appointed, soon afterwards, keeper of the immortal peach gardens, the property of the Goddess of Mercy.

One day, Her Majesty, the goddess Kwanyin, arranged to give a feast to which only immortals were to be invited. Her royal maidens were sent to gather the peaches from the gardens in Sung's charge. Here he met them, and asked them if they could secure an invitation for him. They replied that this was impossible as all the guests were already invited. "Very well," he replied, "you may stay where you are till you are sought for." With this he uttered a charm, and they became rooted to the spot.

He then made his way unobserved into the banqueting hall and waited for the guests to arrive. When they had all sat down, Sung plucked some hair from his body and blowing upon it, it at once turned into "drowsy insects" which, settling upon the guests, sent them all into a deep sleep, while Sung enjoyed himself sampling the fairy wine.

On his return home he missed his way and found himself at the stately home of Laotsz.* The philosopher was out and, while waiting for him, Sung amused himself by searching for his famous pill of immortality. Having found it, he swallowed it. When Laotsz returned and saw what had transpired in his absence, there was a great uproar. The Pearly Emperor, being notified of the outrage, was filled with wrath and ordered Sung's immediate arrest. The noblest of heaven's warriors was sent to effect his capture. Then commenced a grand chase. Sung changed himself into a sparrow, then into a fish, and after that into a bubble, when he burst, and for the time escaped. But the gods found him again and pressed him very close. After changing himself into several kinds of birds and insects he finished by turning into a roadside temple. But his enemies were too sharp for him, for they recognized him by his tail, which was changed into a flagstaff at the back, instead of in front, of the temple.

At length Laotsz came to the rescue of the defeated warriors, and casting down his iron ring from heaven, struck Sung upon the head prostrating him to the ground. The celestial warriors with their dogs then rushed in, and made him their prisoner.

Sung was at once condemned to death, but neither two-edged sword, nor spear, nor axe could make any impression upon him. Finally, Laotsz explained that if only the immortal pill could be extracted from him his body could be easily destroyed. The Pearly Emperor thereupon commanded that Sung be confined in the fiery cauldron for forty-nine days. At the expiration of this time, Laotsz, expecting to find nothing but the pill, removed the cauldron lid, when, lo! Sung sprang out as lively as ever, turning over the cauldron and frightening the old gentleman nearly to death.

Again Sung escaped, and this time Sakyamuni was sent against him. To him Sung said, "The Pearly Emperor occupies the throne of the universe this year; next year it may be my turn, and then His Majesty will have to move." Sakyamuni quietly challenged Sung to turn a somersault over his hand. He attempted to do so, and he thought he was making a celestial journey. But Buddha called him to his senses and proved to him that his journey had been performed in the palm of his hand. The defeat of Sung was now complete. Sung was then taken and imprisoned beneath a mountain, where he remained peaceful for a time. By-and-bye he managed to extricate his head and would have escaped. But the gods put a charm upon the summit of the mountain which caused it to send forth roots through Sung's body. Then they had him sure enough.

* The founder of the Taoist system. "Laotsz," lit. "Old boy," because when he was born his face was wrinked and his head was covered with long hair.

The Chinese Educational Exhibit at St. Louis.

C. M. LACEY SITES, PH. D.

THE PROJECT.

THE Louisiana Purchase Exposition was planned as an educational exposition. It was to show processes, causes and relations, rather than mere results. Partly by virtue of this intent, Education was set down as Department Number I, among the score or so of departments of the great Exposition. It was also partly in view of this central educational idea of the Exposition that China, for the first time in her history, prepared and sent an official exhibit of education.

GRAND BASIN, LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION.

Everyone knew that China was behind in the educational race. Everyone knew that she had no educational system of the modern type and could make no pretence to measure strength with other great nations on the lines marked out by modern educational thought. But not everyone knew, or, knowing, did not consider, that China was grappling, feebly perhaps as yet, but inevitably, with an educational problem of a very definite character and of unprecedented magnitude—the problem of developing a thought-life that should make the nation fit to survive, and of conserving the admirable elements of the old civilization while nurturing the new. Here was an opportunity, as it seemed, for an object-lesson of the most thorough-going sort, in accordance with the primary purpose of the exposition, and in its great central department.

It was not strange that there should be official hesitation to undertake an educational exhibit. In the catalogue of Chinese exhibits at the Paris Exposition of 1900 there had been occasion to make but one entry under the Department of Education, which was as follows:—

"Class 5.—Special Instruction in Agriculture. (Chinese Government.—Shanghai.) Two illustrated volumes.—Copies of *Kêng Chih Ch'üan T'u*—on the cultivation of rice, and on silk."

Could more be sent now that was worth the showing? The situation was canvassed, and finally, after a definite project had been brought before the Chinese Exposition Commission by the Executive Committee of the Educational Association of China, a sub-committee, consisting of Dr. Gilbert Reid and the writer, was officially authorized to communicate with teachers throughout China and to collect an exhibit. This was on June 4th, 1903, less than eleven months before the opening of the Exposition, and just as schools were closing for vacation.

The authorities at St. Louis had taken an active interest in the project. The Chief of the Department of Education wrote: "It has been one of my strongest desires to secure from the Orient some adequate exposition of educational methods and standards."

PALACE OF EDUCATION, LOOKING ACROSS THE LAGOON.

In the same spirit, the committee's first circular letter, presenting the project to the teachers of China, said: "Education in China, in the modern sense, may almost be said to be conspicuous by its absence. For this very reason, paradoxical as it may seem, modern education in China must have its place in the Educational Building at St. Louis. A showing of what China is trying to do and how it is being done, both by native initiative and by foreign agencies, will help in many ways the progress of the work. The general interest of the world in China and her problems, at this time, demands that there be a fair presentation of this, her most urgent problem, to the teachers of the world."

The responses to this circular were generally encouraging, but by no means unanimous. Teachers naturally hesitated to make a display of work

which was still only half developed or barely begun. The Boxer cataclysm in North China had swept away the material part of many leading schools and colleges; their actual work was brand new, with glowing prospects but meagre facts. Assurances of co-operation came, however, from all parts of China and from Hongkong—not only from mission schools but from provincial officials, foreign public schools, and native private schools. A list made up in St. Louis, as the basis of a catalogue of the educational exhibit, to be published by the Chinese Government, contained, if I remember aright, the names of nearly 200 institutions which participated as exhibitors.

Successive circulars and unnumbered letters were sent out, in the effort to get an exhibit as complete and systematic as possible. The daily press, English, Chinese and French, gave generous support to the movement. The committee made a hard try at getting the Government to send to St. Louis a few advanced students or graduates of Anglo-Chinese Colleges; these would have been the best interpreters of the exhibit and would have topped it out, besides gaining a great schooling for themselves; but this was not done. Most devoted assistance was given by educational leaders at various centres, in organizing co-operative exhibits from schools in their respective localities, especially by the Rev. (now Bishop) L. H. Roots, of Hankow; the Rev. D. L. Anderson, of Soochow; Miss Harriet Osborne of Foochow; Mr. W. Drew Braidwood, of the Ellis-Kadoorie Schools; the Rev. J. H. Judson, of Hangchow; Prof. H. E. King, of Peking, and many others. Valuable service was also rendered in collecting exhibits of special character, as, for instance, the work of native private schools in Shanghai, by Mr. Theodore Wong; musical instruments, by Miss Laura M. White; girls' industrial work, by Miss Mathews of Hangchow, and Mrs. A. P. Parker of Shanghai; and tabulation of school statistics, by the Rev. Geo. W. Hinman. The peculiar significance of books and other printed matter in Chinese education was emphasized in an extensive collection which attempted to comprise the whole field of our educational literature, in twelve groups, as follows, the selections being made by the following specialists at Shanghai: modern text-books in Chinese, Dr. A. P. Parker; text-books for teaching Chinese to the Chinese, Rev. E. Box; books for teaching foreign languages to the Chinese, Dr. J. C. Ferguson; systems of "Romanization," Rev. J. A. Silsby; books in Chinese for general reading, Rev. D. MacGillivray; books produced by native publishing houses, Rev. J. Darroch; Scriptures, Dr. J. R. Hykes and Mr. T. D. Begg; general religious books, Mr. D. Willard Lyon; Chinese text-books of the old type, Rev. S. I. Woodbridge; books for foreigners learning Chinese, Dr. G. F. Fitch; newspapers and periodicals (chiefly his own private collection), Rev. E. Box; selected books concerning China, Dr. T.

Richard. Finally, with a view to getting expert interpretation of the present educational situation in China, a series of monographs were secured, prepared by leading educationists and others, and these were published as a special educational number of the EAST OF ASIA.

THE EXHIBIT.

The section assigned to China in the Palace of Education was excellently situated on one of the main aisles, and comprised a rectangle, 60 x 30 feet, with wall space extending indefinitely upward toward the lofty roof-arches. Half the long front was closed in with a partition whose outer face was tastefully hung with Chinese art scrolls. The view, looking in through the open half, was very attractive, the eye being caught at once with brilliant scrolls in Chinese character, and other Oriental adornments, high on the wall at the rear. Entering the enclosure, however, the visitor was wont to find himself in a maze of ambiguity—for the peculiar characteristic of the exhibit was its mingling of the symbols of culture of East and West. Immediately in front, occupying the middle of the floor-space, loomed a large model of the Hall of the Classics at Peking. On the right of this stood a model of the very modern Nanyang College of Shanghai, showing the whole campus in a ground plan about 10 x 12 feet in size—the buildings executed with perfect accuracy of form in Ningpo white-wood, the top of the clock-tower having an elevation of about twelve inches. Opposite the Nanyang College, a model prefectural examination hall, of traditional Chinese type, filled a large space—with its cro'nest masts, in front, three or four feet high. Beyond this, again, the side spaces were taken up with models of the International Institute to be built at Shanghai, and the Gotch-Robinson Memorial College and Museum at Chingchowfu.

Around the central area, a continuous line of tables occupied the space adjacent to the walls. On these tables were displayed specimens of pupils' work, chiefly bound volumes of exercises and photographs, but including also some industrial-school products. Most of the tables were built like show-cases, with hinged lids of glass, under which were arranged the great groups of educational literature collected by the special committee. A few additional show-cases, in the open area, were devoted to the display of fine embroideries and drawn work from girls' industrial schools, and a remarkable collection of dolls, illustrating Chinese costumes and social ceremonies; others were occupied with special exhibits from schools for the blind and schools for the deaf, and with musical instruments. The wall-space immediately above the tables was chiefly taken up with photographs, of large size, of which there was a great profusion. These, as well as the various specimens of pupils' work, defied classification by grades and were accordingly

grouped on a geographical basis, beginning with North China on the left. Here Mukden College was the outpost, followed by all Chihli, Taiyuenfu and Shantung. The Yangtze Valley began with a modest contribution from Szechuan and a large exhibit from Wu-han, including a rich array of military school photographs and other material sent by the Viceroy. Exhibits from girls' schools were particularly notable in the case of Kiukiang, Nanking and Chinkiang. Soochow's collection included the girls' industrial work and an elaborate outfit of insignia of official literary degrees, contributed by the Governor. In the extensive section

SOME EXHIBITS FROM NORTH CHINA AND THE YANGTSE VALLEY.

assigned to Shanghai, the photographic display had a life-size likeness of the late Y. Ching-chong as its central feature. Several prefectures of Chekiang were well represented. The various schools and colleges at Foochow sent carefully-prepared exhibits, including kindergarten work and products of the "romanized" press. Passing on down the coast, and including the schools of Amoy and Swatow, the circuit was finished with a particularly imposing display from Canton and Hongkong, whose contributions showed more co-operative system than probably those of any other section.

EXTERIOR OF CHINESE EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT.

Still above the line of photographs, and covering the higher reaches of the walls, were hung large-lettered charts of "romanization" systems, which were represented here in unexpected variety of dialects; music-charts adapted

to Chinese airs; and some very interesting maps, specially prepared, showing the distribution of schools in particular provinces, such as the new government secondary schools in prefectural cities in Chihli, the day-schools of the Methodist Mission in Fuhkien, etc. Here were also maps of China, in native character, and numerous general maps made especially for use in Chinese schools.

INTERIOR VIEW, CHINESE EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT.

As showing that China actually has institutions carrying on regular courses of college grade, the full exhibits of work from such institutions as the Shansi University at Taiyuenfu, the Peking University of the Methodist Mission, and St. John's College, Shanghai, were especially impressive. As a type of native school doing practical work, the Canton Guild School of Shanghai, with its elaborate collections of students' exercises, was worthy of note. A series of bound volumes, showing actual kindergarten work done in the American Board Mission School at Foochow, was peculiarly interesting. One of the remarkable incidents of the exhibit was the bringing together of several different systems of teaching the blind, as practised by teachers in different parts of China, some of whom had not known of systems used by some of their fellow-workers. In general, one great benefit of the exhibit ought to be the opportunity afforded to teachers in China to see what their colleagues are doing.

PARTS OF FUHKIEN AND SOUTH CHINA EXHIBITS.

LESSONS TO BE LEARNED.

We have remarked that the *ensemble* of the exhibit, at first glance, was striking and attractive. But little closer examination was needed to discern its defects. The visitor's second impression, on looking about, was likely to be this: "Here is a rich variety of interesting work, from kindergarten to college, from music to basketry, from essays on Confucius to paraphrases of Sherlock Holmes; it has been shown with great pains, by models, photographs, charts, text-books, written work, handiwork—a wonderful display in its content, but quite lacking in method as a whole"—and it would be a just judgment. Our exhibit, as a whole, failed in the chief object of the Exposition—the orderly showing of processes. It had no unity.

Considering the short period afforded for preparation, and the crude materials which most schools had to use, the exhibit was highly creditable to individual institutions. But it had been impossible for any central authority to prescribe forms of plans and details of execution early enough to give the various institutions uniform standards to observe in preparing exhibits. Nobody knew what could be done—nor even, at first, whether anything could be done; it was a new and untried field. Moreover, there was not even the opportunity to arrange the varied contributions in a semblance of logical order before shipment; and when it came to St. Louis, no one officially connected with the exhibit had any particular acquaintance with educational work in China. But, had these circumstances been otherwise, the essential conditions of educational work in China would not have been changed. If the exhibit was a jumble, it was, in being so, all the more truly a representative exhibit. Had it shown an orderly system it would have shown what does not exist in China.

What modern education in China most needs is modern organization—not schemes which remain on paper, but practical plans carried out under expert and sympathetic leadership. To attain such a result requires decision and persistence. It is a singular coincidence that the year 1871, in which Yung Wing secured Imperial approval of his scheme for a Chinese Educational Mission to America, was the very same year in which Japan inaugurated her system of modern schools and established an Imperial department of education. Japan persisted steadily in her educational advance—and the world knows the results. China started, hesitated, then halted, and stood still for twenty years; and to-day she would fain have Japan for her teacher. Japan's exhibits at St. Louis were the perfection of organization; and organization is the greatest lesson that Japan can teach China.

To two classes of people who visited the Exposition the Chinese Educational Exhibit was doubtless a rare delight: to the curiosity hunters who were charmed with its novelties; and to the sinologues—for a few famous old China hands were there—who could look beneath the surface and see progress and promise in it all. But there were also in attendance a great body of Western thinkers—especially during the World-Congress of Arts and Science—many of whom are keenly interested in China and would gladly have seen more proofs of the quickened thought-life of her people than this exhibit revealed. The number of such sympathetic students will be still greater when another international exposition finds China, as we trust it may, with an organized system of education, in orderly process of development. When all is said and done, the fact that shines with brightest promise for China is the fact that nations are contending less for military aggrandizement, and meet now rather in strenuous strife for the trophies of intelligence and righteousness; for out of such strife come helpfulness and brotherly kindness and the beauty of complete living.

Book Reviews.

THE NAPOLEON MYTH, by HENRY RIDGELY EVANS, Chicago. The Open Court Publishing Company, 1905.

This little work, like all the volumes which are issued by the Open Court Publishing Company, is admirably got up and illustrated.

The first part consists of a reprint of "The Grand Erratum," by Jean-Baptiste Pérès, which is undeniably one of the best satires even written in the history of the world. It is nearly eighty years since it first saw the light, and, perhaps, is not as well known as it deserves to be by the present generation. Indeed, Dr. Paul Carus asserts, in his introductory remarks, that the sole excuse for republishing the work is the fact that it is out of print and forgotten. No copy, he says, can be found in any of the Chicago libraries, nor even in the Congressional Library at Washington, and it proved to be a matter of great difficulty to secure a second-hand copy in England. It will, therefore, be a very welcome addition to the libraries of scholars and thinkers.

The *raison d'être* for the publication of the work in the first instance was the appearance in Paris in 1796 of the work of M. Dupuis, entitled "l'Origine de tous les Cultes ou la Religion Universelle." Its shafts, as Dr. Paul Carus points out, are aimed at this book, the author of which was a scholar of great erudition, and who believed that all religions, and the story of Jesus of Nazareth as well, could be explained as solar myths. Dr. Carus also suggests that, inasmuch as eight years before the publication of the "Grand Erratum" Archbishop Whateley had published anonymously a similar satire under the title "Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte," directed against the logic of David Hume's scepticism, it is not impossible that M. Pérès heard of this pamphlet and that thereby the main argument of his plan was suggested to him.

The incisive sarcasm and cutting satire of the "Grand Erratum" will come home with greater power to the reader after he has carefully gone through the second part of the volume, which treats of "The Mythical Napoleon; an Occult Study." It is a powerful piece of writing—an admirable logical essay—a concise statement of the view sought to be maintained.

The appendix, "Napoleon's Cocked Hat," being the history of the famous black felt worn at Waterloo, is a curious subject treated in an interesting manner. Speaking of hats, we may mention that among the excellent illustrations which adorn the book is one by Steuben, one of the most fertile painters of the First

Empire, taken from Armand Dayot's "Napoleon raconté par l'image," in which the eight principal epochs of the life of Napoleon are represented by a series of hats, presented in different significant positions. The epochs are as follows:—(1) Vendémiare, (2) Consulate, (3) Empire, (4) Austerlitz, (5) Wagram, (6) Moscow, (7) Waterloo, and (8) St. Helena.

The volume is tastefully bound in red, and there is a beautifully executed photograph of "Napoleon on the Bridge of Arcole" (after the oil-painting of Baron Gros) on the cover, whilst the frontispiece is an equally well executed picture of "Napoleon Before the Sphinx," by J. L. Gérôme.

THE JAPANESE FLORAL CALENDAR, By ERNEST W. CLEMENT, M.A., Chicago, The Open Court Publishing Company, 1905.

This is another book issued by the same publishers. It is profusely illustrated and may be called, without exaggeration, a perfect gem. Nothing finer in the way of illustrative skill and beauty can be imagined than the frontispiece entitled "Hugi-Bushes (*lespedeza*) at Hagidera, Tokyo," and the illustrations of the flowers (a different one for each month) are also very fine. It is a book to sit down and ponder over and admire, until one forgets the ordinary dull routine of everyday life, and feels transported to lovely Japan amidst the flowers so beautifully brought before us in this tasteful little book.

The author, when seeking to present this subject to Western readers, was confronted (as the Introduction points out) with a chronological difficulty, for the programme of Japanese floral festivals was originally arranged on the basis of the old lunar calendar, so long in vogue in Japan, and still so in China. This makes the New Year to come in not earlier than the 21st of January or later than the 18th of February, which means that it is from three to seven weeks behind the Occidental solar calendar. The author gives the floral programme according to this, the "old style," but when Japan adopted the Gregorian calendar, many of the floral festivals were transferred to the new style without regard to the awful anachronism that followed. However, the author has succeeded, in spite of the difficulty thus created, in constructing the following modern Japanese floral calendar:—January, Pine; February, Plum; March, Peach; April, Cherry; May, Wistaria: June, Iris; July, Morning-glory; August, Lotus; September, Seven Grasses; October, Maple; November, Chrysanthemum; and December, Camellia. There is also another list given as an alternative.

The body of the book is made up of short descriptive articles of the flowers under their respective months. It is most delightful reading, the Japanese poets being largely drawn on, frequent quotations from their writings, sometimes in Japanese and at other times in an English dress, being given. To illustrate the brevity of Japanese poetry, we reproduce the following pretty little poem, written by Kaga no Chiyo, a famous Japanese poetess. The original reads thus:—

> "Midzuga kaki
> Midzuga keshikeri
> Kakitsubata."

In English it reads :—

"Water was the painter,
Water again was the eraser
Of the beautiful fleur-de-lis."

As the word *matsu* may mean either "a pine" or "to wait (pine)," there is an excellent opportunity for a pun in both Japanese and English as in the following lines translated by Prof. B. H. Chamberlain : –

"Matsu ga ne no
Matsu koto tohomi, etc."

"Like the *pine*-trees, I must stand and *pine*."

And what can be more charming than the following very famous poem :—

"Kako-matsu wa
Meido no tabi no
Ichi ri dzuka ;
Medetaku mo ari
Medetaku mo nashi."

"At every door
The *pine*-trees stand ;
One mile-post more
To the spirit land ;
And as there's gladness
So there's sadness."

But the prince of flowers in Japan, as everybody knows, is the cherry.

"*The* flower [is] the cherry ;
The man [is] the knight."

We have only space for one more quotation from this delightful book, and that is Mötoori's poem, dear to all Japanese, on the cherry blossom!

"Shikishima no
Yamato-gokoro wo
Hito towaba
Asahi ni nihô
Yamazakura kana."

In Nitobe's "Soul of Japan" the following fine translation is given!

"Isles of blest Japan !
Should your Yamato spirit
Strangers seek to scan,
Say—scenting morn's sunlit air
Blows the cherry wild and fair!"

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NOTICE.

The EDITOR OF THE EAST OF ASIA is always happy to receive and consider contributions for publication. Copy should be type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope for return if not accepted. Every care will be taken to guard against loss, but the Editor cannot be held responsible. All communications should be addressed to *The Editor*, EAST OF ASIA MAGAZINE, *N.-C. Herald Office, Shanghai.*

H. J. M. Kuang Hsu's Decree on Reform.

By S. T. Laisun.

N the beginning of 1875, Prince Tsai Tien, then in the fourth year of his age, and the second son of Prince Chun—the seventh son of the Emperor Tao Kuang, who reigned from 1820 to 1850—was selected by Tse-hsi-tuan-yu, etc., etc., Empress Dowager of China and Regent, to be the successor on the Dragon Throne of her son, the Emperor Tung Chih, who had just died at the premature age of about eighteen. In selecting Prince Tsai Tien, who took the reigning title of Kuang Hsü, to be the nominal Sovereign of the four hundred million inhabitants of China Proper, Manchuria, Inner and Outer Mongolia—which include what is known as the New Dominion, or Chinese Turkestan in Central Asia—and the islands lying off the maritime coasts of Chihli, Shantung, Kiangsu, Chêkiang, Fukien, and Kuangtung provinces, the Empress Dowager was led by motives of policy. There were princes more eligible for the Dragon Throne than Kuang Hsü, namely, the present Prince Pu Lun, who is known to foreigners as the Prince who went to the United States last year as Imperial Commissioner to the St. Louis Exposition, and the eldest son of the late Prince Kung, the sixth son of the late Emperor Tao Kuang. These two eligible princes had, however, unluckily for themselves, the misfortune to be quite young men at the time, likely to be desirous of standing up for their prerogatives and to have their own way in things; while the second son of Prince Chun, being then an infant of four, would naturally have nothing to say for himself for many years, which decided the choice of the Empress Dowager and Regent. Under the circumstances, amongst such sticklers for etiquette and precedents as the Chinese, the period immediately following her selection of the infant Kuang Hsü to fill the Dragon Throne was one of some danger to the Empress Dowager and her partisans, there being several conspiracies to oust them and the new Emperor in favour of those who were more legitimate heirs of the newly-deceased Emperor Tung Chih. All these conspiracies were,

however, promptly crushed by the late Marquis Li Hung-chang, then Viceroy of Chihli, who, at the urgent prayer of the Empress Dowager, made a forced march with a body of his foreign-drilled troops to Peking, occupied the Imperial Palaces, or "Forbidden City" with them, arrested and punished the malcontents and conspirators and, so to speak, cleared the political atmosphere of the Capital. Li Hung-chang then returned to Tientsin and all was serene and quiet in Peking. The Empress Dowager, Kuang Hsü's aunt, accordingly continued to rule as Regent, while the infant Kuang Hsü amused himself with his playthings, and between whiles studied under the late Wêng Tung-ho, who was chosen Imperial Tutor soon after the proclamation of Prince Tsai Tien as Emperor of the Chinese Empire.

At the age of seventeen (Sinice, eighteen) His Majesty married on the 26th of February, 1889, his cousin, a Manchu princess of the Yeh-ho-na-la clan, and having thus, according to Chinese law, arrived at man's estate was permitted by the Empress Dowager to nominally assume the reins of Government (with herself, of course, as principal adviser and director of affairs). From that time hence, until after the war with Japan in 1895, Kuang Hsü showed nothing extraordinary about his actions, being dominated by the influence and policy of his aunt, the ex-Regent; but the defeat of the Imperial armies when pitted against those of Japan opened his Majesty's eyes that there must be something radically wrong with the country and its mode of government, and several commands were issued calling upon his ministers, viceroys and governors to consider measures that might be needed to strengthen the Empire. With all this there was, however, nothing doing. The psychological moment, however, at last came with the arrival of the reformer Kang Yu-wei and his party of earnest, progressive young men. The eyes of the mandarinate were gradually becoming opened and so, when the reformers came upon the scene in the beginning of 1898 from the South, nominally for the triennial literary examinations, the ground for reform was prepared for them, in a way. The first Imperial Decree advocating reform was issued on the 17th of January, 1898. So long, however, as the Emperor in his reforms did not interfere with the dominance of his aunt, Her Majesty smiled and kept her thoughts to herself. But when in the schemes of reform Kang Yu-wei and his party aimed at the removal, or rather confinement at Eho Park of Her Majesty the Empress Dowager, so that she could not interfere in any way with the reform movement, she, so to speak, put her veto on it, and backed up by the reactionary party, which, after all, composed the most powerful and greatest portion of both the Metropolitan as well as the Provincial mandarinate, brought about the famous *coup d'état* of the 22nd of September, 1898, by which Her Majesty removed Kuang Hsü

from power, became Regent in name once more (she had always been Regent in fact since 1875), ordered to execution Kang Yu-wei and many of his supporters of the smaller fry, and cashiered and removed from office those among them in high power, such as the then Governor of Hunan, Chên Pao-chên; Li Tuan-fên, then President of one of the Six Great Boards, etc. Kang Yu-wei, the chief of the reformers, managed to escape, but six bright, promising young men, one of them (Tan Sze-tung) the talented son of Tan Chi-hsün, then Governor of Hupeh province, were executed at Peking without trial within a few days of the *coup d'état.* Then came again the era of bigoted conservatism, whose crowning act was the Boxer rising of 1900, which placed Peking in the hands of the Allies and drove the Imperial Court into exile as far as Hsian, the Capital of Shensi province. With the lessons taught by the Allies, the desire of better things came again into the hearts of those about the Empress Dowager, so that, beginning with the last two years and a half, we have seen many of His Majesty Kuang Hsü's proposed reforms, which were denounced and vituperated by the majority of the mandarinate and literary classes from 1898 down to 1901, actually put into execution by fresh commands of the Empress Dowager and obeyed by all without a demur, such as the abolition of the Governorship of Hupeh and Yünnan (the Governorship of Kuangtung is to be abolished at the end of this year); the establishment of colleges of modern learning and graded schools thoughout the Empire; the abolition of harsh laws, and the sending of nobles, officials, and youths to foreign countries, either to study or travel. The Imperial Decree, the translation of which is given below, gives an idea of many of the more important objects of reform which occupied, and we know still occupies, the mind of its Imperial Author.

THE ERA OF REFORM TO BE MADE KNOWN TO ALL.

"Our love for our people and our anxiety to rescue the Empire from the lethargy and corruption which have fallen upon it, leading the way to destruction, caused us to inaugurate this era of reform of the government and to spread higher and more universal education amongst our people for their betterment and for the strengthening and enriching of the Empire. But we could not do this from the materials at hand and so we determined to bring in Western learning and sciences to our aid to supply what we lacked for our purpose. For Westerners are our superiors in that they possess more zeal and preseverance in their pursuit of knowledge. But we have heard conservative statesmen and scholars decry Western knowledge and declare that Westerners have no system in their education. These ignorant men do not know that the science of government and the system of education of Western

countries have been brought through a thousand and even ten thousand difficulties to their present perfection by zeal and perseverance, all leading to one principal aim—that of the betterment of the masses. So we find that Westerners are wise and far-seeing; they bring wealth to their families and comfort to their bodies; they have that which brightens the intellect and improves the person; they have even longevity at command. All these have been given them by their system of government and education. Whatever they find of benefit and use to their people, Westerners are always seeking to extend such in order that all may reap the advantage. We have considered and studied the benefit of Western learning and morning and night our heart is filled with the desire to introduce these reforms into our country. Are there people who think that we seek to introduce new things just for the pleasure arising from novelty? No; this surely is not so. We indeed yearn to nourish and better our people so that they may have and enjoy of the best that modern times can give. Our people are our children, given to us by High Heaven to nourish. They are the inheritance which our ancestors have handed down to us. Hence we consider that we have failed in the high duty belonging to us, as the Sovereign and Lord of our people, since we have been brought to recognise the bitter fact that our children are unhappy, comfortless, and poverty-stricken. Moreover there is also the fact that the nations around us are gathering about us; they have come to take away what we cannot keep. We are trying to prevent this and yet many of our people do not know of the bitterness, the troubles, and the difficulties which we are fighting hard to conquer in order to bestow the highest blessings upon our beloved children. The fault due to this ignorance of the people concerning our hardships lies with the incapable and useless officials of the land who, influenced by conservative people, do not try to inform our people truly of what we are doing for reform, while crafty and wicked persons try to spread unseemly rumours in order to stir up the people against this reform. We feel very indignant at this, and we now command that the whole Empire shall know exactly what the country needs in reform and to make all feel that we are determined upon reform. Once our whole people know the benefits accruing from reform we can then depend upon them to carry it out themselves, working as our right hand. Then will we have a strong China and a happy and contented people and our dearest wishes shall then have been accomplished. We hereby command that, commencing from the decrees of the 11th of June to the present one, all such decrees as touch upon reform work shall be copied by all our Viceroys and Governors forthwith and printed in clear type to be sent to all the prefects, sub-perfects, district magistrates and directors of studies of the Empire, to be publicly read aloud

and explained to the people. We desire that these decrees be transmitted from man to man and from household to household in order that all may know and learn what we desire for our people's good. We hereby grant permission to Provincial Treasurers, Judges, Taotais, and Prefects to memorialise the Throne on anything concerning reform they may wish to inform us; they must not be backward and keep silent, and as for the sub-prefects and district magistrates they also may memorialise us but through their respective Viceroys or Governors. The latter shall not be allowed to open these memorials but they shall see to it that every memorial be sent up to us intact and unopened, nor shall any attempt at coercion be allowed by the higher authorities on the lower. And we further command that our decrees on reform shall be placarded and framed outside the great gates of the various yamêns, irrespective of rank, so that all our people may have the opportunity of reading the contents and learn what is desired for their happiness and betterment."

A Summer's Holiday in Eastern Tibet.

By Emma Inveen.

YACHOW, a walled city of twenty-five thousand people, charmingly situated in the valley of the Ya, was our starting point for the journey to the borderland of Tibet. Encircled by mountains, many of them under cultivation, with their terraced slopes now laden with goldening rice or waving corn full of promise, the little city, with its friendly officials and kindly people, has always a warm place in our hearts.

Yachow is the most western city of any size in the province of Szechuan, and the headquarters of the Tibetan tea trade. A year before we had visited the frontier town, Tachienlu, a city of mixed Chinese and Tibetan population. That experience had but intensified the desire to go over the border and actually live for a few days in a Tibetan village and get acquainted with the people at close range.

The journey was begun on a hot day in August, our means of conveyance a sedan and three stout coolies. These faithful, good-natured fellows covered the eight stages in exactly eight days. Two mountain passes over nine thousand feet high and a sea of lesser mountains and hills gave scope for wide variation in scenery and temperature. The nights were spent in vile-smelling inns, but the early start, pure air, glorious sunrises and long tramps over the mountains, more than compensated for any temporary discomforts.

Tachienlu, a cramped-up city lying in a narrow mountain-bound valley—intersected by a rushing torrent, which was spanned by four bridges—was our halting place for a fortnight, after which the journey was resumed on ponies. It was a delightful feeling to find oneself really on the road to Golok, the Mecca of our hopes. Our escort included a young Tibetan named Yin Chong, our faithful old cook, Las Wang, and a small boy, Wen Chin. The latter was all eyes and ears for the novel sights and sounds in this strange "great grass land." It was also the cook's first experience in travelling in the wild man's country, and being familiar with all the current stories of the Tibetans, he had provided himself with a long knife, which he carried across his back, ready for use on the first occasion.

Golok was said to produce only wheat, barley, peas, butter, and milk, a starvation diet for a Chinese. Rice had therefore to be provided, also plenty of warm clothing, to go into a country of snow and ice. Soon after breakfast we parted with our friends who had kindly escorted us a little way outside the South Gate, and immediately began the ascent of the Geelah Pass, 13,000 feet above sea level. All day we followed the course of a dashing mountain stream. The mountain sides were clad in thick forests and underbrush, now beginning to put on autumn colours. The first stage was ended about eight o'clock at the tiny hamlet of Chehdo. Here we secured a room in a Tibetan inn. Buttered tea, and *tsangba* were served and a fire of hot coals brought into the room. While waiting for the coolies to come, we inspected the house and yard. Several round-faced, wholesome-looking women were at work in the kitchen. This room, though without wooden floor or ceiling, was clean and tidy. One woman was churning buttered tea, another cooking beef (for we are in a land where the porker gives way to mutton and beef), and other women were sitting on low stools around an open fire in the floor. Sociable

LAMASERY IN TACHIEN.

WAYSIDE INN ON THE TIBETAN ROAD.

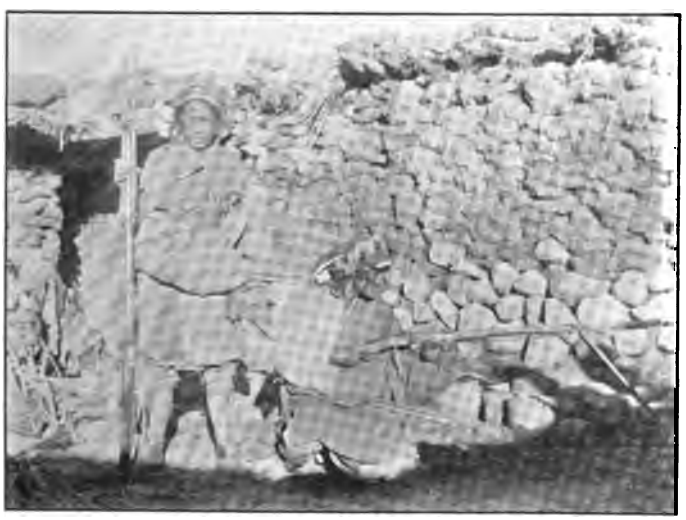
creatures they were, though conversation was of necessity limited to a few words in Chinese. Three Tibetan merchants, dressed in skin and woollen coats, with braided hair, heavily studded with silver, gold, jade, coral and turquoise, and carrying heavy guns and swords, came into the inn-yard and dismounted, leaving their ponies to wander at will. They were assigned the room next to us, much to our regret, for two of them made the night hideous chanting prayers, endless repetitions of *Om-ma-ni-pad-me-hoom*---"O thou jewel in the lotus!"

The morning of the second day found us up early and off by six o'clock. The glorious sunshine of the previous day had given place to fog and rain. The road, though broad, was exceedingly rough and rocky and was a running stream nearly all the way. Illness in the party decided our stopping at the first house; but so sparse is the population that we did not even see a house until nearly noon. Taking possession of the "best room," which was really an extension of the quarters occupied by the horses, cattle and dogs, we secured privacy by hanging up curtains. In the afternoon the sun came out bright and warm and lured us to a stroll on the mountain side, bright with a wealth of wild flowers. One longed to linger and enjoy present beauties, revel in the warm sunshine, and drink deep draughts of the clear, sparkling air. But before daylight the next morning we had mounted our horses and begun to push our way again through rain and fog to the top of the Geelah Pass. A large *obo* marked the summit. This is a heap of stones with prayers engraved upon them. They are generally placed on high points where travellers are wont to halt, gratitude for a good journey being shown by adding a stone to the pile.

CHINESE COOLIES CARRYING TEA INTO TIBET.

Shortly after beginning the descent, we found ourselves in the midst of a large moving caravan. Herds of yak, sheep and horses, were being driven by Tibetan emigrants, who, unable to endure oppression, had migrated to the peaceful and prosperous province of Chala. Their deep-baying, fierce-looking dogs rushed at us, but were called in by their owners. It was a curious sight and so thoroughly un-Chinese to see such large herds wandering over the grassy plains; fierce looking creatures these yak are, with their shaggy heads and manes and bushy tails.

Our stopping place for the night was Tisu, in a little Tibetan inn kept by a Chinaman with a Tibetan wife. Our little room was heated by red-hot coals of charred wood in an iron pan, and lighted by splinters of resinous pine. Tea, cheese, butter and *tsangba* were presented us and our supper was a rabbit stew, the rabbit having been bagged by the way, and the potatoes brought from Tachienlu. Cows, goats and horses that had been grazing all day on the mountain slopes, were driven home by the sturdy little sons of the inn-keeper. The buxom mother, with her brightly polished brass ladle passed from cow to goat and made each yield its quota of rich milk. They were then housed for the night and quietness reigned supreme, broken only by the gurgling sound of the opium-smoking coolies.



TIBETAN MARKSMEN.

The last day's stage was a delightful change from the other side of the pass. Level and grassy, bright and warm, both country and people increased in interest. We now saw only Tibetan houses, great baronial structures built of black stone, two and three stories high, with higher towers, answering the double purpose of scanning the country for possible foes and for defence in time of war. These buildings stood lone and bare without barns or fences, in the midst of pea and barley fields. They had flat roofs, the parapets being crowned with harvest sheaves piled high. Men and women were reaping in the fields, singing the while at their work.

The road sides were besprinkled with edelweiss, dandelion, purple daisy, and many small blue and yellow flowers, and over all a glorious sunshine and deep blue sky. To complete the picture some fine snow mountains towered their lofty peaks high over all the lower ranges. Several streams were forded during the day, and now having passed "Happy Mother's Valley" and another hamlet, we came to the last stream before reaching our long-looked-for destination. The little bridge spanning the

stream was old and unsafe, so the horses were unloaded and sent across the water swimming, while we all walked across the bridge. Only a few more *li* and we entered the village street, just as the sun was sinking behind the mountain tops, and were soon settled for the night in an upper room in a Tibetan house. It all seemed like a dream.

LUNCHING IN TIBET, NEAR GOLOK.

The first sensation on awaking the next morning was a difficulty in breathing, owing to the high altitude, twelve thousand feet above sea level. This was, however, soon forgotten in admiration of the grand panorama spread out before us. The little village of some fifteen families lay in the midst of a valley, intersected by a clear mountain stream, and walled in by rugged mountain peaks, some still wearing their winter caps of glistening snow. Many of the mountains were either bare or covered with grass, but just opposite the front of the village—for all the houses fronted on one street—was a mountain side luxuriant in thick growths of spruce and white birch trees, and, underneath, the ground was a carpet of moss, thickly dotted with edelweiss and fringed gentian. The harvest time was near, and the fields were rich in heavy-headed barley. A canopy of the deepest blue over all, the brightest sunshine, and an atmosphere like moving crystals, completed the picture.

The village was a group of stone houses, two and three stories high, with flat roofs. Large flat stones are laid together without any mortar for walls, solidly built and without courtyards. The somewhat larger house occupied by the chief was overtopped by a watch tower. The ground floor of all the houses was used as a barn where sheep, yak, and cows were housed at night. Large herds of cattle, constituting a large part of the wealth of the people, were kept on a ranch some distance away, where they were cared for by a few men. The large kitchen was also on the ground floor, the ceiling and walls encrusted with the smoke of many years. The second storey of our landlady's house was approached by a movable log ladder from the outside. This story was given up to sleeping rooms, storerooms and a "god room." This latter was occupied by the landlady's nephew, "my lama," she proudly called him. A low cot covered with yak and sheep skins served as bed, there being no other furniture. During sunny weather the rendezvous for all members of the family is the roof. Here the women sit and sew, here the grain is sunned and threshed, and here is the shrine to the god of the mountain.

TIBETAN OFFICIAL.

To say that the Tibetans are religious hardly conveys the truth. In the house, in the field, in the road, in every imaginable place, are evidences of the religiousness of the Tibetans. Perhaps the most common one is the "prayer flag"—a bit of thin cloth covered with *om-ma-ni-pad-me-hoom*, which is seen flying from trees, bushes, housetop and mountain top. Every wind that blows over these prayers—and there are many, for Tibet is a windy country—is said to carry blessing wherever it may go, even to the fishes in the sea.

The prayer-wheel is almost as common. Besides the little ones carried in the hand, every "god room" and temple have a number of all sizes fastened in such positions that the worshipper can, by lightly touching them with the hand, set them all in motion. As these cylinders are tightly packed with printed or written prayers, every turn of the wheel is equivalent to a verbal repetition of them all. The climax in the prayer wheel is reached when the wheel is so arranged over a running stream that it is kept in continual motion by water power. Who says the Tibetan has no inventive genius!

Every family is said to contribute at least one son to the priesthood, and hundreds, yea, thousands of these well-fed, well-clad, fat and rosy lamas herd together in lamaseries, and are in fact the possessors of the land and rulers of the people.

TIBETAN MEN IN TENT.

It is next to impossible to get permission to visit the interior or god room of their temples. Unlike a Chinese temple, which is always open to visitors, the god rooms in a lamasery are closely curtained and securely guarded against intrusion. The same is true also of the gods in the homes; when not being worshipped the curtain is dropped before their shrines. The lamaseries are proverbially rich; no doubt the wealth of the country, consisting largely of gold, silver, and precious stones, is stored in the temples, that fact being a very patent reason for excluding the foreigner.

The habits of the people are comparatively simple. The population is exceedingly sparse, the few villages or rather hamlets being widely separated. Literary pursuits are unknown. Schools are found only in connection with lamaseries, where the little novices are taught to read.

In the winter, yak and horses are driven, heavily laden with butter, cheese, and skins to the bordertown of Tachienlu, and bring in return tea from the western parts of Szechuan. The daily diet of the people consists of *tsangba*, a meal of parched barley, buttered tea made in a large iron kettle, to which salt and butter are added, and the whole churned in a wooden churn, then strained into teapots. Some of the tea is poured into a wooden bowl (sometimes lined with silver) and enough of the *tsangba* worked in with the fingers to make a thick porridge. This, the staple of life, is eaten, without chopsticks or any other means of conveyance than the fingers. The Chinese consider us rather barbarian because we use a knife when eating, but the Tibetan considers himself still farther removed from the barbarian, because he does not use even two sticks! Butter is made of yaks' milk; but as the milk is never strained an occasional hair finds its way into the butter, neither is the butter milk sufficiently washed out, and with the lack of salt the result is not altogether appetizing. Large quantities of the butter are packed away in yak skins tightly sewed up and put into the storeroom for future use. When the skins are opened streaks of green mould are found to permeate the mass, but that seems a very small matter, and in fact it must give an added flavour in lieu of salt.

TIBETANS PLOUGHING.

The only vegetables we saw were a few turnips cultivated by the Chinese members of the village. Our Chinese cook expressed his opinion of the country in one comprehensive sentence—"Not even peanuts could be bought!" Imagine a land so poverty-stricken that *peanuts* could not be grown!

The social life of the people found expression in gatherings on winter evenings about the kitchen fire. On these occasions home-brewed beer is freely drunk, and when all are feeling rather jolly, they join hands and dance around the beer jug.

On the whole, men, women and children are rather shy. They never crowded about nor followed us in our walks. It was with the utmost difficulty that the children were persuaded to come near enough to accept a picture card.

One of the never-to-be-forgotten incidents of our ten days' stay in Golok was the harvesting of the barley. The entire population, excepting only the very old and the little children, went out into the fields, men and women wielding the sickle, binding the sheaves, and casting into long rows. Our landlady's daughter-in-law (daughter of the village chief) was a magnificent creature, with heavy coils of braided and begemmed hair crowning her head, and dressed in a long gown of heavy *p'ulu* (homespun woollen), girdled about the waist, and feet encased in moccasins of red, green and white stuff, and soft leather soles. "Glorious Goddess" was her name. In the midst of the reapers she appeared attended by a servant leading a heavily-laden pony. Immediately all the reapers dropped their sickles and squatted on the ground. Hands were thrust into the bulging gowns and wooden bowls were produced and filled with buttered tea. The simple fare of *tsangba*, cheese and wheat cakes, was dispensed with a liberal hand. The picturesqueness of the rural scene, the simplicity, and unconventionalism, all carried one back to that other barley field when Ruth gleaned after the reapers. As the day drew into evening the old people and the children led the yak and the oxen out to the fields to bring home the fruit of the earth. The golden sheaves were piled high upon the sides of the unwieldy creatures, and now as the sun was tinging the snowy peaks with rose, and the shadows were lengthening over the little valley, the reapers wended their homeward way, singing and rejoicing as they came. We seemed to see in it all a prophecy of the future when the spiritual reapers shall from this hidden land bring back precious fruit for the garner on high.

After ten days in Golok, leaving in our minds an indelible picture of unclouded deep blue skies and glorious sunshine, it became our reluctant duty to bid farewell to the people and the little Tibetan village. Our luggage was strapped on the backs of ponies and carefully protected from the rain. Taking leave of the motley crowd of Tibetans, we set our faces eastward with something of regret at going back into the land of cloudy skies and water-soaked fields. Nearing the river which our horses had forded going in, it was decided to go some distance down the stream and there ford across, thus obviating the necessity of unloading the animals. Two of the horses nearly lost their foothold, and our Tibetan boots got filled with water. It was with considerable relief that we reached the shore in safety. We ate our lunch, sitting down on the grass near the "Happy Mother's Valley."

The people boiled tea for us, and brought it out in a tall wooden churn, for which good turn they were rewarded by the gift of an empty jam tin, some matches, and a scrap of silver. The bracing air permeated with warm sunshine was almost intoxicating in its effects. An unlimited diet of buttered tea and *tsangba* would not seem impossible at such a height and in such an atmosphere.

SCENE IN TIBET.

The second morning was cold. Snow had fallen during the night and ice had formed on the shallow streams. In order to get warm before mounting the horse, the cook and I set out early to walk. The road was not well defined, so we found ourselves in the midst of a bog, from which we had just extricated ourselves, when the gentlemen of the party and the natives rode up. We had proceeded but a short distance when Yin Chong called out that something was wrong with his horse. He was in a very bad temper—a characteristic Tibetan weakness. The gentlemen turned back to see to the matter, bidding us go on. The road became

TIBETAN TOWER ON THE HIGH ROAD.

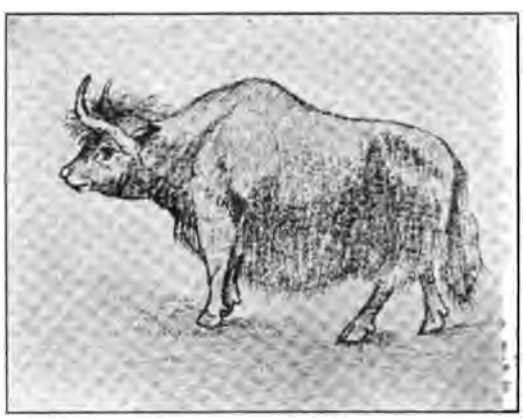
worse and worse, so we drew rein and waited. While standing thus, a band of Tibetan horsemen, armed with guns and swords, passed us, speaking in Tibetan which, of course, was unintelligible. A few minutes later, we again rode on and overtook them; all dismounted and seated on a grassy slope at the right of the road. Two of them stepped forward, and squatted quite close to us in a menacing attitude. We whipped up our horses and rode on, but were soon overtaken by the men of our party, closely followed by the whole crowd of Tibetans who were talking vociferously. Yin Chong with a very angry face was leading

THE VILLAGE OF GOLOK—12,000 FEET.

one of their horses. It seems that soon after we had passed them, two of the Tibetans mounted their horses, and when the men of our party came up, one of them drew sword and was about to strike, when Yin Chong, seeing the act, instantly boiled with rage, and would have shot the man with the foreign gun which he was carrying. Fortunately it was not loaded and was taken from him, whereupon he dismounted and began to stone the man. The gun, having been reloaded, was aimed at the man's horse, who then jumped off and ran away into the bushes and was lost to sight. Failing to find him, his horse was seized and led off.

There were nine Tibetans and two Chinese; the man with the sword, we afterwards learned, was a lama! They now made a desperate effort to

recover the horse, getting down on their knees, regardless of mud and stones, and kotowing. All the reply they received was, "You bring the guilty party and we will give up the horse." Failing to comply, we all proceeded on our way with the horse, which Yin Chong now rode, much to his satisfaction. Presently one of the Chinese overtook us and begged for the bags of *tsangba* which were strapped to the saddle. This was granted them. After another stream was forded the Chinese again overtook us, and very politely asked us to halt. On our refusing, he followed close, keeping up with great difficulty, breathing hard on account of the high altitude. It was very evident he had been appointed to act as mediator. He was, however, curtly told that nothing could be said or done until the lama robber was produced. "The men are not robbers," he said, "they are merchants on their way to Tachienlu to buy tea." "Then why did they act like robbers? We did them no harm, we greeted them pleasantly, moreover, we were on the high road, and in no way interfering with them. We are going to take the horse into the city and report the matter to the yamên." Seeing that further words were useless, the Chinese dropped behind.



YAK.

We now hastened on to overtake our pack animals so as to have the whole party together in case of further trouble. We had four pack horses and four riding horses, three Chinese and two Tibetans. As we neared the top of Geelah Pass, we saw two of the Tibetans on ponies coming up and gradually gaining on us. They were promptly ordered back. The sight of the English gun and two or three swords, enforced the command. As soon as we crossed the pass and began the descent of the mountain, we drew a long breath of relief, feeling sure they could not now circumvent us. Our last glimpse of the party was near the top of the Pass, coming down at a leisurely pace. We hastened our journey, never stopping but once, when the sight of *machi* was too much for the hunters to resist. One shot brought down four of the large birds on the opposite side of the ravine. Our Tibetan servant scrambled down the mountain side and through the rushing torrent, regardless of shoes and clothing, and returned in triumph with the birds.

The road to Chihdo was execrable. Utterly tired out, we rested on the grassy slope near the inn and made a frugal lunch of the scraps of provisions left in our lunch basket. Hungry and tired as we were, we could not help admiring the snowy mountains; eight peaks, magnificent in their grandeur—one colossal peak towering its hoary head far into the deep blue sky, until lost in a veil of fleecy clouds.

It was deemed prudent not to delay too long, so we speedily covered the last thirty *li* into Tachienlu, having made one hundred *li* since morning.

In a day or two various middlemen, Chinese and Tibetan, came to talk peace and recover the horse. The matter was promptly put before the magistrate. After listening to the story, he said, "Oh! it is a small matter, let the man kotow and call it settled." As the case was deemed anything but small, it was rather vexing to have the "big man" dismiss it with a wave of his hand. "Very well," the gentlemen replied, "your superior in Yachow is a friend of ours, we will report the matter to him." This scared the magistrate and brought him down from his dignity. He and his secretaries urgently besought them to remain seated and eat a little *tiensin*. After considerable talking, a promise was given to apprehend the lama and make him forfeit his sword.

Many attempts at evading the terms caused several days' delay. Then a number of middlemen, representing the large tea-traders, and several Tibetan women (inn-keepers from inns where Tibetan traders are wont to stop) appeared on the scene, and with them the lama, but without his sword. Matters could not proceed thus, and after some very firm dealing, they finally returned with the sword. Their coming was announced by the firing of crackers. White "scarfs of salutation" were thrown about our necks; the lama "knocked his head" on the floor and remained kneeling, while one of the Tibetan women confessed for him, and promised the offence should not be repeated in the future to any foreigner who might be travelling upon the high roads leading into Chala. The names of the inns were taken as a guarantee. The only thing that now remained to be done was to receive the man's long sword and return the horse, and so ended the matter.

The Fairyland of China.

II.

By James Ware.

PART SECOND.

A BEAUTIFUL LADY, on the look-out for a husband, saw a student named Kwang Tsai passing her house on horseback. Taking a sudden fancy to him she threw an embroidered ball at him which struck him. This was a signal to her ten maids to capture the man, which they did. They brought him into the house where Kwang Tsai was married with great pomp to the lady.

A year later Kwang Tsai was appointed to a distant magistracy. He embarked with his wife and baby boy on a large boat. On the way the boatmen, who proved to be pirates, murdered Kwang Tsai and threw his body overboard. The chief robber took the lady for his wife and, personating her husband, went and took his office.

The poor woman, fearful for her infant's life, sent him adrift upon a raft, trusting that heaven would take him to a place of safety. But before doing so, she bit off one of his toes in order that she might be able to identify him again. She also put a document recording his birth and parentage in his bosom. During the night the tide carried the raft a great distance and it was discovered next morning by some priests, who rescued the little waif and took him to their temple where he was dedicated to the Buddhist priesthood.

Twelve years passed away, when one day a young priest appeared at the magistracy and, making his way to the inner apartments, asked for the wife of the magistrate. She came in, and when they were alone he claimed her for his mother. Overjoyed, she took off his shoe, and sure enough one toe was missing.

Powerful friends brought the matter to the notice of the Emperor who, being assured of the truth of the story, had the murderers arrested. They were tried and sentenced to death. One was nailed to a wooden horse and sliced to pieces.

The heart of the other was offered in sacrifice by the bank of the river where the murder had been committed. As the worship proceeded, the body of Kwang Tsai rose to the surface, and he was restored to life again.

PART THIRD.

Two old fogies were quarrelling about the weather. Presently they began to revile each other and to speak slightingly of each other's occupation. In parting, the fisherman said to the woodman, sarcastically, "Good-bye, I hope you will not meet with a tiger on your way home through the woods." "Good-bye," replied the other, "look out for the waves, for you never know what you may catch." The fisherman rejoined, "Indeed I do know, for I have a friend who tells me just where to let down my net for a good catch of fish." This conversation was overheard and reported to the Dragon King, who disguised himself and went in person to find out who the person might be that was giving away the lives of his aquatic subjects in such a wholesale manner.

He found the offender to be a fortune teller, and an ex-official of the Astronomical Board. As a test question, he asked him what kind of weather might be expected on the morrow. The reply was, "At eight a.m. the clouds will gather; at ten o'clock thunder; at noon commence to rain; rain till two p.m., during which time there will fall three feet three inches and forty-eight drops."

The Dragon King, not knowing that the astronomer was in direct communication with the Pearly Emperor, and that he had received directions for to-morrow's weather by Imperial command, countermanded the order for the rain. This greatly angered His Pearly Godship, who commanded his vicegerent upon earth, Tai Tsung, the Emperor of China, to put the Dragon King to death. Tai Tsung was very grieved at the order and tried to save the Dragon King by keeping the Imperial executioner within the palace. But, while the executioner was asleep with his head upon the table, his soul left him and went and carried out the celestial decree. When the head was brought in for the Emperor's inspection, the headless body also came in begging for its head.

The death of the Dragon King so preyed upon the mind of Tai Tsung that he fell ill and died also. He died as an attendant was bringing in some nourishment; and his soul was at once seized by the Kitchen God, who put a mark upon his forehead and handed him over to the infernal lictors. He was then weighed to ascertain how much merit he had accumulated during his earthly life, after which he was secured in the prison cart and hurried off in the charge of demons to the Ruler of Hades.

After passing through the eighteen chambers of the lower regions and seeing nameless horrors, he passed safely over the Inevitable Bridge, which was guarded by "Short Life" and "Retribution," two fierce and merciless beings. Finally he arrived at Mother Mang's Pavilion. Here the torments of the unfortunates ceased, and after drinking a decoction of Mother Mang's famous oblivion soup, they lost all memory of the past, and were ready to be born, by way of the Wheel of Life, into the world again.

From the six roads of the Wheel of Life there issued forth six streams of existence. Each spirit upon entering the wheel was clothed with a body corresponding to the character it had developed during its previous earthly life. From the first road came kings, philosophers, and other eminent men; from the second, the mediocre rank and file of humanity; from the third, a famous warrior; from the fourth, the lame, blind and other defectives; from the fifth, birds, beasts, fishes, reptiles and insects; and from the sixth and lowest road, came forth those unfortunate wretches whose previous conduct had been so infamous that, no sooner were they born again, than they were seized by watchful demons and thrust down once more into the lowest abyss.

Having passed through all the stages of a post-mortem existence, a green devil took Tai Tsung to the river Styx and pushed him in. For a moment the Emperor lost consciousness; then he awoke to find himself sitting up in his coffin. He had been dead three days and three nights.

PART FOURTH.

Tai Tsung, being grieved at the condition of the poor souls in hell, determined to do what he could towards alleviating their distresses. He, therefore, established a society for this purpose, and by divine decree the son of Kwang Tsai, now called Yuen Chwang, was appointed Pope. But Sakyamuni was not satisfied with the salvation only of the dead. He, accordingly, issued a decree calling for a suitable person who would volunteer to go to his home in the west, and obtain the Classics of Universal Salvation, in order to save the living also.

The goddess Kwan Yin recommended Yuen Chwang for this high mission and he was at once accepted. But before setting out the goddess appeared to him and gave him a garment for his protection, priceless in value, one that all the wealth of the world could not buy; for such garments are given only to those who are worthy to wear them. In parting from him, on her return to heaven, she let fall a roll containing final directions for his journey.

Yuen Chwang paid a farewell visit to Buddha's temple, and before the gods he registered a vow, saying, "If you will make my way successful, upon my return, I will worship you and will sacrifice before your shrine."

At length Yuen Chwang started out with two followers, but they had not proceeded far before they fell into a slough of despond. While in this plight, they were attacked by fifty ghosts and demons, who devoured the two followers and the horses, Yuen Chwang, himself, only escaping with great difficulty. It was then revealed to Yuen Chwang that his heaven-ordained follower was awaiting his arrival at a mountain that was pointed out to him in the distance. This follower was none other than Sung, who had been confined in his stony prison for 500 years. During all this time his only food had been iron and wine of copper.

After the lichen had been torn from his head, the Buddhist charm was removed from the summit of the mountain, and Yuen Chwang removed to a distance of three and one-third miles, while Sung extricated himself. It was necessary for him to remove to a place of safety because, when Sung began to move, there was a great earthquake, and the rocks were broken asunder. As soon as he was free, Sung gave in his allegiance to his new master, and his name was changed from "Knowledge of Vanity" to "Pilgrim."

Journeying on together they arrived at a monastery where the priests coveted Yuen Chwang's priestly garment, and decided to steal it. With this purpose in view, they set fire to the temple but, in the confusion which ensued, a demon pirate crept in and carried off the prize. The next morning Yuen Chwang made himself known to the abbot, and demanded the return of the garment. As it could not be found, the abbot committed suicide by dashing out his brains against the temple wall.

After searching for a long time without success, Sung, one day, overheard a group of demons discussing the merits of the garment, and from their conversation found out the location of the pirate's den. Sung then disguised his master as a Buddhist medicine man, and turned himself into a pill of immortality. "Now," said Sung, "you get the demon to swallow me, and when I get inside of him I will cause such a disturbance that he will make willing restoration." This plan succeeded admirably, for as soon as the pill was swallowed, the disturbance began, the demon made full confession, and the garment was at once restored to its owner.

One of the demons implicated in the theft of the garment was the pig fairy, Tsz-pah-kia. When he was arrested by Sung, he pleaded for forgiveness and asked that he might be allowed to become a humble follower of Yuen Chwang. Being accepted, he proved his repentance by burning his den, after which Sung led him along by the right ear and introduced him to his new master.

But it was not long before Tsz-pah-kia's repentance was very severely tested. Four holy ones, disguised as a mother and her three daughters in

search of husbands, put themselves in the path of the pilgrims in order to test their sincerity. Tsz-pah-kia at once fell a victim to their charms, and at night while his companions slept betook himself to the house of the ladies to ask one of them to become his wife. The mother told him that he must try on a garment of each of the daughters, and promised that he should wed the one whose garment fitted him best. He selected a night garment and put it on, when it immediately became a roll of strong cord which bound him hand and foot. He was then taken and hung up in a tree, where in the morning he became the sport of his companions. He had been hanging up all night, and long before he was liberated he had become a sadder and a sorer pig.

In many of the larger temples of China a lamp is kept burning continually before the chief idol, the oil for which is supplied by devotees. For eating the oil from one of these lamps a rat was turned into a demon by the Buddha before whom the lamp was burning. The demon tried to injure Yuen Chwang, for which Sung would have killed him, but the Buddha interposed. His godship then cast his rod upon the ground when it became a dragon, which seized the demon, who immediately resumed the shape of a rat.

As the pilgrim approached a deep ravine they were warned of a dangerous dragon which had been condemned to live in the hills. The dragon had contrived a looking-glass stream into which unsuspecting birds would fly and be drowned. Towards evening the dragon approached Yuen Chwang's horse and swallowed it, saddle, bridle and all. Sung got on to the dragon's track and having thrashed it into submission, he changed it into a beautiful snow-white horse for his master's private use.

For killing three hungry ghosts, who were seeking to devour the pilgrims, Yuen Chwang, in a fit of anger, dismissed Sung, who returned at once to his old home. When he arrived he found that his old tribe was being hunted by fierce men, with bows and arrows, dogs and falcons. He caused a hurricane to blow, which overturned the mountain, killing all their enemies. No sooner had Sung taken his departure than his master was captured by a giant named Kwai, who carried him a prisoner into Pagoda Castle. In his distress he repeated his famous "head-splitting charm" and under its pressure Sung returned without delay. With the assistance of a princess in the castle, Sung succeeded in effecting his master's escape. For her services Yuen Chwang gave the princess the title of "Female Buddha." *

Sung thought he recognized the giant as one whom he had seen among the Star-rulers of Heaven. He accordingly went and informed the Pearly Emperor, who commanded the President of the Astronomical Board to

* "Female" Buddha is the highest title given in the work to a woman, while the lowest we meet with is "my dirty home."

ascertain if all his star-rulers were at their posts. Upon investigation, it was found that one of the twenty-eight constellation rulers was missing, and had been absent for thirteen days, which corresponds to thirteen terrestrial years. The President uttered a charm, and in a very short time the runaway appeared, when he was taken before His Pearly Majesty for trial.

His Majesty asked, "Why did you leave my heavenly mansion of endless delight to descend into the lower regions of the earth?" The giant Kwei replied, prostrating himself before the throne, "Ever-living King, have mercy upon your slave who has incurred the death penalty. The princess who has been my wife for these thirteen years was indeed not a native of earth but a daughter of heaven." His prayer for mercy was granted, and instead of being condemned to death, he was sentenced to lose his high office as star-ruler, and to be degraded to the position of fireman in Loatse's immortal pill factory.

Soon after this the pilgrims arrived at the "River of Weak Water," which they had to cross. Here they met a formidable fairy who had been imprisoned in the sands of the river for many years, and whose sentence was to continue until the arrival of one who was seeking the salvation of the world. Yuen Chwang delivered him, and he became his trusty follower, Sau Oo-zong.

They then crossed over the river on a raft supported on seven skulls; "thus gaining life upon the symbols of death." The holy one, Muh Tsao, rode upon a cloud above them, quieting the winds and stilling the waves, while they passed over.

Before setting out it had been predicted that the pilgrims would meet with eighty-one difficulties during their mission. Eighty of these they had encountered on their outward journey, leaving only one to be overcome on their homeward way. They did not expect to meet with this last one, however, as they were returning upon a cloud which had been placed at their disposal, and which had been charged to bear them safely home. But alas! the cloud broke and precipitated them to the earth by the side of a wide river which flowed between them and home.

There were no ferry-boats or rafts to be seen, so they were glad to avail themselves of the kind offices of a turtle, who offered to take them across on his back. But in mid-stream the turtle reminded Yuen Chwang of a promise he had made him when on his outward journey, namely, that he would intercede for him before the Ruler of the West, and ask His Majesty to forgive all past offences and allow him to resume his humanity again. The turtle asked him if he had remembered to keep his word. Yuen Chwang replied, "Yes, I remember our conversation, but I am sorry to say that under great

pressure of business I quite forgot to keep my promise." "Then," said the turtle, "you are at liberty to dispense with my services." Saying this, he disappeared beneath the water, leaving the pilgrims floundering in the water with their vast collection of books. They swam out, and with great difficulty managed to save a number of volumes which they dried in the sun.

The pilgrims reached the capital of their country without further difficulty. As soon as they appeared in sight, the whole population became greatly excited, and cutting down branches of willow trees they went out to meet them. As a mark of special distinction the Emperor sent his own horse for Yuen Chwang to ride on, and the pilgrims were escorted with royal honours into the city, where the Emperor and his grateful court were waiting to receive them. Yuen Chwang's queer trio of converts at first caused great amusement among the crowds who thronged to see them, but when they heard of Sung's superhuman achievements, and his brave defence of his master, their amusement was changed into wondering admiration.

But the greatest honours were conferred upon the travellers at a meeting of the immortals presided over by Siu Lai, the Coming Buddha. Addressing Yuen Chwang, the Buddha said, "In a previous existence you were one of my chief disciples. But for disobedience and lightly esteeming the great teaching, your soul was imprisoned in the Eastern Land. Now a memorial has been presented to me stating that you have obtained the True Classics of Salvation, thus, by your faithfulness, completing your meritorious labours. You are appointed to the high office of Controllor of Sacrifices to His Supreme Majesty, the Pearly Emperor."

Turning to Sung, the Buddha said, "You, Sung, for creating a disturbance in the Palace of Heaven, were imprisoned beneath the Mountain of the Five Elements, until the fulness of heaven's calamities had descended upon you, and you had repented and had joined the holy religion of Buddha. From that time you have endeavoured to suppress evil and cherish virtue. And on your journey to the West you have subjugated all evil spirits, ghosts and demons. For your services you are appointed God of Victorious Strife."

For his repentance, and for assistance to his master, Tse Pah-kia, the pig fairy, was appointed head altar-washer to the gods. This was the highest office for which he was eligible, on account of his inherent greed.

Sau Oo-zong, who had been imprisoned in the River of Quicksand, for his carelessness in breaking a number of glass lamps during a banquet of the immortals, and who was rescued by Yuen Chwang, was elevated to the rank of Golden Body Perpetual Saint.

The white horse which had patiently carried Yuen Chwang and his burden of books was led by a god down the Spirit Mountain to the banks of the Pool of Dragon-Transformation. The horse plunged in, when it changed at once into a four-footed dragon, with horns, scales, claws and wings complete. From this time it became the chief of the celestial dragon tribe.

Sung's first thought upon receiving his promotion was to get rid of the "head-splitting helmet." Accordingly, he went to his master and said to him, "Now that I am like yourself, a Buddha, I want you to relieve my head of the helmet you imposed upon me during the years of my waywardness." Yuen Chwang replied, "If you have really become a Buddha, your helmet should have disappeared of itself. Are you sure it is still upon your head?" Sung raised his hand and lo! the helmet was gone.

After this, the great assembly broke up, and each of the immortals returned in peace to his own celestial abode.

Ningpo: Ancient and Modern.

By Archdeacon A. E. Moule, B.D.

THE "City of the Peaceful Wave" leads us by its historical documents and legends far back into the earlier ages of the world, and touches itself, or by its environments, some of the most stirring events of China's modern history.

Its situation is almost ideally perfect for commerce in peace and for defence in war; if only we could dispense with the troublesome and merciless instruments of modern warfare. The Chinese have a saying which contains sober sense in its bombastic language:—

走遍天下，不如甯波江厦.

"Traverse the whole wide earth and after all
What find you to compare with Ningpo's river-hall?"

The city lies at the junction of the two branches of the river Yung. The south-west branch rises in the heart of the Funghwa mountains and in the direction of the Snowy Valley, and waters a large part of Ningpo's rich plain. The north-west branch rises near the shores of the Dzaongo river and bears in its higher branches the names of China's primitive Emperors Yao and Shun; and passing the busy city of Yuyao and the sleepy city of Tszechi brings down large wealth of inland commerce, and carries on its bosom great numbers of travellers.

Both branches are traversed now by steam-launches, the service on the Yuyao river being regular, and the boats crowded with passengers. The two branches join near the east gate of the city and flow in one broad and winding stream twelve miles to the sea at Chinhai. The trade which centres at Ningpo, and radiates from it northwards to Shanghai and up the Yangtse, and to the northern ports and southwards along the coast, and inland to Shaouhing and Hangchow and beyond, is very large indeed; and though foreign trade is not nearly what it was forty years ago, the native trade is steadily growing and developing, and with far greater security for the coast-borne trade than in former years, now that revenue steam-cruisers patrol the coast, and the whole junk-traffic is under the supervision of the Imperial Maritime Customs.

Mount now to the top of the Pagoda "Heaven-invested" (天封塔), and see the great city below you, and mark the three-fold embrace with which nature and art have combined to surround her, and, as the Ningpo people once fondly hoped, surely to protect her. See the magnificent sweep of the amphitheatre of hills, a hundred miles and more in circuit, with peaks rising to two or three thousand feet. They bend coastwards from Chinhai to the south of the Eastern lakes, and then twining behind Funghwa to the Shihdeoz hills and the great S-ming-sæn range, leap the Yung river to Tszechi and the ridge of mountains which sweeps to the Crouching Dragon Hill and Hap'u. From thence to Chinhai—a distance of about ten miles—stretches a low shore with shoal-water, from which the sea is fast receding; and this forms the mouth of the amphitheatre and the opening of the horseshoe, and is itself a continuation of the defence. Then watch the gleam of water all round the five miles and more of the wall; the two branches of the river washing the south-east and north-east faces; and the broad moat on the north-west and south-west, with only a narrow neck of land at the north gate, less than a hundred yards in breadth,—the only breach in that circumambient watery defence.

NINGPO PAGODA.

The third and inner line of all is the wall itself, eighteen Chinese *li* in circuit, with an average of twenty-five feet in height and a width of twenty-two feet at the base and fifteen at the top. The wall is pierced with six gates with an enceinte to each, namely the north, south, east and west gates, and the salt and spiritual bridge gates. The last-named gate leads to the old bridge of boats, of unknown antiquity, crossing which we enter one of the busiest suburbs of the city, Kongtung, or "East of the River." There is a second floating bridge, of recent date, connecting the east gate with the foreign settlement.

Now this city, though probably at least twelve hundred years old, is not Old Ningpo. The original city lay at some distance from the present site and I have seen the grass-covered heavings of the ancient walls. The old name was Yangchow (楊州) or Yungtung (甬東) "bursting eastwards," a name which it still bears in certain documents. It was a comparatively insignificant place in ancient days. It is mentioned in the time of the great Yü (B.C. 2205), and it was then under the jurisdiction of Kwekyi, which forms now one of the districts of the Shaouhingfu; and is in its turn, by the revolution of the destinies of countries, under the control of the Intendant of Ningpo.

CHAIN PUMP.

The province of Chehkiang, of which Ningpo is the commercial capital and the chief seaport, is full of the voices of the past. Perhaps this is not to be wondered at, as Chehkiang formed the southern limit of ancient China. Shun, the Chinese Cincinnatus, called from the plough to the throne, tilled, if he ever really did so, his fields with an elephant and an ox near the site of the present city of Yüyao, thirty miles above Ningpo. It was in his home there that he maintained so calm a demeanour amidst the quarrels of two troublesome wives, as to attract the attention of the Emperor Yao, who called him thence to share with him the Dragon Throne. Fifty years later the great Yü subdued the floods which submerged China, after nine years of such incessant care that he is said to have passed and repassed his home again and again deaf to the call of wife and children. His tomb and image are to be seen standing to-day near the city of Shaouhing. The date assigned to Yü, B.C. 2205, lies well within the limits of Noah's historic life.

Ningpo was still standing on its ancient site when, some eighteen hundred years later (about B.C. 210), S Hwangti visited the place, coming down from Hangchow. He, as is well known to all who study Chinese history, destroyed

as thoroughly as he could the classical literature of China and extirpated her scholars, not so much from ignorant vandalism as from an ambitious desire to recreate China, and make its history commence with the inauguration of his own reign and name.

P'UDU.

In the year, A.D. 713, twelve centuries ago, the city was transferred, we know not certainly why, to its present matchless site. It was named Mingchow, after the celebrated range, called "The Four Illustrious Hills" (四明山). These mountains have their southern base in far-off Taichow, their western branches behind Shaouhing, and the northern and eastern spurs dip into the sea. The whole range, indeed, forms one of the last claws of the outstretched paw of the Himalayan crouching lion, with the Chusan Archipelago at its tip. The title, "Four Illustrious" which is still used of Ningpo, is connected with the legend of a hill in the range, on the top of which there is a natural observatory, with apertures in the rock facing the four-quarters of the heavens for celestial and terrestrial survey. To this day, partly perhaps a freak of local pronunciation, partly a remembrance of the old name, some people call the city Mingpo.

When the Ming Dynasty came to the throne anxious fears beset the minds of the loyal citizens as to the propriety of continuing to use the name Ming (identified now with the illustrious Imperial family), as the name of their mean city. But the Emperor of the time came to the rescue and suggested a change. "There is a city," he said, "sixty miles to the eastward," named Tinghai (定海), "Settle the sea." When the sea goes down the waves are at peace; why not call your city "Peaceful Wave" (Ningpo 甯波). This was with much fervour of gratitude accepted, and Ningpo it remains.

It had sprung up meanwhile and grown round the Pagoda of Heavenly Investiture. This pagoda dates from the year A.D. 696, or seventy-six years earlier than the building of the city itself. The following seems to have been generally the order in the foundation of Chinese cities. First, the luck of the place must be secured; warning away the approach of evil influences by the pagoda, or suppressing such influences by its weight. Then the circuit of the walls was traced and, finally, the houses filled in. Stirring events in the West have coincided with the vicissitudes of the pagoda's history. It was built A.D. 696, when Oswy was Bretwalda in Britain. In 1107, just as the majestic cathedral of Durham was rising on its wood-fringed island-hill, the pagoda was destroyed. It was restored in 1145, as the yellow plague was devastating Europe. In 1221, during the reign of one of the Chinese Emperors who strove to suppress Buddhism, it was levelled to the ground and houses were built on the site. In 1285, with the first Edward on the English throne, the pagoda rose from its dust and ashes. In 1327, at the time of our third Edward, it entirely collapsed. In 1330, and again in 1411, it was restored and repaired. In 1413, the year of Agincourt, it was struck by lightning; and in the stormier days of our Elizabeth it was blown over by a hurricane. In the year of the Restoration it was rebuilt and it stands to-day, stripped of its outer galleries, apparently by fire; but erect and picturesque still, though propped and repaired fifty years ago and looking as though a gentle earthquake shock might overthrow it for final ruin. When seen from the neighbouring hills, its pencil-like dark form, rising from the smoke and haze of the great city, is a familiar and striking object.

SALT PENS, NINGPO.

A legend, thirteen centuries old, lives on in some of the names and places of the city. Near the site of the new bridge of boats there existed in ancient

times a ferry, called Dao-hwô-du, or "Peach-flower Ferry"; and twenty miles north-west of the city stretches the fine range of hills separating the Ningpo plain from Saenpoh. One of the many passes through these hills is called the "Peach-flower Pass." It was much used by the T'aiping rebels forty years ago but it is little frequented now. I imagine that the pass and the ferry had an intimate connection in this legend even as they bear the same name. The events of this strange story antedate the foundation of the city; but they may possibly have combined to hasten its transference to its present site. The legend runs thus. In ancient times a dragon used periodically to emerge from the river, and unless appeased by the yearly offering of a boy and girl it would ravage the banks of the river and terrify the inhabitants. So this periodical sacrifice was a custom observed with agony by those whose children were selected for this purpose, and with awe by the people generally. In the year A.D. 618 a mandarin named 黃晟 was on his way up to the city to assume office, coming as I imagine, across the Peach-flower Pass. As he wended his way through the great plain he caught up two country people, man and wife, with two little children, a boy and girl, wailing and lamenting as they walked along. "What ails you?" asked the magistrate; and they told him the sad and weird story. The magistrate's heart (large as the proverbial heart of the Prime Minister himself, of capacity enough to float a ship), was stirred with compassion and fired with indignation: on his arrival at the spot he mounted a white horse, and armed with a sword made of rushes, he plunged into the river and was seen no more. Neither was the dragon seen from that day forward; only after a commotion of the waters they became dyed as by the colour of the peach-blossom, doubtless with the mingled blood of the dead dragon and of the victorious but dead champion. At nearly the same moment, caused by the dying throes of the dragon, a

BAMBOO GROVE.

pool welled up within the bounds of the present city, which still remains, with a temple on its bank to the memory of the ancient hero. This temple, standing within the Salt Gate, is called the 佚飛廟. On the anniversary of this event in the month of May every house in Ningpo has over its door a cross of rushes in commemoration of the sword of the avenger. So runs the legend. I have myself traversed the Peach-flower Pass, probably unchanged during these thirteen hundred years. But the Peach-flower Ferry is no more; and the hero's spirit must be somewhat annoyed by the screeching of the siren of the little river-steamers, moored close to the shore from which he plunged; and by the high chimney and growing works of an electric light company close to the sacred site.

These thirteen hundred years have not passed over Ningpo simply with the roll of the seasons, the tranquil occurrence of births and deaths, with cold and heat and day and night and summer and winter in featureless succession; with the fair circling hills, now capped or furrowed with snow, now all ablaze with azaleas, and later lit up with the lightning of summer storm and reverberating with its echoes; its rich plains now covered with wealth of wheat and the fourfold rice-crop and cotton, now brown under winter skies with clanging geese flying over the frozen lakes and pools.

Events have occurred here which doubtless broke the monotory of the busy city's life. But most of the old voices are silent in history and silent to memory. I have not sufficient time to search minutely into Ningpo's old annals, but I record here one or two of her ancient and modern historical events.

During the Ming Dynasty, probably about the time of their commercial enterprises in Japan, both Portuguese and Dutch merchants appear to have settled for a time in Foochow, Amoy, and Ningpo.

A Ningpo man once threatened the reigning dynasty, and in fact helped to bring to an end the great and regretted rule of the Ming. He (李昌) with the title of 自成, was a woodcutter on the hills near a town on the banks of the eastern lakes, twelve miles distant from Ningpo, and in which place I have often preached and taught. One hot day, early in the seventeenth century, he was stooping down to drink and bathe in the mountain-stream, when he saw, reflected in the mirror of the water, horse and foot-soldiers in bright array, with banners flying; and at their head rode a man on a white horse, the very image of himself. Astonished at the apparition he believed that it was his fate or his honour to lead an army and to found a dynasty. He raised a rebellion, and so severely defeated the Imperialist troops that the Emperor 崇貞 hanged himself on the Mesan, and Li mounted a throne, if not the Dragon-throne. But eventually the general-

WAYSIDE SHRINE.

issimo of the Ming, sent by the Tartars who were now pressing into China, defeated Li and overthrew his power. Possibly this general was an ancestor of Hung Sew-tsuen, the T'aiping supreme leader, for his family boasted of this distinction as belonging to one of their ancestors. These lake-people have much independence of spirit and, during the occupation of the country by the T'aipings, the lakes were given by them a wide berth. Earlier than this, at a time of oppressive and iniquitous imposition of taxes, the lake-people, under chosen leaders, marched on Ningpo; and defying the ragged soldiers of the time, compelled the magistrates to accede to their demands. And then, with that combination of contempt of life, regard for law and order, and noblest altruism, which the Chinese sometimes exhibit, the leaders, having gained their point and rescued their fellow lakesman, and the country generally from oppression and wrong, in order to save the magistrate's face and to safeguard the law, calmly gave themselves up for execution.

One poet and patron of literature is specially remembered in Ningpo, and a temple to his honour stands still on the shores of the small West Lake within the city wall. He is known in some connections (so Mayers tells us in his "Chinese Reader's Manual") as "The Madcap of Szming." (四明狂客). But there must have been more in this man (Ho Che-chang by name) than the stories of his joviality and dissipation would imply. His

history coincides nearly with the noble life and teaching of Cuthbert in Northumbria, and the outburst of English sacred song from Cædmon's voice and harp in the halls of Whitby's Abbey. The Ningpo poet and patron of letters is said to have brought to Imperial notice and favour the most widely-celebrated poet of China, Li Peh (李白) by name, who flourished and faded in fame and revived again and wandered from far Szech'uan to the Court, where his Ningpo friend described him as an immortal banished to earth. Subsequently, becoming involved in some intrigues, he was banished, not back to heaven but to remote Yünnan, and eventually died in peace at Nanking, almost within hail of his Ningpo patron.

NINGPO LAKES.

These ancient singers of China sang of lower themes than those which made Cædmon's old voice young again. Not the glory and the works of God, but the follies and excesses of bacchanalian scenes too often formed their subject. But in some of these songs and in Chinese classical poetry generally, as distinguished from the stilted and mechanical verses of modern times, there is a ring of truest poetry. Nature is described with the accuracy of careful observation, but softened by the silver haze of tears which love for her beauty and grief for her fading call forth from the heart—description which is itself noblest sentiment and deepest teaching; the soul of nature lives and sings in the true poet's heart and voice, but that soul never altogether forgets the power divine around and above and within her.

It is difficult to imagine in the friendly and prosperous Ningpo of the present day how unfriendly it has been sometimes in the past and how

terribly it suffered during the Taiping Rebellion. That rebellion as it affected Ningpo and the province of Chehkiang cannot be described in the end of a short article; and the writer, who is one of the few living eye-witnesses of those events, must reserve the narrative for some other occasion. But there are some people still living who remember and have described to him the stranding of the transport *Kite* on the shores of the Hangchow Bay, sixty years and more ago, and the exhibition in the streets of Ningpo of the captain's wife, who was seized by the wreckers and carried about the country in a cage. She was fairly well treated, but was thus insulted by the people who now in city and country alike are courteous and friendly to all those who treat them with courtesy and not with supercilious contempt.

I should like to linger long in description and affectionate memory, and to lead my leaders to share in my delight over scenery in mountains and plains and on the sea-board which have charmed me during more than half of my life, spent as a missionary of the Cross of Christ in this city and neighbourhood. Can they ever hope to see the sight which greeted me one Sunday afternoon, as I was passing from village to village amongst the hills, preaching? The sun was fast westering and we were hurrying along the mountain-path when, at a turn of the hill, I saw sitting together and facing the sun, a fox, a badger, and a wild boar. They moved off without panic and executed a strategic movement to the rear, but you might walk many long miles and live many long years before these three would meet and greet you again. Three times over within my memory royal tigers have visited the immediate vicinity of Ningpo, though their chief home is amongst the mountains of Taichow. Leopards have been more frequently seen in the Ningpo hills; and large wild cats are often met with. A sportsman once told me of an adventure of his on the Saenpoh hills to the north-west. He was lying on his back one moonlight night, watching for wild-geese to fly over, when a beast leapt over him and then turned and faced him, near a white tomb-stone. He saw then to his astonishment that it was a full-grown wolf, and the country people told him next day that wolves hunt in packs in those districts. Two large wolves were shot near the Lakes, twelve miles from Ningpo last winter. Amongst the southern mountains a black panther was seen last year, as well as tigers and dog-faced bears; but the hills and plains of Ningpo are for the most part free from both dangerous wild beasts and venomous reptiles.

I bid the city and its surroundings farewell in this narrative, not however in interest and active life and service. How very many acts of kindness I can recall, of courtesy and unselfish assistance! It can rain in Ningpo and in its rainy season, the mildew season of June, it sometimes

seems as though it never would cease to rain. But the sky lifts and the suns and sunrise and sunset skies of Ningpo are bright and glorious indeed. God grant to this city of my adoption, "the peaceful wave" of His blessing; the "Light of Asia," the "Light of the World," the "True Light," to arise and shine on her sons and daughters.

RIVER AND SETTLEMENT, NINGPO.

The Three Questions;

or, the English Abbot and the Chinese Tutor.

By Helena von Poseck.

As a child I read, and was greatly amused by, an old-fashioned ballad relating the story of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury. It told how the said Abbot was possessed of so much wealth and power as to arouse the envy and suspicions of his Sovereign, who accordingly summoned him to appear before him. The King knew of no special crime of which to accuse the cleric, and therefore made his punishment or release depend on his ability to answer three questions, which, in his Majesty's opinion, were unanswerable.

"If you reply to these questions correctly," he said (I cannot vouch for the exact words, as it is many years since I read the ballad), "you shall have a free pardon; if not, you shall be beheaded."

The trembling Abbot enquired what the questions might be.

"The first," said the irate monarch, "is this: how long would it take to travel round the world? In the second place, you must tell me exactly how much I am worth, and" (I quote the words of the ballad)

> 'At the third question thou must not shrink,
> But tell me here truly what I do think.'"

Poor Abbot! not all his learning could help him to solve the royal riddles, and his heart sank within him like lead.

"I will give thee three days to think over the questions," said the King in his clemency, "and if, at the end of that time, thou art not prepared with an answer, thy head shall be taken from thee."

The Abbot left the royal presence, and was proceeding on his homeward way with downcast eyes and woe-begone countenance, when he was met by one of his retainers, a jolly-looking miller.

"Why does my lord look so sad to-day?" was the miller's greeting.

The poor Abbot poured forth his tale of sorrow into the ears of the sympathising rustic.

"Don't trouble about that, my lord," was the cheery reply. "Leave it to me. If you will lend me your robes and your palfrey, I will disguise myself, and go to the palace in your stead."

It seemed a preposterous idea, but as the Abbot could think of no other way out of the difficulty, he complied with the proposal of his humble friend in need. Accordingly, ere the allotted three days had run out, the miller, mounted on the Abbot's palfrey, and wearing the Abbot's apparel, proceeded to the palace. He was admitted to the royal presence, and King John, imagining that he was addressing the Abbot (whose features closely resembled those of the miller) demanded the answer to his three questions.

In reply to the first, the pseudo-Abbot informed His Majesty that if he rose with the sun, and rode with the same, he would compass the world about in twenty-four hours. The King, rather taken aback at finding his first riddle so easily solved, brought forward the second, the answering of which would certainly prove a delicate task for any subject. But the miller was equal to the occasion. He priced his Majesty at twenty-nine pence, but as his reason for this decision brings in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and the solemn subject of his betrayal, I prefer to leave it unquoted. Suffice it to say, that King John dared not demur to the miller's statement, but proceeded to name the third question, which he no doubt thought *must* prove a poser.

> "And at the third question thou must not shrink,
> But tell me here truly what I do think."

And the miller did not shrink, but manfully made answer:—

> "*You think* I'm the Abbot of Canterbury,
> But I'm his poor miller, as plain you may see,
> That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The King was so delighted with the miller's astuteness that he exclaimed, "I'll make thee Lord Abbot this day in his place!" But the miller remonstrated with His Majesty, showing him how impossible it would be for a poor unlettered rustic to perform the functions of a church dignitary. King John eventually listened to reason, and sent the honest miller home rejoicing, the bearer of a free pardon for his master the Abbot.

But what has this Western story to do with THE EAST OF ASIA? the reader may ask, and with reason. Simply this, that the Chinese also have a tale in which three questions are propounded to a presumably learned man, a penalty being attached to their non-solution, and that these questions are not answered by the one to whom they were addressed, but by a less-learned person in his stead. There are divergencies in the two stories, as a matter

of course, but I think the reader will agree with me that, on the whole, there is a curious resemblance between them.

Once upon a time, so runs the tale, a literary man accepted the post of tutor to the sons of a wealthy man. While he and the father of his pupils were drinking wine together, as is customary at the inception of such an engagement, the latter said:

"I have something to say to you beforehand, *Sienseng*. As each festival comes round, I will ask you a question. If you can reply to it, I will pay your salary, and make you a little present in addition; but if you cannot, I will not pay you."

Manifestly unjust though this proposal was, the tutor thought that his employer, not being a scholar, would certainly be unable to put any question which would prove to be beyond his (the *Sienseng's*) capacity to answer, and he accordingly agreed to the stipulation. He probably was unacquainted with the saying that "a fool can ask a question which a wise man cannot answer."

The fifth day of the fifth moon came round in due course, and the tutor was preparing to go home for his holidays, when his employer came up with his question.

"Are you acquainted with the history of Confucius?" he enquired in the first place.

"Yes I know it."

"Well then, what about Confucius' seventy-two *Hsien rên* (virtuous men)—how many of them were married? Then as to his 3,000 *titze* (disciples)—after they left off studying under Confucius, what occupation did they follow?"

The poor tutor was utterly dumfoundered, for none of his books gave him any information on these points. So he was obliged to go home without the salary due to him. The lugubrious expression of his countenance struck his wife just as, according to our ballad, the Abbot's woeful appearance struck the miller, and she naturally wished to know the reason. When he had told her:

"What question did he ask you?" she enquired.

Her husband informed her, upon which she retorted:

"You literary men are no good! You just stay at home, while I go and see to it."

On arriving at the *Tongkia's* house, the worthy lady thus introduced her errand:

"At home I hear that you asked my *Sienseng* a question which he was unable to answer. *I* can tell you the answer."

"If *you* tell me, *Simu*," replied the *Tongkia*, "it will be all the same, and I will hand over the money to you."

"Thirty of the seventy-two '*Hsien rên*' were married," said the tutor's wife, unhesitatingly, "and forty-two were unmarried."

"How do you know that, *Simu*? In what book did you find it?"

"It is said in the 'Analects,'" was the reply, "that there were *five six* who wore caps (an expression used for grown-up or married men), and *six seven* youths. Are not five sixes thirty, and are not six sevens forty-two?" It may be as well to explain here that the words quoted from the "Analects" mean "five *or* six" and "six *or* seven," and have nothing whatever to do with the subject in hand, but as *wu-luh* and *luh-ch'ih* in some connections mean "five times six" and "six times seven" the tutor's wife chose to take them in that way. The point of course lies in the extremely far-fetched nature of her explanation.

"As for the 3,000 disciples," she went on to say, "after studying literature under Confucius, they turned to military studies, and all became soldiers."

"In what book do you find that?" enquired the astonished gentleman.

"Is it not written in the 'Analects' that 500 men constitute a regiment, and 2,500 a legion?" she asked.

Again, of course, her quotation was very wide of the mark, but, as the two numbers together amounted to the required 3,000, the *Simu* was quite satisfied with her own solution of the problem, and so, apparently, was her interlocutor, for he replied, "Your answers are right," and gave her the money.

On her arrival home, her husband made anxious enquiries as to the result of her expedition. She triumphantly laid the money on the table.

"You hadn't the ability to get it," she said; "*I* have brought it."

The holidays over, the *Sienseng* went back to his work. The Mid-Autumn Festival having in due course arrived, the *Tongkia* came to him with his next question.

"I have something more to ask you, *Sienseng*," he said.

"What is it?" enquired the tutor, probably not without a certain amount of fear and trembling.

"Has *Sienseng* studied the *Wu King Sz Shu*?" (五經四書)

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Has *Sienseng* also read the *San Kuoh*?" (三國志)

"I have read it a little."

"In the *San Kuoh* two men are mentioned, one named Chu Keh-liang, and the other named Cheo U. What were their surnames?"

"Why, of course Chu Keh-liang's surname was Chu Keh, and Cheo U's surname was Cheo."

"No," replied the *Tongkia*, "Chu Keh-liang's surname was not Chu Keh, and Cheo U's surname was not Cheo. Please, *Sienseng*, go home and think over it a little."

So the poor tutor had to start for home a second time empty-handed. He was greeted by his wife with the encouraging statement that several people were waiting to have their bills paid.

"Now you can bring out your money and pay them," she said.

The crestfallen husband had to confess that he had brought none of that indispensable commodity with him.

"Has the *Tongkia* asked you another question that you couldn't answer?" demanded his quick-witted better-half. He was obliged to acknowledge that such was, alas! the case.

"What has he asked you this time?"

On receiving the required information she pondered for a while, then said as before: "You stay at home, and I will go and answer him."

"My *Sienseng* tells me," she said, on arriving at the abode of the troublesome questioner, "that the *Tongkia* has again asked him something that he cannot answer. My *Sienseng* is able to write *essays*, but as these history books (this probably with a supercilious toss of the head) are unimportant, though he has read them, he has somewhat forgotten them. I know a little of these subjects, so I can tell you. Cheo U's surname was Ki, and Chu Keh-liang's surname was Ho."

"Indeed! and how do you know that?"

"It is said in the '*San Kuoh*,'" she replied, "that Ki was the father of U (旣生瑜), and Ho was the father of Liang (何生亮)":

This again, is an absurd travesty of an expression in the famous "History of the Three Kingdoms." The story runs that Chu Keh-liang was more learned than Cheo U, who therefore envied him, and constantly plotted against him. He failed, however, to do any harm to Liang, and only succeeded in injuring himself. At last his rage and envy reached such a climax that he "spat blood, and died of anger" (*we* should probably say that he broke a blood-vessel). When dying, he sighed, and thus addressed Heaven:—*Ki sêng U, ho sêng Liang* (旣生瑜, 何生亮) since you produced U (*i.e.* me) why did you produce Liang?"

This is the sentence which that ingenious dame, the tutor's wife, made to mean that Mr. Ki was the father of Mr. U, whose surname must therefore have been Ki, and that Mr. Ho was the father of Mr. Liang, and Liang's surname accordingly was Ho. The *Tongkia* applauded her wisdom, and again handed over to her her husband's salary.

By-and-bye the last month of the year came round, and our friend the tutor was on the point of going home for his New Year holidays. But again the dreaded question came to the fore.

"You are going home for your holidays now, *Sienseng*," said his persecutor; "I have one more question to put to you. You have read books on astronomy and geography?"

"Though I am not thoroughly acquainted with those subjects," was the modest reply, "I know a little about them."

"Well then, how far is our house-door from the door of heaven?"

The tutor's studies had not extended thus far, and again he went home empty-handed.

His wife greeted him with the words:

"I have been looking out for you. We have got nothing for the New Year yet. Now we can buy what is wanted." (One would have thought experience might have taught her better by this time!)

The *Sienseng* sat down with a sigh.

"I won't teach any more," he said, presently; "a tutor's basin of rice is not nice eating. The *Tongkia* asks me all sorts of strange questions, and I can't answer him."

"What strange questions has he asked you now?" enquired his wife. He told her.

"That question is not difficult," she said, after a moment's consideration, and off she started to answer it for him.

"Your house is not very far from heaven's gate," she announced to the *Tongkia*.

"You say it is not far," he returned, "how many *li* is it?"

"To go and come back does not take more than five or six days," was the reply.

"How do you know that?"

"People send off the kitchen-god on his way to heaven on the 24th of this month, and on the 30th they welcome him back. Is it not five or six days from the 24th to the 30th?

"The *Sïmu's* learning is greater than the *Sienseng's*," said the astonished *Tongkia*. And the *Sïmu* returned once more with her husband's salary in her hand.

It seems almost a pity that, since in his opinion, her learning exceeded that of her husband, the *Tongkia* did not follow King John's example, and say: "I'll make thee tutor this day in his place." She would probably have exercised the tutorial functions at least as well as the miller would have exercised those of an Abbot.

West Szechuen's Most Remarkable Work.

Kwanhsien Artificial Irrigation.

By James Hutson.

THE natural beauty of Kwanhsien (灌縣) is greatly increased by its river system, and when it is taken into consideration that these rivers are almost wholly artificial, one is led to inquire into the origin of such a great and beneficial work.

It is easy to see that the present state of the works has been a gradual evolution, and possibly many heads and hands have united, many ways and means been tried, and much treasure spent, to bring the works to their present state of perfection.

SHOWING RAPID CURRENT OF THE RIVER.

The waters of the Min river (岷江) flowing in south-easterly direction emerge from the mountains at Kwanhsien a seething torrent. About B.C. 200 (as far as can be ascertained from unreliable Chinese histories) a certain Chinese official named Li Ping (李冰) entertained the idea of using these waters for irrigating and fertilising purposes. To accomplish his object he cut away the corner of the hill on which the west wall of Kwanhsien city now stands, making a

cutting through the western arm of this hill, forming an artificial gorge at the south-west corner of the city. Then he led part of the waters of the Min through this gorge, and close by the south side of the city wall, and thence off in a north-easterly direction. The other half of the river, continuing in its original course, flows in a southerly direction to Kiangk'ou (江口). The waters which pass through the gorge are locally and officially called the "inner river" (內江), the old stream being call the "outer river" (外江).

SHOOTING THROUGH THE GORGE.

The waters of the "inner river," after passing through the gorge, are again subdivided into three main streams. The first waters the Wênkianghsien (溫江縣) district and flows past Chêngtu (成都) at the south gate. The second flows through the P'ihsien (郫縣) district and touches Chêngtu at the north gate, then flows round the east side of the city and joins the first stream at the south-east corner, whence it flows south and joins the waters of the "outer river" at Kiangkou. The third stream flows first north, then east through the T'sungninghsien (崇寧縣) and Kint'anghsien (金堂縣) districts, and eventually through another gorge in the latter district, and joining the Chungkiang (中江) flows south and reaches the Yangtzekiang (揚子江) at Luchou (瀘州), a distance of 300 miles from Kwanhsien. All along the banks of these rivers are irrigation dams leading the water off into smaller canals for the cultivation of rice, and supplying the wants of scores of towns and hamlets on the vast Chêngtu plain, thus transforming a formerly desolate region into a fruitful, well-watered garden.

The regulation of the water of the "inner river" is managed by the gorge and overflows. This overflow exactly faces the hill which was cut away, the gorge lying at the lower end of the overflow. In summer, when high floods prevail, the waters which cannot get through the gorge are

hurled back in one tremendous whirlpool, thrown over the overflow, and thence back to the original stream; the gorge thus acting as a safety valve against flood for Kwanhsien city and the capital of the province.

About December 1st the yearly operation of cleaning the river bed and repairing the river banks begins by cutting off the water supply of the "outer river," sending all the water for the time being down the "inner river." The cutting-off process is managed by means of rough timber tripods put in one by one, with bamboo baskets filled with cobble stones placed at the bottom, and across the tripod cross-bars to keep the latter in position. A double layer of bamboo matting is then placed in front of the tripod and soil is closely packed between the matting; thus step by step the river is dried up, and it is wonderful to note that there is only a very slight leakage when the process is completed.

RIGHT HAND STREAM.

When the river is dry the bed is cleaned out for about half a mile in length. The banks are made up with bamboo baskets closely packed with cobble stones, and when this work is done the water of the river is allowed to return to its original course, and then the "inner river" is dried off in a similar way, and as it is round the management of this "inner river" that much of the interest circles I will try and give a few details concerning it.

In the bed of the "inner river," just opposite the overflow, two large iron bars are placed. These bars are said to have once been placed higher up in the river, but were carried down to this spot on the flood tide. At thi point, the waters of the river strike forcibly against the artificial banks of the overflow and much silt is thrown back and deposited in midstream, covering these iron bars to the depth of several feet. When the river bed is cleaned these bars serve as a guide to the contractor as to the depth to be dug. These bars must be unearthed and left lying bare, or the officials will not pass the work. One of these bars dates from the Ming (明朝) Dynasty,

and the 4th year of the Emperor Wan Li (萬 曆) (A.D. 1576). The other dates from the present dynasty and the 3rd year of the Emperor Tung Chih (同 治) (A.D.1865). It is said that these bars were originally of the same date, but one was carried away and lost and possibly lies at the bottom of the pool at the gorge, the bar bearing the later date probably being put there to replace the lost one. These bars are about ten feet long and estimated to weigh 3,000 catties each.

ROOFED BRIDGE.

The banks of the overflow are made up of bamboo baskets packed with cobble stones. These baskets are piled carefully one on the top of the other to form the necessary breakwaters and moles. In other places they are laid closely side by side like a mighty army in array. The majority of the dykes are made up in this way—the baskets being changed once a year. These baskets are about thirty feet long and about two feet in diameter, costing about eighteen tael cents each. Of these, several thousands are used yearly, and the sum of eighty cash is paid for packing each basket with cobble stones. The bamboo for making the baskets comes down from the mountain districts, and is grown, felled and floated down to the waterworks by agents of the Government. If anyone is caught stealing one of these bamboos, he gets a bambooing that he does not like. The shape of the banks of the overflow is like a half-moon, and from the spot where the iron bars are laid in the river at the foot of the hill the river bed gradually rises till the artificial bank is reached. This slanting, ascending bed and the half-moon-shaped bank, leads the waters round with a sweep, throwing them with great force into the mouth of the artificial gorge. What water the gorge refuses to pass is thrown back in the whirlpool and over the overflow. In the gorge there is a water measure which the officials and people watch in time of flood, as when that measure is covered damage will be done.

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The writer conducted the late Lieut. Watts Jones over the irrigation works, and he said—"The Chinese have unconsciously accomplished a great engineering feat." The rule laid down by Li Ping for the management of the works is also a wise and safe one, and doubtless is the secret of its success, viz.—to dig the channels deep (深淘灘低作堰) and keep the banks low. This is just the opposite of what the Chinese have done with the Yellow River. The digging of the river beds is contracted at the rate of twelve tael cents per square of ten feet and one foot deep. A labourer can earn about 160 cash per day besides eating the contractors' rice. It is estimated that Tls. 1,500 are yearly spent on rice, Tls. 1,800 on bamboos, Tls. 3,500 on labour—the yearly expenditure being from Tls. 6,000 to Tls. 8,000. Of this amount the district magistrate administers Tls. 2,000 for cleaning out the part opposite the city wall, the Water Inspector administering the remainder.

The districts getting full or partial advantage from the water are about ten, with a probable acreage of 25,000 *mow.** These lands are taxed according to the benefits received, but the amount collected only amounts to about Tls. 1,000 or one-eighth part of the yearly expenditure. The remainder is paid from the land tax of the above districts, and obtained by the Water Inspector from the Provincial Treasurer through the Intendant of Circuit (龍茂道).

The position of Water Inspector (水利府) is more an honorary than a lucrative one, and consequently they are glad when they are changed to another position. His rank is that of a second prefect and sometimes he gets a "chou" sub-prefect position on leaving. Some of these officials make a "squeeze" on the contractors, and in some cases I have known the contractors never to have been fully paid. The contractors in turn "squeeze" the men and put in bad work to make up for their losses. The people know at once when an official is doing his work conscientiously by the look of the river beds.

Generally about the 1st of April or a little earlier, when the repairs are nearing completion, the Water Inspector selects a lucky day and invites the Intendant of Circuit to come and open the river. If the latter reckons the day chosen to be an unlucky one for himself, or the people, he will choose a more auspicious one. The Water Inspector then notifies the people by proclamation as to the day and time when the dams will be opened. The Intendant of Circuit on the day of his arrival is met by all the city officials, who conduct him over the works, which he inspects officially, eventually escorting him to the residence which has been prepared for him for the night.

* Eight *mow* are equal to about one English acre.

While there he often receives complaints from the people regarding the supply of water for their fields, and other cases of dispute. The Water Inspector presents his superior officer with a feast ready prepared, which is generally refused with thanks. The local official then presents his offering—a feast ready prepared, which is received and eaten. All the expenses of receiving, entertaining, escorting, etc., are borne by the local official, which amount to about Tls. 600 in all, the Water Inspector only giving a few presents, which amount to about Tls. 100.

TO WARD OFF THE EVIL CURRENTS AFTER THE GREAT FLOOD.

The morning after his arrival His Excellency, the Intendant of Circuit, rises bright and early and proceeds to the temple erected for the worship and memory of Li Erh-long (李二郎), called the Erh Wang-miao (二王廟). Here he burns incense and makes obeisance to the gods. Afterwards he proceeds to the river-bank, just below where the barrier is erected. Here everything is in readiness for the opening ceremony. A long bamboo tracking rope has been attached to a few of the tripods. A band of strong coolies stand at the end of the ropes. An altar has been erected where candles and incense are already burning, and a sacrificial pig and goat lie ready sacrificed, and just as the sun begins to show its golden tints over the horizon, the great man kneels down and worships the god of the river, the coolies give one long shout, and a longer pull, and down fall the barriers, and the waters of the Min rush into the artificial course with such force that almost every year a man or two is drowned. His Excellency gives a reward of about 50,000 cash to be divided among the workmen and coolies, but be it noted he is liberal at another man's expense, for the local official has to pay all the money. It has been said that the yamên runners whip the waters with their whips, but I have not been able to verify this statement, in fact, I am told that such a custom does not exist. The opening of the river

is an event of great importance to everybody in the city and large numbers of people line the banks of the river to see the water come down. Children build stone castles in the river bed. Young and old almost invariably throw stones at the water—showing that they still believe the proverb (打水者無病也)—"those who strike the water will be exempt from sickness throughout the year." By the time the waters have reached the city, the Intendant of Circuit has passed on his return to the capital, but if there is a fairly good supply the waters reach the capital before him.

In the 5th year of T'ung Chih (同治) a great flood broke through the bank on the south-west side of the gorge, when some historic fishes were washed out of the pool below, which, by the way, is said to have no bottom. This flood damaged a large tract of country, so after that time this bank was securely built and a large stone ox erected on the spot to ward off all damaging currents. If the water in the river should be low and insufficient for the farmers to sow their rice, they band themselves together and march to Kwanhsien with hoes and mattocks on their shoulders, where with sounding gongs they smash the inner doors of the Water Inspector's office and demand water for their fields. The official appeases the people with what good words and promises he can muster together, and forthwith proceeds to the dragon-nest (龍窩) at the gorge, and burns incense and candles, taking a pot of water from the pool home to his yamên, where it is kept in reverential custody till the dragon is good enough to send a rise of water. Then the official takes his pot of water and repeating his former ceremony returns the water to the dragon in the pool with thanks. If a rise of water should be delayed, the official proceeds to the dragon pool (龍池), about one-hundred *li* from Kwanhsien, and prays for rain.

The outer river is navigable for small boats all the year round (except when it is dry) but owing to the rapids on the way very little passenger traffic is done, and boats chartered to carry goods are also very expensive. Of late years boats have commenced to run on the inner river while the outer river is dry. It is said that some of these boats go to Luchou viâ Kint'anghsien, and others to Chêngtu.

About the 1st of May the inner river is officially opened for raft navigation by the ceremony of sacrificing to the god of the river. The river then remains open till it is closed for cleaning in January. The rafts that pass through the gorge mostly proceed to Chêngtu (成都) north-gate, but a few go to T'sungninghsien (崇寧縣) and other places. These rafts are each taxed 1,000 cash towards the incidental repairs of the river. It is said that over 2,000 pass yearly. The rafts are made up of timber logs of all shapes,

lengths and thicknesses, the timber generally valuing from Tls. 200 to Tls. 300; besides, there is generally a cargo of coke, charcoal and millstones, weighing from three to five thousand catties. The timber is floated down in small quantities to Pêhsha (白沙), where it is stacked and built into rafts for transport further down. When a raft starts from its moorings it carries from three to ten extra men to help pilot through the gorge and underneath the bridge at Kwanhsien. When the last bridge is past they leap ashore without the raft stopping. For this short trip the men get 150 cash each for less than half-an-hour's work. The head raftsman gets 1,500 cash for the trip to Chêngtu, the assistants each get 1,200 cash for the trip. The people consider this good pay, but say that it is got at the risk of life, as there is considerable danger in navigating the gorge. Sometimes a raft is overturned and men and baskets of coke are turned into the boiling torrent, and the raft left to itself drifts helplessly down the wrong channel and is thrown violently on the timber catching piles. In the case of a wreck and a man being unable to swim it is almost certain death, and even if he can swim there is much danger. Every year the river claims a large number of victims from among the raftsmen. When a man is drowned, the timber-merchant in whose employ he lost his life pays the sum of Tls. 30 to his relatives. After a life has been lost the river is closed for three days—the river being reckoned to be unlucky. The place where the rafts are wrecked is in the gorge, on the rock known as the "Elephant's Trunk." If the head of the raft gets behind that rock it is likely to be upset. If it comes a heavy broadsider against that rock it is often broken to pieces, but if the head of the raft gets past the rock through the gorge it is likely to get through safely. At this point, people on shore excitedly watch the steering of a raft, the raftsmen straining every nerve to steer the raft safely through.

GRAVEL SUBDIVISION INSIDE KWANHSIEN CITY.

This year the Inspector of Waters has stationed a lifeboat at the lower end of the gorge to save the lives of wrecked raftsmen, but already this boat has had an accident and one of its crew lost. This boat is managed by a rope stretched across the river and another rope fastened to the boat and to a sliding cylinder on the distended rope and from thence to the shore.

As the rock known as the "Elephant's Trunk" is the cause of all the damage, I have sometimes suggested to the Chinese that this rock should be removed. The Chinese have invariably remonstrated with me saying—"That sacred rock must not be touched" and then the following folk lore is drawn forth. "Formerly a certain provincial judge with sacrilegious hands began to remove this obstruction, which resulted in the death of certain officials, and the work was stopped. It is said that Viceroy Ting Kung-pao (丁宮保), when he made the 'big dig' of the river beds (about the year 1876), entertained the idea of pumping the pool dry, and had over one-hundred pumps put into the pool and watched them pump a whole day. By evening they had reduced the water two feet, but in the morning the water had risen to its normal level, so the project was dropped. It is also said among the people that a certain local official named Lu Pao-tê (陸保德) dared to touch this sacred spot; as a result the heavens dropped black rain and blew black wind, while the dragon roared fiercely in his den beneath. Later, he sent a diver down into the pool who stayed three days and three nights and found a fine pavilion, inhabited by a beautiful lady with bracelets of precious stones on her hands, and as she was fast asleep the diver drew near and slipped the bracelets from her hands and brought them to see the light of day. Lu said to the diver, "You have hit upon the goddess of the river, but make haste and return these bracelets to her or we are all dead men." The diver went down again and put the bracelets on her hands, and he had just finished when she awoke. If she had awakened and found her bracelets gone she would have come out and flooded the country side. It is also said, that Kwanhsien is hollow underneath and that the city is floating on the dragon's water from the gorge. The people of Pêhsha (白沙) village, where the rafts make their start, have the custom of bringing their dragon lantern to Kwanhsien during the first fifteen days of the New Year. This lantern is paraded all over the city and river side, and superstitious general opinion holds that, if this lantern does not go its accustomed rounds, many lives will have to be sacrificed to the river to make up for the loss to the dragon. So strong is public opinion on this question, that even the local official cannot stop the Pêhsha dragon lantern procession though he may forbid all others.

The shrine of the Li Erh-lang (Erhwangmiao) is visited by multitudes of pilgrims from every city on the plain during the 5th and 6th moon, the

object of worship appealing to their stomachs as well as their heads, as Li Erh-lang will see that they have a water supply for their fields. The temple itself is one of the prettiest in China, both for situation and building. Some fine Chinese carving, architecture, and ancient writing can be seen there. Its grounds are extensive and beautiful. There is one fine tree which takes two men to span—this tree dates from the time of the Ming dynasty. The temple is well endowed with lands, and its priests, who are many, are well fed and clothed—the abbot there being quite a gentleman.

As there has been considerable friction among the Chinese regarding Li Ping (李冰) and Li Erh-lang (李二郎) the son of Li Ping, and consequently much confusion among foreigners, I append the translation of a few stone tablets of various dates, which will help to give some light on this question. Suffice it to say that Li Ping is now assigned to the place of honour in the temple at the gorge known as the Laowangmiao (老王廟) or in other words the Fulungkuan (伏龍觀), while Li Erh-lang is assigned to the back part of that temple, and Li Erh-wang sits in the seat of honour in the temple at the Rope Bridge known as the Erhwangmiao, while Li Ping is assigned to a back part of that temple. Li Erh-lang is now worshipped as the god of the river (川主).

AFTER THE OFFICIAL OPENING.

Doubtless this irrigation system is one of China's greatest public works, and one of the few that has lasted long and is still fairly well looked after. It is a great blessing to the Chêngtu plain, which it practically insures against drought, even in the most barren year, and is largely responsible for the teeming millions which find a livelihood on its soil. The water supply for the rice fields is a continual source of litigation and no quarrel is so bitter and no lawsuit so intricate as those which have a connection with the water—a corrupt local official always has a nice field where he may line his pockets at will.

The river near Kwanhsien is often used by people who desire a "short cut" (尋短路) to the next world, and after they once commit themselves to the water it is difficult to get them out, or for them to find a way out, even should they repent a thousand times.

RIVER FLOWING PAST KWANHSIEN.

These rivers add greatly to the beauty of Kwanhsien and along its banks a bund could be made second to none on the Yangtze. Close by its waters the air is ever cool even on the hottest day. The current is as swift as any rapid in the Yangtze gorges and in flood it is fearful to look upon. At such times, the water gauge at the gorge is hidden and water flows over the embankment where the stone ox is placed. Such floods carry destruction wherever they go, and Pêhsha lumber yards often lose twenty thousand taels' worth of timber.

Some visitors have asked me regarding the feasibility of establishing electric light plant near the city and the use of the water for manufacturing goods. Let it be remembered that any such undertaking to have a permanent supply of water should be established above the first main division—five *li* from the west gate of the city.

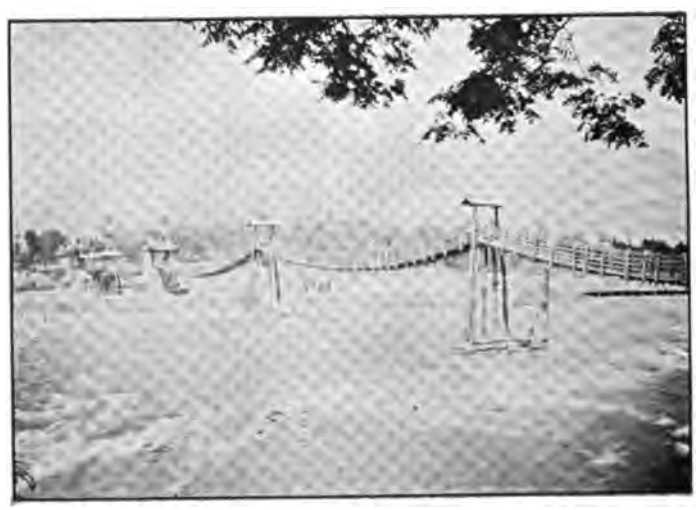
The following is the translation of three stone pillars erected at Kwanhsien.

West Szechuen's Most Remarkable Work.

RECORD BY HUANG YUN-KO, OF CH'ICHOUFU, HUNAN.

IN the 4th moon of the 10th year of the Emperor Tung Chih there was a prolonged drought in these parts, and although petitions were made for rain they were of no effect. Some people said that at Kwanhsien in the "detached portion" (離堆) of the hill, known as the "Litui" (離堆) there was a crouching dragon, to whom if sacrifice were made rain was sure to come. I, therefore, rode quickly to the spot to beseech for rain. On arriving I lodged and fasted in the adjacent temple.

One day, when going about the hillside watching for and expecting rain, I also viewed the inner and outer rivers with all their beauty, together with the "elephant's trunk" and "fishes' jaws" overflow and the man-shaped (人) banks. Then I understood the reasons annexed to the management of the river, viz.—how the water rushes with such force, then suddenly stops and becomes still, then turns into a mighty whirlpool and again flows outward. I was amazed at the work and said the Venerable Li certainly was a supernatural being and ought to be sacrificed to for endless time, because what his supernatural insight and his ability have accomplished can clearly be seen after a thousand years have passed away. If we his successors follow his methods we shall never go wrong. The opposite shore from the "detached portion" of the hill is named the "Tiger Head Cliff" (虎頭崖). As of yore there was a rock set up in the river just at this point (Elephant's Trunk). In the opening years of the Emperor Tung Chih's reign a certain Provincial Judge made up his mind to remove this obstacle, because it was inconvenient to passing rafts. If the Elephant's Trunk was taken away the knoll would be more severe on rafts, because the Elephant's Trunk slightly stops the rush of the water, enabling the men to carefully navigate the gorge. Ah! our venerable ancestor, Li's, deep decree of six characters for the management of the river, is the governing principle of both the outer and inner rivers, and its wonder lies in these six characters of *Shên-'tao-t'an-ti-tso-yen.* Dig the channels deep, and keep the banks low. If this obstruction could have been dispensed with, our Honourable Li would neither have spared the trouble nor the work. Whenever it is removed, from that day the people will meet with destitution. Oh! that my words may not be verified and it will be the happiness of this whole prefecture. Because of this I select another six characters and engrave them on the wall, viz., (川西第一奇功)—Western



OUTSIDE KWANHSIEN WEST GATE.

Szechuen's most remarkable work—as an example to others, and, moreover, record a few words of hatred for the man who dared to touch the stone, and a few words of warning to the self-conceited and self-confident, lest they should dare to spoil the work of the ancients and thereby injure people.

LAO WANG MIAO RECORD, BY CH'UNG SHIH (*Viceroy of Szechuen*).

At the time of the Tsin Dynasty (秦朝), the Kwanchou prefect (灌州府) Li Ping, and his second son called the Erh Lang, cut through the hill, thus leaving a detached knoll and thus warding off the danger of straggling streams. He likewise opened the outer and inner rivers, and dug canals to irrigate the fields, making the land fertile and good.

After his death the people sacrificed to him as a god and down to the present time they dig the channels and build the banks of the river according to his precepts. Thus through all the past dynasties the people have reaped much benefit, but owing to the lapse of time and the corrupt customs of the people much of the reality was lost, till now sacrifice is only made to the Li Erh-lang (李二郎) at the Tukiangtsz (都江祠), Erhwangmiao (二王廟) allotting a place to the Venerable Li Ping (李冰) in a back apartment of the above temple. In the reign of the Emperor Yung Chên (雍正) of the present dynasty, the Viceroy of Szechuen, Si Lu-têh, (西特魯) named Hsien Tê (憲德), memorialised the Throne beseeching that Li Erh-lang be raised to a higher position among the gods. The Throne replied that Li Erh-lang only had the virtue of assisting his father in the work, and that Li Ping, his father, was really the leader and initiator of the work. Thus to elevate Li Erh-lang and forget Li Ping is not within the bounds of right and reason. "We, therefore, decree that Li Ping be made 'Prince Initiator and Protector-general of the River System,' and that Li Erh-lang be created the 'Prince Assistant of his Father's Merit, Hero of Great Grace.'" Although the Government had now given to Li Ping his rightful place of honour, the half-yearly official sacrifice was still offered to Li Erh-lang. Moreover, the people talked such nonsense, that even Li Erh-lang's history was almost lost in the midst thereof. In the reign of the Emperor Hsien Fêng (咸豐), the Provincial Examiner named Ho Shao-ki (何紹基) memorialised the Throne on the unfitness of this affair, but the practice was still allowed to go on. Why should a son, though he has attained the position of being a sage, eat food while his father starves (or before his father)? Moreover, the venerable Li Ping had great virtue and has bestowed great benefit on the people of Szechuen by his ability and willingness, and it is manifest that without the help of his son he could have finished the work himself. Now the son gets the sacrifice, while the father is forgotten; the son thus hiding

troops during and after the Boxer uprising, in contrast with those European nations, in a way confirming the old adage that blood i than water. At any rate, Chinese who came into contact with officers and soldiers, during their temporary occupation of the north after the upheaval of 1900, cannot praise them too highly.

However, sentiment alone could not have attracted so many stu Japan; there must be some other reasons, which may be tabulated as

(*a*) The nearness of Japan compared with Europe or America, the to Tokio, the furthermost point of destination of the Chinese studen only one week's time.

(*b*) The cheapness of living in Japan.

(*c*) The courteous treatment on the part of Japanese author striking contrast to the barbarous procedure of the American Custom people.

(*d*) The greater ease and rapidity of accomplishing the student's p Japanese and Chinese literature are closely allied to each other, tho spoken languages are quite distinct. With the aid of the brush, the student is able to converse with his Japanese friend as soon as he lan a year's study will enable him to read Japanese books; some have only after a three months' stay. When we remember that at least fou preparation is necessary before a Chinese student can begin to ap English literature, while to adopt any profession requires even a still period of probation, we can easily understand the eagerness and delight Chinese students (many of whom are poor), in rushing to Tokio, find "short cut" to European and American education and civilization. M them spend their leisure hours in translation work, and with the p arising from the sale of their manuscripts or published works assist the in going through college.

(*e*) Japan is the only country where a Chinese Students' Associatio the object of which is "to exchange knowledge and to promote a s cameraderie." Members are deputed to await the arrival of steame China and render assistance gratis to new students, such as the sec hotel accommodation, the introducing to school and college authoriti while a special building is set apart for the meeting of students socia educationally. In short, the object is to minimise, as much as possi unpleasantness and difficulties naturally attending an arrival in a land, without understanding a word of the language or knowing a fri

The students hail from nearly all parts of China, the following the list of provinces represented (in the order of numerical str Kiangsu, Hupeh, Chekiang, Kuangtung, Anhui, Hunan, Fokien, Ma

more degrading? The poor idol (either in pain or feeling the dishonour and loss of face, or perchance in pity), with tears streaming down his ruddy cheeks, confessed his inability to protect against the blind devil, for the "Upper Lord" had shut himself up and refused to hear his prayers. (The "fact" of the tears is certified to by the entire garrison.)

At the market gate is an idol whose duty it is to ward off and prevent from entering the town any evil spirits wandering at large. During the earlier stages of the epidemic he had given promises of protection which were not fulfilled. As the disease spread and the death rate increased he was taken to task for his dereliction of duty. His answer was characteristic. It seemed that the commander of the garrison had, during a recent idolatrous procession, provided eight chair-bearers for the garrison idol, while the market people provided but four for their god. Hence his answer—

"I am here at the head of your market; I ward off the evil spirits and prevent them from entering into your homes. I am your protector, your guardian spirit, yet when you took me out you provided me with but four chair-bearers, while the god from the yamên was provided with eight. If you so degrade me in the sight of all men how can you expect me to protect you?" Evidently jealousy is not unknown among the gods.

One of the idols being strenuously besought for help gave answer that if a certain merchant would become the mediator for the market and humbly entreat him, he would listen to the prayer and exert his saving power. Forthwith he was carried to the merchant's shop, but the bearers in their haste and zeal fell against the merchant causing him to fall and cutting open his head. Probably this fall, and the wound received there in the filthy street, were the direct means of infection, for the merchant died in a few days and the market had lost its mediator.

During the course of the epidemic the villages put into operation the practice or custom, locally called the *kim*, literally "forbidding." After the performance of certain religious rites on the part of the Taoist priest, a boundary was set about the village and no stranger was allowed to cross the line. Breaking this prohibition destroyed the efficacy of the rite. It lasted during three days—a pity it did not last until the epidemic ceased. Still in a way it was of service, for it proved to be a means of advertising infected villages, as no village *kimed* (quarantined) until after rats had been found there, either dead or dying.

Two servants belonging to the foreigners inadvertently overstepped this boundary and were seized upon by the villagers and held to ransom. They were only released upon the payment of a fine, with the promise on the part of the villagers that this fine would go toward the erecting of some mat isolation sheds. One fears (with reason) that the fine only went to increase

Gems of Chinese Poetry.

I.

By The Chinese Hermit.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following translations are from the *Ts'ien Chia Shi* or "Gems of Poetry," a famous collection of poems fr celebrated poets of the Tang and Sung Dynasties, acknowledged to be the golden era of Chinese poetry the poems in the collection are from the hands (and some were written by Emperors. The compiler was Tsieh F penned his preface to the work in 1820, the last year of the reign of the fifth Emperor of the present dynasty. It was the Emperor C (1736-1795) a fine poet himself, who required students at the sta tions to write a pentameter, *luh* (律) of sixteen lines on some g For years the *Ts'ien Chia Shi* was a useful manual and guide to students on the subject, and has been made a text-book. It most popular poetical work in the language.

In Chinese poetic parlance a four-line poem, like the follo is technically called a *tsueh* (絕) which, when used as a v "to cut apart," but in poetry is employed as a noun to denote a one that is a "part" of the *luh*, the "Standard" or "Regula eight lines. A *tsueh* is therefore a "slice" of the *luh*.

To give the readers an idea of the *tsueh* it is, perhaps, neces make a few observations on the *luh* from which the *tsueh* is a de

The *luh* is a poem of eight lines of regular measure. Its fir devoted to the opening; the second to the development; the t climax or turn; the fourth to the close. The words of the first couplets do not balance, but those of the second and third coup throughout, noun to noun, verb to verb, adjective to adjective, particles, even tones to deflected tones, etc. Poetic licence, allowed in the first, third, and fifth characters of each line in h and in the first and third characters in pentameters in respect to may either be even or deflected.

Single Eye smiled, blew a few whiffs from his huge b passed it to his companion, and said. "Well, they were only g however, that the friends of the bridegroom had invited us to th

"You, at any rate," retorted A-kan, "would have added di feast with your handsome face."

Single Eye did not resent the banter.

BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

The speaker called them c rented a small pa by means of w paying an exorbit heavy taxes, the to supply two me for themselves a There being no m ment, for the proc the musicians, th and the sedan finally disappeared the shrill notes of th music could no heard, they return respective plots, an their interrupted w were planting rice s second crop—in slush which reach their knees. The on their bronzed b white fire on a goose, but so inure become to the sun, seemed to heed it ju as the goose the Chr

The two farmers were not the only interested observers of confusion, and topsy-turvydom which always accompany—rathe essential part of—a Chinese wedding; that is, the sending of the y to the home of her future husband. There were battered an dames looking on who, here in the East as in the West, are in such scenes, which recalled doubtless the time when they wore and rode in the bridal chair, the first and only time, till they are

sheathed it. He then rushed frantically round the bed, wa sword, making all kinds of thrusts and cuts at demons whose couldn't detect, but feared almost as much as his dying wife He shouted too with all his might in order to frighten off th as boatwomen shout when they think that thieves are cree night to purloin some of their clothes.

"Just as this commotion was at its height, and the screams woman were only less loud than the shouts of her husband, th foreign-devil doctor entered the door. She is a wonderful w foreign-devil wife. She does all sorts of kind things for the here. Everybody loves her, and nobody is afraid of her now. worship her, though they will not worship her God, which makes l

"Well, she stood a moment, as if frightened at the co shouting man and the screaming woman. She then asked soft the matter? What are you doing?'

"The husband quickly put up the sword into the sheath, ashamed lest the foreign-devil woman should see it, inasmuch that she didn't believe in devils coming into the house just lik into the rice bin.

"Then the foreign-devil woman began in her gentle way to Fish about Jesus. In a few moments the poor woman became She never saw any more demons. It seems very marvellous. if it is true! Strange reports reach us of these foreign-devil wo do not believe in demons, and snap their fingers when asked i them rice and vegetables."

No one spoke again and presently each wended her way to he

Meanwhile, the bridal procession hastened on through the co along the narrow, zigzag, granite-paved pathways, which skirted, the different paddy plots from each other. The musicians ceas and bang their noise-producing instruments and, by way expectorated vigorously into the adjoining fields. The many c the burdens of furniture, bridal trousseau, and luxuries for the we trotted on. The two geese, emblems of connubial felicity, withou bridal procession would be perfect, which are always provocative o wit, seemed to feel the discord of their surroundings, as wit and bent necks they dangled in excruciating pain from the end bamboo pole. The four bearers trotted on with the heavy b whose gaudy ornaments nodded like the ostrich feathers at a funeral. The old dame, whose duty it was to accompany the panting behind the chair, alternately fanning herself and grumbling

It was parcelled out into allotments. Eight families recei land, which was divided into nine equal shares; the central por the field of the State; and a Government officer was appointed tc and collect the produce. Along the boundary divisions gourds \ One of the Odes mentions the large division of 33 correctly 33⅓ *li*, which covered a space of 1,111 square *li*. It 10,000 persons, labouring in pairs; thus giving one-ninth *li* to The Chinese character *t'ien* (田) for field, is a square with divi *ching t'ien* was orginally a square rood of land, measuring 900 which eight families were placed, thus giving 100 *mow* to each one share for Government revenue. This last is referred to a field in the "Book of Odes"—

> "May the rain come down on our public field,
> And then upon our private fields!"

This arrangement, as we have seen, grew out of the older Mark; and the Government Officer of Agriculture, as well as Forester, were but the descendants of the old village officers, whc the equitable use of the common, and the rights of the forest.

Passing to a later stage, we find the tribe of Chou, ov continual harassing of the wild border tribes, moving their resic the Chief Duke T'ai, called T'anfu, from Pin to the plains of Ch resettling of the people we find, substantially, a reproduction order.

> "The plain of Chou looked beautiful and rich.
> He encouraged the people and settled there,
> Here on the left, there on the right.
> He divided the ground into large trails, and smaller
> He dug the ditches, he defined the acres.
> From the west to the east
> There was nothing which he did not take in hand."

One hundred *mow* to each family is the amount given in sever in Mencius. Thus also Chu Fu-tze says: "The fields formir amounted to 900 *mow*, and each of the eight families had 100 leaving 100 *mow* for the Government, which was cultivated b families in common." The one-ninth of the *ching* or villag called a *pien*.

At one point in the early history of the country we come up innovation; when, in Duke Hsiang's time, an officer exact the border lands of the State, and marked out the fields by

we cannot take an armful o' sticks frae vor ain plantins. Ga man," he continued, addressing the prosecutor, "are ye no yersel'? And Janet, my woman, whenever ye want ony mair gang the same gait and tak them. What's the world coming to,

The right of pasturage in the mountainous districts in the r province (Chihli) is claimed by the villages in common. A respects are there distinct traces of an older and more primi civilization.

A DECK VIEW

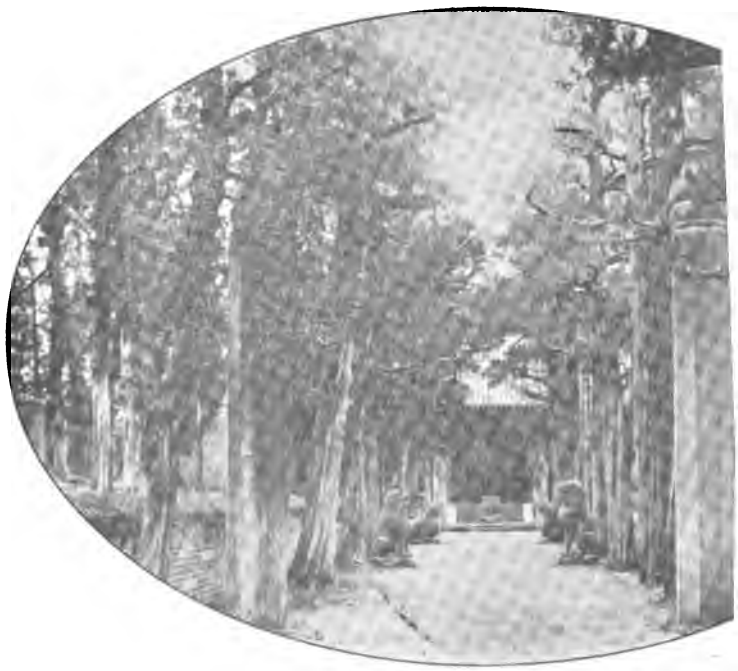
Even with better resources, the entrance to Manila Bay v for mining purposes, the narrower channel being 5,500 metres one 9,200 metres in width, with depths varying from twenty-thre metres. Nevertheless a mining plan was devised, but had to as sufficient quantity of nitroglycerine could not be had fr In the narrower northern channel, however, several contact mi have been found sunk to ineffectual depths; whilst a few torpe out in the southern channel, near Pulo Caballo.

Six batteries were hastily raised at the entrance to the altogether eighteen guns, mostly taken out from Montojo's unse On the northern shore, at Punta Gorda, stood three sixt Hontoria, and near by, at Punta Lasisi, two more of the sam on the southern shore, three others at Punta Restinga. In the island of Corregidor had three Armstrongs from the *Velasco*, wi high up the hill for a plunging fire; southward, at the islet of there were three fifteen-centimetre Hontoria, also from the *V* the adjacent islet of El Fraile three of twelve centimetres f *Antonio de Ulloa* and *General Lezo*. Inward at Sangley, defence on shore censisted of two fifteen-centimetre Ordoñe miles further inward there were the heavier and likewise obsole Manila, holding altogether four guns of twenty-four centin twenty-one, and fourteen of sixteen, besides others of less calib

These defences, particularly the outer ones, did not escap tion of Mr. Williams, the American Consul, to whose frequen the entrance to the bay Montojo drew the governor-general's a though war had been declared, Commodore Dewey thought it at Mirs Bay pending the arrival of Consul Williams, who bro Filipino pilots besides important details of the fortifications. great measure the perfect unconcern with which Dewey proce the lion in his own den.

On the part of the obsolete, unprotected, and ill-equipped an encounter in the open sea would have been, in the parlance critic, nothing short of an insult to God and a mockery of f other hand, Dewey's up-to-date squadron was superior by no l per cent. in displacement, and one hundred and fifty per cent. metal, with a most efficient personnel, heavier guns, and the furth of a greater range, which rendered this overwhelming forc invulnerable to the bad gunnery of the Spaniards. Such have been none the less telling even if, as remarked by Montojo had sheltered his vessels under the heavy batteries c

the temple. Before the door of the temple there is a s which one's attention is at once called by the attendant, ai to listen at an orifice in the stone to the wash and murmu the sea. The ruse is simple enough—the stone is hollo murmuring effect of the conch shell is thus produced.



THE APPROACH TO CONFUCIUS'S GRAVE.

Within the building and opposite the door rests the ca of the great Sage in sitting posture, and before the image tables and stands used in the rather elaborate ritual of w right and left and facing the centre of the room are the imag the Sage's most famous disciples, all canopied and in recedi three, and three, eight on each side.

Four times a year, Prince Kung, the lineal descendan worships here with appropriate ritual. Twice a year, in t eighth noon, the entire elaborate ritual is performed—at form followed is not so full.

On ascending the main terrace one's attention is called stone forming a post in the balustrade, which gives out a ringi struck with the hand. There is, of course, some good and s

poles driven into the ground on which the skeletons of the heads of deer, bears, and foxes, and other animals killed in the chase, are hung. Small willow-sticks, called *inao*, are also hung on these poles. The bark of the upper and lower end of these sticks is carefully peeled off and left hanging at the middle. These are not worshipped, but are an offering to the gods. Twice a year at least, in spring and autumn, the owner of the hut and his relatives and friends gather to worship here. The members of a family also worship here when a birth, sickness, or death occurs. Drink offerings of wine are frequently offered. According to their belief, the souls of the animals slain in the hunt dwell here and will reward the worshipper, who liberally sacrifices to their souls, with luck in the chase. The Ainu are inordinately afraid of fire, hence every hut is surrounded by a garden. All the huts are small and of the same size usually; only the hut of the chief is larger than the others. However, the length of the hut may often be determined by the number of years of married life of its owner.

FIRST AINU CHRISTIANS.

These people are exceedingly conservative, certainly not less so than the Chinese. It is almost impossible to induce them to change their habits. Even in such a simple matter as the nailing on of a few boards in his hut, the owner must first have the consent of his friends, which is only secured after wine has been freely served. A wealthy fisherman in Horobetsü desired to build in Japanese style. A deputation of his neighbours called upon him and declared if he did not construct his roof in Ainu style he would be cast off by his people. Needless to say that to-day his hut is covered with thatch.

When the hut is completed and the family has moved into it, the owner makes a feast called the "warming feast." Millet, cakes, and brandy are served. The various gods are worshipped and a drink offering of brandy is made. After the ceremonial part is over, the men begin to drink *sake* and do not cease until they are thoroughly intoxicated. The women, who sit back of them, are allowed a taste occasionally and that grudgingly. This feast is an important one in the daily monotony of Ainu life. Lest the gods might revenge themselves, their favour must be secured by carefully chosen words and obeisances. Besides the three principal gods whom they worship, they believe in a Supreme Power which rules over all gods and men, and upon which their daily life depends and whose favour they seek by giving thanks at every meal. One of their prayers is said to be: "O God, the preserver of our lives, we thank thee for this gift, bless it to the nourishing and strengthening of our lives."

Generally speaking, they have quite a variety for meals, but they are wretched cooks. They are fond of a certain mixture of vegetables and badly dried fish, all boiled in one pot. This, as has been stated before, hangs suspended in the middle of the room over the hearth, and all the family sit around it at meals. The housewife serves the food to each from the boiling kettle, thus Ainu meals are served hot. Besides the vegetables and fish there is much game, which, however, is becoming more scarce each year. We have spoken of the uncleanliness at meals and the neglect of washing pots and plates. It is suggestive that the index finger in Ainu language is called the "plate cleaner."

The system of Ainu education is most primitive. Their children are not burdened either with schools or studies. Primeval simplicity is their motto. Mountains, rivers and seas constitute their school rooms; necessity their instructor. Their inclination and the weather are the only powers that force them to work. The chief duty of the children is based on "the first commandment with promise," obedience to parents, consideration of the older brothers and reverence for the aged in the village. They may only speak when addressed and under no condition may they ever interrupt the conversation of their elders. The men are responsible for the training of the sons, the women for the training of the daughters. The boys are taught to hunt and fish, make bows and arrows, set traps, and to judge the weather by wind and clouds. They are also taught the names and forms of mountains, and the courses of the principal streams, so they may not be lost while hunting. They learn the shortest and secret paths between the high mountains. They also have some religious instruction; they must learn to prepare the sacrifices and prayers used at the various ceremonies. They are taught polite forms and old

legends which all seem very childish to us. The mothers teach their daughters to care for the little ones, prepare the fibre of the elm, do field labour, sew, mend, cut wood, and prepare thatch for roofs. They are also instructed in the art of tattooing their lips, hands and arms, and how to weep and lament at the graves. Early instruction is given how to reverence and serve men and when meeting them to cover their mouths with their hands and uncover their heads. Upon entering a hut they must always stand facing the men, and upon going out walk backwards. Never may they turn their backs upon a man. The prohibitions, as a rule, apply to the women, and the privileges to the men.

A PLEASURE GAME.

For art we look in vain among them, and their recreations are few. Their only pleasures are a few plays and dancing. Their music is devoid of melody and their only instrument is the jew's-harp. Some of the women possess really good voices and when trained in mission schools sing pleasingly. At dancing, unlike the Westerner, the men and women dance alone; but the accompanying songs are, as a rule, vulgar in the extreme. Without brandy they cannot perform at all. Playing games is almost unknown among them. The stern necessity of life forbids any recreation. The men indulge in a game which has more the appearance of a punishment than pleasure. They beat each other with a club and the one who can endure the greatest number of blows is the hero. Their methods for extorting confessions from criminals are cruel.

But, however barbarous, they have some forms of etiquette which all are compelled to observe. They have various modes of national propriety which they most carefully maintain in their intercourse with each other. Personal deportment is esteemed of great importance and early taught and impressed upon the children. Their manner of greeting each other is peculiar. When visiting, the guest announces himself by a slight cough before he enters the hut. Should no one advance to receive him, he entes the hut and uncovers his head and crosses his feet, seating himself at the right of the hearth. He gives another slight cough, when the master of the hut appears, and then placing the fingers of one hand into the palm of the other rubs them up and down while the master of the hut greets his guest in the same manner. Then follow questions upon questions, first concerning each other's health, then blessings are invoked upon the housewives, the nearest relatives and the beloved country. According to the importance of business, these greetings are of short or long duration. Each strokes his own beard and then the guest proceeds to announce the object of his call. During this he continually rubs his hands, while the host listens respectfully, also rubbing his hands together. After the conclusion of the business, each strokes his own beard again, and conversation is carried on in a natural tone until the guest takes his departure. The women do not greet each other, but when desiring to speak to a man they perform a most unique ceremony. Entering the hut, she throws her head-cover over the left arm, brushes back the front locks of her hair, and then places her right hand over her mouth. If she has succeeded in attracting the man's attention, she draws the index finger of the right hand slowly over the left hand up the arm and shoulder, then across her upper lip to the right shoulder while she brushes back her locks once more, and patiently waits for permission to speak.

When the women have been separated from their relatives for some time, and happen to meet suddenly, they embrace each other loudly weeping. While in this embrace they inquire and answer each other concerning their mutual experience during the time of separation.

Although Ainu women are practically slaves, they are, however, not entirely devoid of means for revenge against insults of the men. No deception is too hideous, no action too degrading, if it only serves the purpose of revenge against the man who has insulted them. Like the Chinese women, they do not appeal to the gods to bring calamity upon the objects of their hatred, but use the vilest language. The men fear an angry woman, not merely for the hideous epithets which she uses, but rather for her revengeful deeds. She will steal the *inao* offering, the willow sticks, since having no part in the worship, she neither fears the gods nor man. In her rage she will open a grave, cut a piece of flesh from the corpse, take it home and cook it mixed with vegetables, and give it to the object of her hatred.

BEFORE A FEAST.

Death is to the Ainu a most dreaded event. They do not care to think of it, much less speak of it in conversation. As must be supposed, their perceptions of a future life are not clear; thus when the great change comes they possess no hope nor are they guided by a beacon of light from the other shore. When a death occurs in a family, all the relatives and friends are notified. A hot fire is kindled in the hope of reviving the dead. The corpse is clothed in the best garments and a feast is prepared. Millet, cake, and wine are offered to the gods. The goddess of fire receives special attention in worship; for to her is entrusted the guidance of the departed soul to its Creator. She is commissioned, when presenting the soul, to speak only of the merits it has accumulated while on earth. The corpse is

AINU HUT IN WINTER.

wrapped in matting and carried on the shoulders of two men to its resting place in the mountains. A few utensils are buried with the body, others are placed under the east window of the hut. The most useful are, however, returned to the hut and used as formerly. A piece of wood is erected beside the grave which in appearance is like a pair of scissors—the Ainu say it represents a ship or rudder which will serve as a barque to carry the soul across the "unknown sea." After this, the mourners return to their hut, where the men make *inao*, worship, eat and drink, until they are again

besotted. A strange mingling of heart-rending grief and lamentations with drunken frivolity.

The Church Missionary Society is the only mission which has worked among this people. They began work in 1874. The Rev. J. Bachelor, to whom we are indebted for much information, has been most diligent in labour. He reduced their language to writing, wrote a dictionary and grammar, and translated the New Testament and a selection of hymns. In the first years he admitted a number of men to church relationship; but they all proved disloyal to their vows, they would not abstain from strong drinks. However, the women have proved themselves true and faithful Christians.

AN AINU FAMILY.

The Japanese wine merchants are bringing a destructive curse upon this people. Knowing the national weakness of the Ainu, they purchase of them the skins of wild animals, paying for them in wine instead of coin. It is naturally of advantage to their trade to keep the Ainu ignorant of the pernicious effect of these intoxicants. Through the influence of this unholy traffic, and other causes, the race is gradually dying out. Their fate is sealed. For men who will not rise in religion cannot rise in civilisation, and to be steeled against both dooms to ill fortune.

We have thus far considered this people analytically, which is comparatively easy, for much has been written about them in later years; but we are confronted with difficulties in our search from a historical point of new. They themselves have no knowledge of their origin, and in vain do we look for it in the annals of general history; for they never emerged from the patriarchal state sufficiently for history to notice them. No special knowledge of ethnology is required to be convinced that they are not of Mongolian origin. Their ruddy complexion, heavy beards, form of body, lineaments of face, disposition of mind craving for alcohol, and the absence of oblique eyes and depressed nose, makes the supposition possible

that they belong to the Caucasian race. Their belief in one Supreme Being to whom they are indebted for all good, their custom of worshipping towards the east, the drink-offering sacrifice, and the absence of all idols and images, though they do believe in gods, strengthen the view that they are traceable to the Semitic family.

Another supposition forces itself upon us. A mysterious resemblance seems to exist between the Ainu and a certain class of Japanese. The general physique, and in particular the physiognomy, of some Japanese betray the fact that they are not of pure Mongolian origin, but are an issue of the aborigines and the early Japanese invaders of those islands. From this Caucasian and Mongolian combination we can also understand to what source the superiority of a few of Japan's present ruling class may be traced.

How John Chinaman Builds His House.

By Helena von Poseck.

WHEN a Chinese has decided to build a new house for himself, the first thing to be done is to consult a *yingyang sienseng*, or geomancer. This individual has studied the mysteries of *fengshui*, or wind and water, and knows all about the influences supposed to be exerted thereby upon the destinies of mankind; he can, therefore, give the householder all the instructions necessary to be observed if he would avert misfortune.

Having carefully examined the site in question, the *yingyang sienseng* marks the spot which must be occupied by the front door, which, by the way (though a *partly* southern aspect is considered desirable) must never face due south. A strictly southern aspect is reserved for the Emperor's throne and palace, and also for the yamêns of the "father and mother" officials, that is to say, those who govern the *people*, as distinct from military mandarins. The lesser officials, whose work is merely auxiliary, and who have no seals of their own, do not possess this privilege: it belongs exclusively to the aforesaid father and mother officials, each of whom, from a Viceroy to a District Magistrate, has his own seal of office.

The geomancer, having marked out the site for the front door, also prescribes its exact height and width, for an inch too high or too low, too wide or too narrow, might have disastrous consequences.

A *chaopih*, or screen of wood or bricks, must be erected about three yards in front of the door to prevent the entrance of any evil breath. Not *human* breath, be it observed, nor yet March miasma, or noisome odours: such minor evils are beneath the consideration of the elevated celestial mind. No! the dreaded breath is of a more mysterious and spiritual nature. I, in my ignorance, formerly supposed that the *chaopih* was intended as a bar to the inquisitiveness of passers-by—only another proof of the utter incapacity of the matter-of-fact "Western barbarian" to comprehend the deep mysteries of Chinese science. Human eyes, indeed! why, all the world and his wife (at least, the Chinese world—the eyes of the foreign would probably

be regarded with more suspicion)—all the world and his wife might stare in and contemplate the domestic arrangements of a middle or lower-class house without any feeling of delicacy on the part of the said somewhat voluminous couple, or of annoyance on the part of the family subjected to their scrutinizing gaze. Human eyes, indeed! what would that matter? And as for human breath, why, the atmosphere might be polluted by *that* to any extent without anyone troubling about it in the least, even though a sick or dying person were gasping for want of air. No, the dreaded breath is not human, neither is it a cold or hot wind, or anything referable to natural causes. Suffice it to say that there *is* such a breath, according to the *yingyang sienseng* and his clients, and the *chao-pih* must be erected to keep it out. It is not a question, as in many an English home, of "keeping the wolf from the door," but of "keeping the breath from the door." But the screen must be of exactly the right height and width, or it will be of no use.

Leaving the *chao-pih*, we proceed to the *tsao*, or kitchen fireplace. This important structure must not face south, because the south, in symbolical language, represents fire and, as there will be a fire in the *tsao*, the power of that destructive element would in that case be too great, and the house would probably be burnt down. The intending house-builder is probably already aware of this indisputable fact but, if not, the geomancer will not fail to bring it before his notice.

The owner may suit his own convenience in the arrangement of the minor details of the various apartments, though, of course, he will be likely to follow the plan which generally obtains in Chinese houses, and build them in blocks of three rooms each.

Having settled the question of place, now comes that of time: when is the house to be built? "Surely that may be left to the convenience of the house-builder," you will probably say. "Given the necessary funds and materials, why not set about it at once, provided the weather be suitable?"

Far be the thought! Funds, materials, and favourable weather may count, but there are more important questions still, and these our professor of the occult sciences will now proceed to settle.

He must carefully reckon when the earth god, *Tai Sui*, will be absent from the place, as, should he happen to be at home when the workmen begin to dig, they might chance to hurt his head, and what an explosion of wrath might be expected under such circumstances, should the earth-god's dignity be thus outraged! the family inhabiting that house would infallibly die out.*

* The Earth-god has such a reputation for irascibility that people say of a man of extremely violent temper, whom it is dangerous to offend: *Tai Sui t'eo-shang tong-liao t'u*—"The clods have been stirred above *Tai Sui's* head." Sometimes a member of a gang of robbers, or some other mischievous society, assumes the nickname *Tai Sui*, and is known thereby among his comrades; outsiders will also attach the name, as they do that of "Tiger," to a man of this description.

The next thing to be found out is whether the present year is one in which the house-builder may *tong t'u* or move earth, for there are certain years in the life of every individual during which he must not enter upon certain undertakings. For instance, it is considered unlucky for a man to be married when the years of his life amount to an even number, such as twenty-four, twenty-six, or twenty-eight. An odd number, such as twenty-three or twenty-five is all right. If the year in question is inauspicious for house-building, our friend must wait till the next.

That question settled, the *yingyang sienseng* must ascertain, if the house-builder does not know it already (which he probably does), which two months are favourable to his client, for there are only two out of the twelve in which a Chinese may safely undertake any important business—*which* they are depends upon the year of his birth. If, for example, he happens to be *shuh ki tih*, *i.e.*, to have been born during the year governed by the cock, his two auspicious months will be the first and seventh; no other month will do. All his important transactions, therefore, must be set on foot either in the height of summer or while winter still holds sway—not a very convenient circumstance, one would imagine.

The *yingyang sienseng* or *fengshui sienseng*, for he is called by both names, next consults the almanac to see which days in those two mouths are *hwang tao reh-tze*, or "yellow road days," and which are *heh tao reh-tze*, or "black road days." There are more of the black, or bad days, than of the yellow, or good.

He then casts (or, perhaps, has already cast) the horoscope of the entire family—an intricate proceeding which the barbarian mind finds no slight difficulty in comprehending. He first ascertains when each member of the family was born, all the dates being written out for him on pieces of red paper. As there are eight of these characters, two each for the year, day, month, and hour of the individual's birth, they are known by the name of *Pah Tsï*, or "Eight Characters." By comparing the "heavenly stem" and "earthly branch" of each person with those of the rest, he is able to estimate which days of the month will be *kih reh*, or lucky days for the whole family. These lucky days must now be compared with the "yellow road days," and a day must be chosen which is both a *kih reh* for the whole family, and a *huang tao reh*, as shown in the almanac.

This is not always easy, as the days are liable to clash. For instance, if a member of the family was born in the year called *Yin* the day called *Mao* must not be chosen, because a man born in the *Yin* year belongs to the "cock," while the *mao* day corresponds with the "hare," and a cock and a hare are supposed, for some occult reason or other, to be mutually

incongruous. In like manner, a man born in the *Ch'ên* year belongs to the "dragon," and therefore a *yin* day must not be chosen, as that corresponds with the "tiger," and if a tiger and a dragon came into collision, they would be sure to fight, which must inevitably bring misfortune upon the family.

Naturally, the more numerous the family, the greater the danger of clashing and the difficulty in finding a favourable day. If all the animals of the cycle are represented in the family birthdays, the *yingyang sienseng* settles the question by saying that *any* day will do. There is no need for further research.*

At last, oh joy! an auspicious day is found for beginning the work. But all is not arranged yet: the *yingyang sienseng* must also tell his client when to put the front door in its place, what will be a favourable day and hour for raising the topmost beam of the roof, when to build the kitchen fireplace, and when to sink the well (if there is to be a well). And now there is nothing left for the Professor to do but receive his *k'o-king*, or fee, and take his leave.

After, perhaps, several months of waiting, the great day arrives. The workmen having assembled, the house-builder places a table in the middle of the site of his future dwelling, and sets candles on it, together with offerings to *T'uti Pusa* (the tutelary divinity of the neighbourhood). These offerings consist of a pig's head, a fowl, a fish, and three cups of wine. He then *kowtows* in front of the table, and afterwards he or some male member of his family or servant burns silver paper money *(yüanpao)*, and crackers are let off. It is of little use for a *woman* to burn silver paper money under any circumstances, for it is believed that her hands will cause the silver to turn into iron. This only applies to burning it, for women are often employed in making it. Hence if a woman has bought *yüanpao* she gets a man or boy to burn it for her. While the paper money is burning, the master pours over it two or three drops of the wine from one cup.

The sacrifices concluded, the masons begin to dig, but only do a few strokes of work in order to be able to say that they have started. It is an understood thing that this is a holiday—a day devoted to jollification rather than to labour. Two or three spadefuls of earth having been thrown up, they leave off, and their employer gives them a feast, consisting in part of the pig's head, fowl, fish and wine previously offered to the *T'uti Pusa.*

* Any day during *Ta Han*, or "The Great Cold," is also available, but as the weather during that period (the latter half of the twelfth month) is decidedly unsuitable for housebuilding, it may be presumed that few, if any, take advantage of the permission.

The meat is parboiled whole before being set before the idol, but afterwards cut up, and completely cooked for its human consumers. The next day work is begun in earnest.

Nothing of special interest now occurs till beam-raising-day, which is a very grand occasion indeed. The house-builder comes up on the scene, attired in his *li-y*, or ceremonial garments and hat, a table is placed in front of the beam, and on the table are arranged two tall candles, a bundle of incense-sticks and the sacrifices offered, not this time to the *T'uti Pusa*, but to the beam god. If the family be wealthy, a whole pig and a whole sheep are offered, otherwise the sacrifice again consists of a pig's head, a fowl and a fish, as well as three cups of wine. The candles are lighted and the incense burned in honour of the tutelary divinity of the beam. By the side of the table farthest from the beam stands a brazier called the *chü pao p'ên*, or "collect *yüanpao* pan"; this brazier contains charcoal which must be made to burn very red, as an emblem of prosperity; it is also used at the new year. The master meanwhile kneels before the brazier, and *kowtows* again; a third time he goes through the same performance, making in all nine *kowtows*.

The devotion having come to an end, the carpenters may now raise the all-important beam, on which are stuck three pieces of red paper, each bearing the character *fuh*—happiness, or good fortune. A piece of red paper is also pasted on the upper part of each of the two pillars which support the ends of the beam. On the left hand one are written the seven characters: *Shu chu hsi fung hwang tao reh*—a sentence expressive of joy that a "yellow road day" has been found for erecting the pillars, while the right hand motto tells of the owner's delight that he has met with the purple *wei* star for the elevation of the beam: *Shang liang hsin yü tze wei hsing*. (The purple *wei* star is the morning star belonging specially to the Emperor, and hence highly auspicious.) As the beam is being raised, the carpenters hang a piece of red cloth over its whole length, fasten upon it two sprays of gilt flowers, and attach to the top of each of the pillars a red sieve with three bamboo arrows projecting from it, and pointing towards the sky. Within the sieve they suspend an almanac.

The carpenters then take their seats on the smaller rafters and strike the beam several times with a hammer painted red. This hammer is afterwards presented by the master of the house to a man who has no son; and who if the wished-for-heir is later on born to him, is expected to reward the donor of the hammer by inviting him and his family to a feast. The people who, with sound of gongs and cymbals, carry the hammer in procession to the childless home, also count upon receiving an invitation. A

Chinese of my acquaintance was favoured in this way during a long and severe illness. He was lying on his bed in great weakness and suffering, when suddenly the sound of gongs and other musical (?) instruments was heard approaching the house, and in a few moments more the sickroom was thronged with people, banging and drumming away still more vigorously than they had done outside. He was a young man who as yet had no children, and presumably the donor and bearers of the hammer thought that they were conferring a double obligation upon him, since the promise of a son also involved the sparing of his own life.

The sick man was almost distracted by the turmoil. "I felt that I *hated* thèm in my heart," he said, when relating the circumstance. Nevertheless, as in duty bound, his stepmother was obliged to set food and wine before the uninvited guests in the next room, and when by-and-by they took their leave, no doubt it was in a self-congratulatory spirit both as regarded the good action accomplished and the feast which possibly awaited them in the future. The sick man recovered and about five years later became the happy father of a son. His neighbours were not slow to remind him of the benefit they had conferred upon him, and the acknowledgment they expected in return. But he had, meanwhile, become a Christian, and he, therefore, took his little son as a gift from the hand of God instead of the result of the presentation of a red hammer, so the feast was not forthcoming. But from that day to this (though nearly four years have passed by) those neighbours every now and then remind him of his duty with regard to the feast. So much for their disinterested benevolence.

But it is time to return to the carpenters, whom we left sitting on the rafters. They will not object to the delay, however, for they are well occupied, and in no hurry to descend from their elevated position. After making speeches expressive of their good wishes for the prosperity of the householder and his descendants, they hang on the large beam several wooden mallets painted red. And now comes a part of the ceremony particularly interesting to the carpenters themselves and to the bystanders—most of all, perhaps, to any youngsters who happen to be present. A large number of *mant'eo* (small cakes of steamed bread) have been prepared for the occasion, most, if not all, of them probably presented by relatives and friends. A basket is filled with these, and drawn up by the carpenters, who reserve a portion for themselves and throw the rest among the crowd which has by this time assembled in anticipation of the coming good things. It seems that, more often than not, the hour chosen by the *yingyang sienseng* for the raising of the beam is in the night or early morning; this fact would no doubt diminish the number of applicants for *mant'eo*, and leave a larger

share for the carpenters. These worthies have also been supplied with a quantity of cash, painted red. Of these also they keep what is probably the lion's share for themselves, and scatter a goodly portion among the expectant throng beneath. Some people give these red cash to their children to play with, others hang them by a red string round the necks of the little ones as a charm against evil spirits.

Our friends the carpenters seem in no hurry to leave their seat on the beam; the *mant'eo* and the cash disposed of, they still remain perched aloft, and occupy themselves in saying "good words," which good words consist of complimentary speeches addressed to their employer, with expressions of the desire that he may amass a fortune, that his son may become a mandarin, that all his descendants may flourish, and so forth. Interspersed with these good words are requests for *hsi-t'sien*, or joy money. The householder complies with their wish, but they are not satisfied. "*Laopan, ch'ang ch'ang ts'ai*," they cry—"Master, increase wealth!" which speech has a twofold application to him, in that it expresses the desire that *his* wealth may increase, and to themselves, inasmuch as it is a request to him to increase *theirs*. He dares not refuse them, but goes on adding; they continue asking and saying good words, till at length they consider that he has given enough, or that they can get no more out of him, and then they condescend to come down to his level. *Terra firma* regained, they gather round him and congratulate him, after which he burns paper money and lets off crackers in honour of the beam god. No more work is done that day, but another feast is given to all the workmen, or, if there are too many (for sometimes a hundred or more are employed in building a large house) they receive money as an equivalent. In addition to this their pay is doubled for that day. Some of the more diligent may employ the rest of the day in doing an odd job for someone else, the others will very likely spend it in gambling, drinking wine, or smoking opium. The next day they return to their work. When raising the walls the workmen are careful to leave in one of them a round hole called the "dragon's mouth," and this is not filled up till the building is quite finished.

But now I must tell of an artful trick to which Chinese masons are said to be somewhat addicted. If they choose to consider that the owner of the house has treated them shabbily, they make a little straw or wooden effigy of him, and build it into one of the walls without his knowing anything about it. If they wish him to turn blind, or to have a blind child, as a punishment for his behaviour to themselves, they pierce the eyes of the effigy; if they want him to be dumb, they stick a needle in its mouth; while if the judgment is to take the form of constant quarrels between him and his

better-half (or worse-half, according to Chinese ideas), they make two figures in a fighting attitude. But this satisfactory performance is attended with some little risk, for if the householder finds it out, and destroys the effigy, the man who made it is sure to die before long, because his magic has failed.

But at last the final touch is put to the building, and this event (as well as its commencement and the raising of the beam) is marked by idolatrous ceremonies. The owner on this occasion pays his respects to *three* divinities: he worships *T'uti Pusa* at a little shrine which has been built into a wall in the courtyard, and in which that idol's tablet is placed; in the *t'ang ch'ien*, or middle room of the principal block, he worships *Kiat'ang Pusa*, the god who is supposed to rule over household matters, and in the kitchen he worships the tablet of *Tsao Shên*, the kitchen god. On this final day he again gives a feast to the workmen.

Before the owner and his family move into their new house—before even the furniture is carried thither, two pots of plants, with red paper wrapped round their stems, must enter and take possession. These plants are named respectively, *wan nien ch'ing*, or "Ten thousand years green," and *kih ch'iang ts'ao*, or "Lucky herb."

On the day of "flitting" relatives and friends send presents of *mant'eo* and *kao*, or small cakes. Tbese also have a figurative meaning; *mant'eo*, because being made with yeast it rises, symbolises prosperity, while the word *kao* (though written with a different character) has the same sound as *kao*—high, and thus, by a verbal quibble, it also is made to indicate the advancement of the family concerned. Some of these eatables are consumed by the recipients, the rest are distributed among their neighbours—the word "neighbours" taking in possibly about twenty-five families. Two or four of each kind of cake are sent to each family (the number must always be even), and if the relatives have not provided enough for this distribution, more are bought to make up the deficiency.

About three days after the removal, or sometimes on the same day, a house-warming takes place, the nearest neighbours, together with the relatives, being invited to a feast.

"And now my story's done," as windeth up the nursery rhyme, and I leave my readers to congratulate themselves that in the favoured Western lands from which they hail, if they want to build a house, and possess the necessary funds, they can set about it when and how they like, without being in terror of offending some uncanny spirit, or transgressing some occult law.

The apparent good fellowship between neighbours and between employer and employed would be a pleasant feature in Chinese social life, were it not that it is to be feared that in too many cases it is connected with "a lively anticipation of favours to come," or else with the fear of being reviled as mean.

Bridges of Western China.

By James Hutson.

PERHAPS one of the most interesting features of Western China is its bridges. On the Min River, flowing past the city of Kwanhsien, bridges can be counted in hundreds, of all shapes and sizes, and of many different modes of construction.

I.—THE SLIDING ROPE.

ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE OF LI-PING.

This is a single bamboo rope fastened to stone or wooden pillars on the banks of the river. This rope, which requires both hands to span it, is stretched across the river generally from a high bank on one side to a lower bank on the other, but sometimes it is stretched across in level parts. When a person desires to cross the river he has to slide across on this rope, somewhat after this fashion. He produces a rope and a wooden cylinder from the basket on his back. This wooden cylinder is just two pieces of hard timber hollowed out slightly larger than the thickness of the rope. Half is placed on the upper and half on the lower side of the distended rope, the two parts thus fitting closely together are bound tightly with one end of the rope, the other end of which is passed under the

NOTE.—The illustrations used in this article were supplied to the author by Mr. A. Grainger.

buttocks and up under the other arm, and lashed tightly to the cylinder. The person now sits down on the rope, clasps both arms over the cylinder, and with one hand holding a bamboo tube which contains cold water, and the other the end of the rope, he lifts his feet with a spring from the ground which sends him shooting down the rope. The water from the tube is poured on the rope as he goes to make sliding easy. On the way, the man with a basket on his back is hanging over a raging torrent which flows perhaps 200 feet below him. If the rope is a steep one he will thus nearly reach the other landing stage, but if the rope should be in the least a level one, he will be left half way across the river and will have to pull himself hand over hand to the landing stage. As the weight of the rope makes it hang down considerably in the middle, timber and other weighty goods are sent across in the same way by using two or more cylinders. A worker on the other side pulling the material to the landing stage by means of a rope.

II.—THE BAMBOO ROPE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

GORGE FROM LEFT BANK.

This kind of bridge is to be found in several places west of Kwanhsien, but as the largest is three *li* from the west gate of Kwanhsien city, we will take it as an example. This bridge, which is about 900 feet long, 25 feet high, and 10 feet wide, with seven spans, is made of eighteen strong bamboo ropes thicker than two hands can conveniently span. These ropes are supported at either end in the centre by strong masonry, while five sets of wooden piles are driven in the river at equal distances between these two points. The ropes at the ends are fastened to strong upright capstans which are twisted round, thus tightening up the bridge. The bottom of the bridge is made up of six ropes covered with loose boards. The sides are made up

of six ropes on either side. These ropes are supported and kept in place by boards with holes cut in them through which each rope is passed. The ropes are changed twice yearly—the old ones on the bottom are changed to the sides, and new ones take their place, while the old side ones are discarded. The bridge is tightened up; the boards which have been stolen or fallen into the river are replaced; and the repairs are finished. In crossing it swings backwards and forwards and has a tendency to make one dizzy, and if the boards are thinly placed it is rather tedious walking and very difficult to take pack animals across it.

In 1902 this bridge was completely destroyed owing to a raft having been swept from its moorings in high flood, and driven against the piles in the river, carrying them away. The bridge falling into the water, the flood tide swept it away, leaving only the masonry behind. As it is the main thoroughfare for the west of the river it was rebuilt in 1903 by the gentry and people using it most, at considerable public cost. There are public lands attached to it which pay for its half-yearly repairs and the caretaker, but any extra expense of building a new one has to be met by public subscription.

WEIR AND FOOTBRIDGE.

III.—THE IRON BAR SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Iron bar bridges are found in several places in this district. The one at the market of Wentongchang, being the largest, we will select that one as a specimen. This bridge is about two hundred yards long, twenty feet high, and twelve feet wide. The iron bars, which are about three inches in circumference and about twenty feet long, are coupled together in equal lengths, laid across stone piers, and fastened to heavy masonry at both

ends. There are eleven parallel bars placed about one foot apart; one bar on either side, kept in position by iron supports, does duty as a handrail. The bridge surface is covered with boards and is almost level in appearance and steady when you walk on it. It is estimated that there are 100,000 catties of iron and it cost over Tls. 10,000 to build. In high flood the water flows

A MINOR SUBDIVISION IN THE COUNTRY.

over the bridge but it remains fast. It was carried away some thirty years ago owing to the wooden piles on which it was supported giving way, but now all the supports are built of hewn stone. The bridge is endowed with about 150 acres of land, which goes toward keeping it in repair.

IV.—STONE BRIDGES.

Stone bridges of all kinds are very common all over the Chentu plain. These are of all sizes and shapes, varying from the single stone slab and the flat-roofed stone parapet bridge to the long bridge with several high arches.

Eight *li* west of the city of Tongkingcheo there is a bridge known as the "West River Bridge," which bears on its portals this inscription—"West Szechuan's Greatest Bridge." This bridge is 220 yards long, eleven yards wide, eighty feet high, and has eleven fine red stone arches. Its top is concrete; its parapets are of stone. The whole structure is of the most substantial nature and shows what the Chinese are capable of if they had the money and a good government to lead them. It was built some sixty years ago, but soon after, the river changed its course leaving it dry and thus useless for the greater

part of the year. Under its arches are some sacred fishes which are kept there for the protection of the piers.

V.—FOOT BRIDGES.

STONE BRIDGE AND WEIR.

These bridges are of a most varied kind. Some are of rough stone, single plank, single tree with a bamboo handrail, or sometimes two or three bamboos or palm trunks are thrown across the stream. Sometimes large and crooked trees are sawn in half and laid side by side, leaving immense holes which any person could drop through, necessitating the greatest care when travelling over them.

VI.—ROOFED BRIDGES.

Near the east gate of Kwanhsien there is a bridge called the "Great Peaceful Bridge." It was rebuilt in 1898 by subscription at a cost of about Tls. 3,000. It is built in three spans of about twenty yards each, the whole length of the bridge being under sixty yards and about twenty feet high.

While the river is dry for the cleaning operation, great deep pits are dug in the bed of the river, and heavy timber piles put in, eight or ten in a row, making the necessary piers; then whole trees, fifty or sixty feet long, are brought from the country on rollers, with perhaps 200 men pulling them. These are thrown across the spans, making

GORGE FROM RIGHT BANK.

the necessary girders. After these are all in position they are hewn into a rough level, then boards are nailed across them closing up all the holes, and again on the top of this, where the traffic is heavy, slabs are laid and strongly clamped down with iron clamps, a roof of about fifteen to twenty feet high is then put over the whole, with recesses which are rented out at 200 cash each per month. As there are fourteen of these the income must be something like 30,000 cash. This goes towards the bridge fund. Close to the wall of Kwanhsien there are four such bridges, which are crowded in summer evenings because of their coolness, and which give harbour to many beggars.

SHOWING ROPE BRIDGE FROM DISTANCE.

A Romance in the Flowery Kingdom.

ADAPTED FROM THE CHINESE.

By W. W. YEN.

WEN KWAI, which signifies in English a paragon of literature, was the only scion of the illustrious and historic Li family. Many were the scholars, statesmen and generals whom he could count among his ancestors, and while it was true there had been intervals in the history of his family when, through the machinations of bitter political and personal enemies, the horizon was darkened by official and social, as well as by financial reverses, prosperity and ascendancy in public life had been regained by the members of the two preceding generations. His father was Prime Minister for almost half a century, and though then retired from official service, was still known and addressed as Elder of the Imperial Council. Nor was his descent on his mother's side an humble one, for her lineage equalled, if not surpassed, that of her illustrious husband.

It was natural to expect that the wealth of the family was in proportion to its nobleness. The estate covered many acres, occupied by the mansion and the park. As befitting the rank of the occupants, the house was built in nine rows, each forming a suite, while a ten-foot wall surrounded the grounds completely protecting the inmates from the inquisitive eyes of the outside world. The furniture was, mostly, of the famous Cantonese blackwood, embellished with inlaid work; on account of its ponderous character, however, it was more elegant than comfortable. Scrolls, with felicitous expressions in well-turned antitheses, penned by scholars renowned for their caligraphy, and paintings by famous artists adorned the walls; at night, lanterns, square, octagonal, or of other shapes, with silk or stained-glass shades, cast a soft light on the appointments in the rooms.

The park, besides the usual horticultural department, could boast of an artificial lake and numerous grottoes. On the former, in summer time, the beautiful lotus flower with its huge, circular, green leaves, almost concealed the whole expanse of water. The gold-fish, too, found their home here, and

how very pretty they looked as they darted after one another under the crystalline water! In an octagonal cage near by, a peacock, having no glass to show itself, had to be satisfied with the open admiration of the chance observer, and the Darwinian man climbed untiringly up and down the solitary post, the only form of exercise open to his indulgence. A few deer, by long confinement dispossessed of their nimbleness and activity, completed the list of the zoological department.

Scattered here and there were kiosks of different sizes and styles of architecture, furnished with tables and stools formed out of pieces of natural stone. Many a time, on some flower's birthday, or a moonlight night, had parties of convivial scholars assembled round them, enjoying the bountiful hospitality of the host, with wine flowing freely, little formality, much cheer, and everybody in the best of spirits. Under the inspiration of Bacchus, extemporaneous poems of a brilliant flight were composed—poems produced without servile study, art, or pains. Then the beauties of nature, so freely imaged around them, appealed to their poetic strain, and invoking the Muse, they extolled the fragrance and colour of the chrysanthemum, or the lotus flower; the silvery mantle thrown o'er the dark by the moon; the virtues of the host; or even the *pièce de resistance*, some fish or game of epicurean fame.

Such being the circumstances and status of the family in which Wen Kwai was to be the heir, and destined as he was to attain the highest literary honour known in the land, to which only one favoured by the gods could aspire, was it to be marvelled at that propitious signs should accompany his birth? In the first place, an extraordinary fragrance which could be emitted only by rare flowers, or by the burning of priceless incense, was perceived in the house, but its cause and origin could not be ascertained. Then soft strains of music, which tradition holds could emanate only from instruments of gold and silver touched by heavenly beings, enraptured the members of the household. But the greatest attestation of the infant's future high station was the presence in his mouth of a piece of snow-white jadestone, a symbol of literary eminence. The child possessed a sonorous voice; his eyes were large and dreamy; he was characterised by a prominent forehead, a "lion's nose," a firm mouth, and large and fleshy ears. Such were his physical characteristics.

Nor were his mental powers less excellent in comparison. At the age of seven he commenced to study and was placed under the guardianship and instruction of his tutor, a teacher ripe in scholarship and experience. Such was his intelligence and power of memory that he remembered every "character" once it was pronounced to him. Books soon took the place of

fangtze,* and the same brilliant success followed. It was said that he read ten lines at every glance, and what was more valuable remembered and assimilated the classical lore; he was, moreover, an adept in the art of writing essays on subjects, philosophical, historical and literary; in the composition of poetry; and in penmanship. At sixteen his education was practically completed, and at the district examinations, which led to the Bachelor's Degree, he passed first out of the twenty-odd successful men. The following year, at the provincial examinations, with similar ease and success, he won his Master's Degree, his name again standing at the head of the long list of "passed" men.

Hitherto, the question of his marriage had not been mentioned on account of his youth and education, but now that he had obtained his M.A. degree and was on the highway to the most honourable public offices in the land, proposals of alliance through "matchmakers" from the parents of marriageable daughters rained on the household. With eloquence and energy these useful but often much abused creatures depicted to our young friend's parents the wealth, beauty, virtues and accomplishments of their respective young ladies.

Wen Kwai was, however, of an independent nature, and actually expressed the desire to see the young woman, whose graces and accomplishments a "matchmaker" had advocated with gestures and language most eloquent. The remark shocked the old gentleman, who departed rather abruptly, with a comment of undisguised contempt that his young lady, reared in silk and satin, whose feet had never touched anything but rosewood, into whose boudoir not even a male fly could find admittance, was no common girl who would expose herself to the gaze of the curious. News of this sensational incident spread rapidly, and the other matchmakers deemed it expedient to stay away, afraid of being similarly insulted. In vain did the parents entreat and threaten, for they feared that their son would never secure the hand of a lady of quality, if he persisted in his queer notion. Being their only son they finally gave way, and the question of his marriage was for the time abandoned.

The time came when young Li left home to attend the Metropolitan Examinations for the third and fourth degrees. The capital was some five hundred miles from his native town, and in those days, when steamships and railways were unknown, travelling was extremely slow, being done either in houseboats, rowed or towed along the numerous canals; or, as was more common, on horseback or on foot. A wealthy student would take his time on such journeys, or rather pleasure trips, to his examinations, tarrying at various places of interest on the way. Our friend chose a day in the first

* The square character (方子) used by Chinese children at the commencement of their studies.

part of the ninth moon for his departure, and banquets were celebrated by his friends and companions in his honour, many a cup being drunk to his safe journey and success in the examinations.

The party consisted of himself, on horseback, his valet, and a porter, who was in charge of the luggage. Thus the three travelled without mishap or unusual incident. Near the end of the following moon, the travellers, after a somewhat wearisome day's journey, discerned in the dim twilight the uncertain outlines of a flourishing town; approaching it with joyful hearts and lightened steps, they were soon lodged in its best inn.

Recuperated and strengthened by a hearty meal and a good night's rest, the young scholar sallied forth the following morn to "do" the town. It was one of those ideal villages that had through commercial prosperity attained to the size and importance of a town, but had not lost much of its sylvan characteristics. "Nature here still played at will her virgin fancies," and the day too was an ideal one; the sun shone smilingly on the lovely works of nature, wrought to perfection, and there was an air of peace on earth.

Along the main thoroughfare he wandered, till he came to the road leading into the country, and right where the latter began, he was surprised to see a handsome residence in the centre of a prettily laid out park. The gates were invitingly wide open, but not a soul was in sight. The place looked too tempting; it reminded him of his home and he went in. Almost an hour passed, during which time he wandered along flowery paths, through mysterious grottoes, and round artificial ponds, seeing much and admiring more. Not a human creature did he encounter in his rambling in the garden, though the place showed every sign of occupation. Reluctantly he was about to seek the gate to leave when, hearing a rustle, he looked up and caught a glimpse of a lovely face in an upper window of the house. Of course, the fair individual disappeared almost immediately behind the curtains, as modest ladies always do, when they become aware of the presence of a gentleman stranger. Li was dazed by her beauty, excelling that of "morning roses washed with dew," and as was decreed in the Book of Fate, fell in love with her at first sight.

Who is this fascinating maiden that steals the heart of our young friend and warms him, charms him, heats him, beats him, and sets him "a' on flame," as Burns would say? Her name was Sweet Lilies, the daughter of a wealthy scholar who, after winning the highest literary honour in the empire, declined to enter official life. The night before her birth, her mother dreamt that a fairy presented her with a bunch of beautiful lilies, and the baby was named accordingly. Having early evinced a love for study, she was carefully educated under her father, who used to declare that her literary attainments

were equal, if not superior, to the best scholar in the land, and only regretted that, being a girl, she could not compete in the Imperial Examinations. When she was sixteen her learned father died, and she lived alone with her mother. She was as beautiful as she was talented, and numerous young suitors, sons of wealthy and aristocratic families, sought to obtain her hand. They were, however, all gay spendthrifts, caring to glorify neither themselves nor their ancestors by attaining literary honours, and it was not surprising that the widow lady refused to consider their proposals. The result was, when our friend Li appeared on the scene, there was still a possibility of her leading her graces to the grave, and leaving the world no copy.

We are told that dreams "are the children of an idle brain, begot of nothing but vain fantasy," but did not another singer say that they "full oft are found of real events the forms and shadows"? At any rate, our sweet young lady was inclined to the latter interpretation, and when the night before Wen Kwai's visit to her garden she dreamt that she would lay eyes on her future husband the following morn, she did not doubt the least that the "vain fantasy" was something more than fiction. She, therefore, arrayed herself in a becoming gown, and after having inspected herself in the glass, not without a wee bit of vanity, repaired to a seat by the window of her boudoir, where she could command a view of the front entrance. Young Li did not know that, from the moment he hesitated before the gate, a pair of bright and interested eyes was fastened on him, and in fact followed his every movement. As he approached the house, what was her joy and excitement to find that he was the counterpart of the person she saw in her dream. His costume and bearing proclaimed him to be a scholar and gentleman of family. She was well satisfied with the appearance of her groom-elect, and her next thought was how to communicate with him. There was no man in the house who could act as her representative: she was on the verge of despair on account of her helplessness, when a bright idea flashed across her mind. Why could she not be attired in her father's apparel and be her own representative? But, horrors! just at that moment, Li turned and was about to depart. A thousand apprehensions rushed through her head. Suppose he should not return to the place; suppose he should leave the neighbourhood; suppose she should not be able to discover his name and address—why, her future happiness would be imperilled, she would be disregarding the kindly premonition of her guardian fairy; in short, everything would be ruined. There was one way of detaining him; she was sure of its success, but. . . . However, circumstances demanded that she should for once violate the proprieties, and she yielded. She shook the curtains; Li heard the rustle, looked up and—saw her. It was a case of love at first sight.

To change her dress was the work of a few moments, and did not involve the loss of modesty, as in those days both men and women wore long, flowing gowns. Slipping her tiny feet into a pair of black satin boots, and crowning her hair with a student's cap, she descended the stairs, and slowly and unconcernedly stepped out of the house. Li woke up from his enchantment on hearing footsteps, and retreated guiltily from the direction of the window, expecting to face some self-important servant and be ordered off the premises. To his surprise he saw approaching him a young student, fair and graceful as a girl, and he concluded it must be the young master of the house. Bows were exchanged, and Li, who was profuse in his apologies, was invited to take a seat in a neighbouring kiosk. Information relating to "honourable patronymics," "distinguished residences," "important mission," and so forth, having been duly inquired for and given, the conversation drifted to literature, and each was surprised and charmed with the knowledge of the other. Naturally a bond of sympathy sprang up between the two.

Li decided to prolong his stay in that town, partly to improve his acquaintance with his newly-made friend, and partly, it must be confessed, to ascertain something of the fair damsel he caught sight of in the window. The subsequent meetings were occasions of great happiness to both parties. As an American poet would have said, "A day for toil, an hour for sport, but for a friend, life is too short." So thought Li, as the time drew near for him to resume his journey. To Sweet Lilies the separation was still harder to bear. "What shall I do when he is gone? When will that sunny smile once more cheer my lonely life? To know, to esteem, to love, and then—to part!"

On his last visit she formally proposed the engagement between him and her "sister," as she said. She politely confessed that her family was not wealthy, but she assured him that her "sister" was not lacking in beauty, virtues or accomplishments. She added that the alliance was much desired by her mother, who was impressed by his gentlemanly demeanour and scholarly attainments. Li expatiated on his unworthiness of the honour, though secretly he heard the proposal with indescribable joy. Although he had only a glance of her he had no doubt she was all that she was described, for did not the proverb say, "Judge a sister by the brother?" Tokens were exchanged to signalize the happy event, and promises made by Li that as soon as the examinations were over, he would persuade his parents to despatch formal proposals of marriage. Thus he departed, and Sweet Lilies felt both sad and happy, sad because of the many morrows she would be separated from him, and happy because of the successful issue of the premonitions of her guardian fairy.

In the meantime, misfortune had overtaken the Li family: a personal enemy, a favourite of the young Emperor, accused them of conspiracy with design to overthrow the government. The Emperor was weak-minded and inexperienced and the charges frightened him. He ordered the family to be placed under surveillance, pending the investigation of the accusations. Naturally the affair created a sensation.

On reaching the capital, our young friend was warned by his well-wishers to lie low till the storm blew over; to enter the examinations at such a juncture was out of the question. He repaired to a village just outside the capital, and secretly but vigorously took steps to establish the innocence of his venerable parent of any disloyal sentiments or actions as were imputed to him.

In parting the one who stays behind suffers more. Sweet Lilies, after the departure of her lover, passed her time in praying for his success at the capital, and looked forward impatiently to the time when her happiness would be crowned with a brilliant wedding. To her surprise, when the list of successful candidates was published, Li's name was not on it. That he could have failed she did not for an instant believe possible. No doubt, she said to herself, he was prevented by accident from competing in the examinations. At any rate, she would soon hear from him when a satisfactory explanation would be forthcoming. Weeks, months, one year glided by, and not a word or line was received: she became restless, then anxious, and finally desperate. There was no other way of discovering his whereabouts or learning his fate than to journey to the capital and hunt him up herself, and this she resolved to do.

She arrived there without any difficulty, disguised as a student, and in a few days ascertained the reason of her lover's silence. The father was still under surveillance, while the whereabouts of the son was unknown. Through the lapse of time and the absence of convincing evidence, the feelings of the Emperor against the family had greatly softened, and no proceedings had been instituted. The importance of the affair had, in fact, so diminished that the whole family would be restored to its former glory and honour, if some responsible person would only vouch for its future fidelity. Could she be the person, thought our heroine, and thus ingratiate herself with her sweetheart's people? And this was the way she tried.

Under her assumed name she entered as a candidate in that year's examination for the highest literary degree, and such was her knowledge and training that she succeeded, and was accordingly proclaimed as the first scholar in the land. The Emperor granted her special audiences, and was so pleased with her handsome person and graceful address, that she at once became a favourite. On several occasions the Imperial Master, being

ignorant of her true sex, walked hand in hand with her to the throne room, to the envy of the remaining courtiers. One honour after another was bestowed on her, till finally, at the next examination for the same degree which she herself had won, she was appointed Chief Examiner. Already she had espoused the cause of the unjustly-treated Li family, and so ably presented the true facts of the case before the Emperor that the old gentleman was at once liberated, the confiscated property restored, the innocence of the family proclaimed, and the false accusers punished.

This office of Chief Examiner was not at this time unacceptable to her, for she hoped to see young Li among the competitors. After the examination, the papers were nervously scanned, and her heart throbbed with no little violence as she caught sight of the one with Li's name on it. The paper was a masterpiece, and worthy of winning the coveted honour. It was shown to his august majesty and met his warm approval.

The custom was for the successful students to call individually on the Examiners, and Sweet Lilies decided to disclose herself to Li on that occasion. If the latter was astonished to find the Chief Examiner no other than the handsome stranger, whom he met several years ago, and to whose charming sister he was engaged, he was more astonished, when the retainers having been ordered to withdraw, Sweet Lilies removed her satin boots, and a pair of "golden lilies," in tiny red slippers, appeared. The truth then flashed across his mind. While overwhelmed with happiness at this sudden turn of events, he trembled as he pictured to himself the enormity of her crime in disguising herself and deceiving the Emperor. She, however, was confident of a full pardon, for reasons which shall appear later.

Next morning the pair approached the throne hall on their knees, arrayed in prisoner's garments and handcuffed, as is the custom when suing for pardon. The Emperor was enraged when he heard the confession, but then his better judgment prevailed, for was not he himself to blame? Did he not walk up the court hand in hand with the young woman, thus flagrantly violating the rules of propriety? Besides, had not both been successively proclaimed the first scholars in the land? Would not the courtiers laugh at his own stupidity if he should punish them? For these and similar reasons, he graciously pardoned them.

A month after, the grandest wedding that ever took place at the capital was celebrated, and was the talk for years. All the grandees were present, and gifts were even received from the Imperial family. The reader will perhaps guess who the contracting parties were.

The Soul of Nippon.

By George T. Murray.

JAPANESE NOTES.

IT has been said that "nothing succeeds like success." Let me complete the sentence by adding: "but success never succeeds." All things earthly end, in the long run, in bitter failure. To be or not to be—satisfied at the right moment, *that* is the question.

Even now the Bear is beating a snarling retreat to his own icebergs, and yet the Sons of Nippon are gnashing their teeth in bitter disappointment, because *cela va sans dire;* oh! really, because they are not satisfied with the terms of peace. The battlefields of Liaoyang and Manchuria, sodden with the blood of heroes, lie dumb under the rains, the storms and the burning sun. The cries of agony from those now mouldering there have long since reached the portals of heaven, and due accounts of cause and effect have been entered on the celestial tomes for future reference. The recording angel has wept his tears and submitted the details to the Great Architect for judgment. And yet nobody is satisfied. The Russians want to give less; the Japanese desire more, and every *tomodachi* of Japan, real or pretended, cries out: "What charming magnanimity!" What modesty after absolute victory! Saying under their breaths "She has got quite enough; more would make her too powerful."

The Russians, in sullen despair, fomenting under their internal troubles, yet, with a faint hope in Linievitch, reluctantly sign away Corea and Manchuria, and retire from their anticipated ownership of Peking, with clenched teeth, muttering *au revoir*! A fatal blow to all their aspirations has been struck by "the little men"; the Pacific now lies open to Japan and——?

So far the Islanders have succeeded, but what about the aftermath? Does their triumph extend over those desolate homes, where the walls are wet with the tears of widows and orphans? Or do their *banzais* stop short at the gates of the crematories? Success? Oh, ye mortals of small understandings, who hear but the reverberating echoes of the victorious cannon! Roses will bloom again; fruits of all kinds follow each other with the seasons, but those lost ones are—like last year's bird's nests—withered!

I knew a young student in Kyoto who had twice applied to the military authorities for permission to enlist for the war, but, owing to some bodily infirmity, he was considered unfit to fight in the ranks of his friends, and his application was rejected. One morning he was found on the ancestral burial grounds, dead; he had committed *harakiri*. Under his body was found a tiny slip of paper with but one word written thereon: "Ima" (now.) He had joined the Others—the slain Others.

This is the Soul of Nippon!

KAMIKURA DAIBUTSU (AMIDA).

When you cross "the little water" which separates these islands from China, you shape within the sentiments of your being a new life: the visions of beauty, art, a noble race, and a new world. All things in Japan speak direct to the heart; the fitness of things is here brought to perfection. People obey the natural impulses: the naked body is seen, *but not looked at*, and behind the paper-windows you can observe the silhouettes of their simple lives exposed to the whole world.

Yet—*noli me tangere*!—let not the rude globe-trotter, in search of things picturesque, presume on their charming innocence, lest on his much-travelled shoulders they unload an avalanche of contempt, which would send him back, staggering, to his "home-land."

A party of ladies and gentlemen, residents, and well acquainted with the language and customs of Japan, got belated in a mountain excursion on a rainy evening. They told their rickshamen to take them to the nearest inn, which these poor fellows, after many protestations of the lateness of the hour and the inclemency of the weather, at last agreed to do. After circumnavigating half-a-dozen mountains, wet, and in a very uncertain temper, they at last came to a house, which looked respectable enough for anybody. The smiling master led the party to his best guest-room, where his wife and daughters did all they could to make them comfortable. Yet, somehow, nothing seemed to please; the rice was cold, the *fretons* were damp and the mosquito-curtains smelt musty. In the morning, breakfast was served, their vehicles mustered at the front door, and nothing now remained but to settle their little bill. The foremost lady of the party, a dame of great local repute and the wife of a man rolling in a wealth of yen, with the usual admixture of condescension and hauteur, enquired "*Ikura?*" (How much?) Then the man of the house spoke in English, and what he said was this: "Ladies and gentlemen, you have done me a great honour by staying overnight in my poor house. Unfortunately, my sons are in Tokio, where they are serving in the Mikado's household. I, my wife, and my daughters, have failed in our endeavours to make you comfortable; accept, therefore, our united excuses. My name is Count M———, and I do not know how to keep an inn, nor do I keep one. The pleasure of entertaining such a distinguished company of foreigners quite compensates us for any expenses incurred, and as a memento of my wretched hospitality (here he concluded in Japanese, which these people understood thoroughly well) deign to accept these irises, which my daughters have just plucked for you in the garden. *Gomen, kudasai, sayonara!*"

Confusion! Cards exchanged! Exit party!

These episodes happen—often, and will occur again and again until the foreign element begins to fathom the depths of the "Soul of Nippon."

When the Japanese soldiers—a very small number indeed—who are at the present time held prisoners in Russia, return, they will be taken before a military court and asked two questions:—

1.—Under what circumstances did they surrender?

2—Why did they not commit *harakiri*?

If. question No. 1 is not answered to the satisfaction of the court, they will be permitted, as a special act of grace and under extenuating circumstances, to do away with themselves there and than.

That is the *bushido*!

The man from Japan, be he noble or simple, prefers a thousand deaths to dishonour. To be taken prisoner! To return to his home discarded! To encumber the earth while his comrades are rotting over yonder! Quick, the happy dispatch.

During my travels in the "Land of the Tatami" I visited Kamakura, once the ancient capital of the great Shogun Yoritomo, and now an open acreage of ricefields, one monument only of all its former grandeur now remaining: the majestic, pensive, sublime image of Amida, the golden-eyed Daibutsu. The interior of this god forms a temple, and steps lead up to his very head. Candles are ever burning and incense is offered to him by pilgrims from near and far. On these inner walls have been scrawled by foreigners scurrilous and often obscene sentences relating to themselves, their *entourage*, and their desire to become immortal. When now the man and woman from abroad enters this shrine, the priest presents him and her with a slip, printed in Japanese and English, which reads something like this: "Stranger, whosoever thou art, and from whatsoever place thou comest, remember that thou standest on ground hallowed through centuries of veneration, by the worship of holy pilgrims, and the prayers of venerable priests of Buddha. Respect this temple as thou wouldst venerate thine own holy churches. Depart in peace."

This is the Soul of Buddha!

The theatres, on the night of a first peformance, charge half-price only. This is as it should be. The actors allow a rebate for their want of completeness on this night, the slow movements of their stage scenery, and the mistakes in their dialogues. At the end of the play, the proprietor and the entire troupe of actors kneel before the audience, praying the house "augustly to pardon the shortcomings of their play," and promising a better performance on the morrow. If anyone going to a Japanese theatre is foolish enough to hand his tickets over to a bogus collector, he is compelled by law to pay again, so let him beware and stick to his tickets. Your hotel or tea-house does all the business in this matter: they purchase the tickets (which you never even see); procure your chair; your comforts in the eating and drinking line; choose your company; introduce you to the actors, and surround you with a thousand other charms, which are charged in your bill when you "honourably depart."

Maxim: Never do yourslf what you can get others to do for you.

Up north I came across some funny notices over the doors, such as:

MILLIONAIRE AND DRESSMAKER,
LADIES' OUTFATTER,
FRIED SOULS.

A JAPANESE WEDDING.

A Japanese friend, courting a *geisha*, said to her in English:

She loves me, loves me not?
I'll test it on the spot,
Where burn her blushes?

The lady, answering in Japanese (translated)—

We are the *geisha* of Japan,
Reared on the *gomen nazai* plan
Augustly condescend to admire
Our resplendent attire,
And look at us in anger—if you can!

A Customs' broker pays (not deposits) Yen 5,000 to the Customs for the privilege of transacting business for others; he must also be a man of the highest respectability.

The game of poker has become quite the rage in Tokio, where can be found some very clever dealers, who "play the game" with a "kitty," and who stake the indenture papers of several *geisha* on one hand. And where as in Boston the winner says: "*Habeas corpus*," and in Liverpool they grant the loser a compassionate "Better luck next time, old chap," so in Tokio the winner with a shrug gives to the *geisha* her liberty, and says: "August pardon deign" to the loser.

In passport days a Japanese gentleman met a foreign tourist in an out-of-the-way place, where the foreigner had experienced considerable trouble on account of some irregularity in his document. The tourist was fuming at the delay and broke forth in lamentations over his fate. In fact he wished himself home again. Whereat the Japanese came to his assistance, and when they parted, he quoted Shakespeare to his American friend, thus:—"There are many things in heaven and earth, Horatio, which were never dreamt of in your law of extraterritoriality!"

On a summer's night, when the air was swarming with fireflies and the cicadas were making lively music in the camphor-trees, we met an old, blind man, who was being led along by two small boys, his sons, aged six and seven years, respectively. The old man sat himself down under a tree, and began playing sad melodies on his harp, the Japanese *biwa*. The two tired boys fell asleep at his feet. My Japanese friends made enquiries and were informed that this was an old man from Takeo, whose wife had run away from him six months before, and had taken her daughter with her, to lead a life of shame, leaving the old, blind man and his boys to the mercy of the world. The tears were welling up in his blind eyes as he told his story, and his fingers mechanically made sad refrains on his harp. Our house was ransacked, and everything in the shape of rice, fish, meat, and tea was handed to the servants, with orders to see the wandering minstrel and his sons well fed, and to give them a night's lodging.

But my friends did not rest there. The next morning they went to the Kencho, and ascertained that the old man had spoken nothing but the truth. They then had him sent back to Takeo, found for him there a home, and put his boys to school. The woman was traced and her daughter taken from her, and she herself was placed in a penitentiary, with hard labour for life. These are a few instances of the *commercial* spirit of Nippon.

And this episode reminds me of the sad, soft tones of the flutes at night, on the streets, in country lanes, in forest glades, and on the mountain paths. It is a melodious and plaintive tune, always the same, and it is heard only when night has enveloped these places in her shadows. It is the flute of the blind Amma San, the massage man and woman. From old men, hoary with age, to young girls in their teens, there they wander, the blind people of Japan.

By law, strictly enforced, they *must* be blind, either from birth or through some fatality during their lives. Thus they gain an honourable living, and God pity the man who would in any way molest them; his punishment would be swift and sure. With perfect knowledge, gained by years of study in schools specially provided for them, they knead, twist and

new-string every nerve, sinew and tendril in the human body; in two hours' time they will create a new being; masterly is their manipulation of the tired traveller, the exhausted debauche, and the nervous hypochondriac; of the woman suffering from neuralgia, sick headache, or the weaknesses of a languid mind and body. Without a trace of false modesty they will take charge of your body from the head to the soles of your feet, and when their task is completed, they leave behind them a lingering sense of entire comfort, of placid well-feeling, which makes you very soon call them back again. Some of these girls are pretty and attractive, and their helplessness gives them an additional charm. One, I had, was a perfect beauty, with the face of a Madonna by Raphael. I asked her if she could see, and she answered "*chitto*" (a little)—and I rejected her!

Their usual charges are forty sen per hour, in rural districts much less. Where is the foreign lady residing in Japan, who can honestly say that she has not used the Amma San over and over again, and that she has not derived great benefit from her tender, soft and skilful hands?

Would it not be a good example for us to follow—to teach our blind the science of massage and shampooing, and thus enable them to earn a decent living, instead of putting them on the street-corners, with a dog behind and a placard in front, begging for charity?

And now, before closing, I will tell you about:

MY BESSO AT KATAFUCHI!

A *besso*—a Japanese villa! what dreams of comfort, ease, pleasure and charming seclusion does that word create in my memory of memories! *My besso*, alas! now no more. Time flies when the heart is filled with joy. I tried to stay its swift course, but with a mocking smile over its shoulder it said to me: "Poor mortal, thy time has expired." And I went into banishment, further than ever—to the very portals of Hades went I.

But when sadness enfolds me, I think myself back to my *besso* at Katafuchi. In memory there is no time.

Come, friend, seat thyself under this shady tree, and together we will away to dreamland.

In the early morning, when the dew lies thick on grass and flowers, the little servants open the wooden shutters, and the wrens and the thrushes send their greetings from the laurels on the lawn. They awaken us from our sweet slumbers on the soft silken cushions, as if singing. Arise, come out to us and worship the morning.

A cup of thy Japanese tea, O Hanna San, *dozo*, and my *yukata*, ("morning robe"). We will watch the sun rising over yonder glorious

mountain, where nature still lies slumbering under the break of day, and the night-clouds are slowly retreating over the horizon. There is that little fellow of a wren again, looking at me with his head on one side, and winking his eye. Forsooth, he is laughing at us, the rascal! his bird-soul is in sympatly with us; he knows that joy is fleeting and life but a one-night's dream.

Within the grounds of my *besso* there is a splendid park, where avenues of stately maples, magnolias, cherry, and camphor-trees rear their lofty heads. Behind a hedge of bamboos lies the orchard, with plums, pears, peaches, biwa, oranges, pumeloes and "apricocks," in its midst a large space where the finest, sweetest strawberries tempt one to linger. And under the shade of the maples there is the pond of ever-running water where the fountain splashes, and myriads of carp, red and black, and tiny goldfish with double tails, lift their heads for the daily dainties from our hands. Here we sit on rustic benches and watch them cruising around the beds of blue irises growing in fine clusters on the borders of the waters, where the dragon-flies rest their shiny wings, and the bees seek their nectar. Across a tiny bridge we come to the bamboo-grove, with its shady walks and stones, chair-shaped, for rest. These slender trees grow from a small shoot into lofty eminence in two short months, when they unfold their feathery leaves and sway with a cooling swish under summer breezes. Here I left behind me a tablet, on which was written in Japanese and English the words of Semi Maro:—

> The stranger here from distant lands,
> The friend his home-bound friend may greet,
> For on this hill the barrier stands,
> The gate where all must part and meet.*

It stands on a grassy mound, and will be taken care of when this hand has grown cold.

Here we sat on evenings and saw the moon rise over the mountains, and the lights appear in the harbour. Fireflies flit by like shining stars and the scents of the flowers of night envelop us. From here we saw, in the month of July, during the *Bon* Festival of three days, when the spirits of the dead visit their earthly homes, the mountains and the river and the harbour ablaze with thousands of lights, placed there to guide the spirits to their former abodes; groves one mass of illumination; and rockets and fire-stars sent towards the heavens to welcome back the ghostly visitors. On the third night myriads of straw-boats, with lights in their holds, are set afloat to carry back to the beyond these ancestral spirits. Alas! last year their

* Chamberlain's translation.

number was legion; the war had hardly left one home in Japan that did not count at least one grave on these mountains.

BUDDHIST HIGH PRIEST IN FULL CEREMONIAL COSTUME.

The gardens of my *besso* are built in two terraces, cut from the mountain's side, and upheld by immense stones and boulders, overgrown with lovely ferns and mosses. During a storm the rushing waters are led through cunningly devised canals and aqueducts to the roaring river below, and from the flood the rice fields and gardens around, by a perfect system of irrigation, which leaves the higher strata of the mountain in perfect immunity from inundation.

The great river, with rocks of ages and artificial cascades, becomes at such times a mighty torrent, deep blue, and throws its spray far over the rocks. Here can be seen the men and boys of Japan in countless numbers ascending the cascades, plunging down into the wild whirl of water like tritons, climbing the branches of overhanging trees, and diving to its innermost depths. A fine sight to see and unmistakable proof of the fine manhood of this race.

In my garden there are flowers, manifold, of sweet scent and charming variety. The peony (*botan*) is the queen of them all. Fain would I leave them on their stately branches, but my vase requires one—the most perfect specimen there is, just unfolded. So O Hanna cuts it, with many fair excuses to it, murmured in soft words. In the vase of Satsuma it lives for one long day, and sheds its faint fragrance over the room; then it dies and makes room for its successor. The people here have a way of singeing the stems of the peonies with burning charcoal, which process will keep the flowers fresh for a week. Roses we have here, everywhere, in splendid beds, and climbing

the old walls, red, white and the lovely yellow tea-rose, grafted. The wild rose and the moss-rose, beautiful beyond all description; and rosebuds for the hair of all the belles in the village.

JAPANESE BESSO, OR VILLA.

Jasmine and the flowers of the magnolia, cherry and plum-blossoms, lilies of a hundred varieties, irises, blue, white and red, in the waters; sunflowers, orange-blossoms and convolvulus. And, oh! sweet morning-glory, I behold thy tender leaves opening to the morning sun, laden with dew that sparkles like snowflakes, on the walls of my *besso*! Friend, they are still blooming—there, and I see them not!

My bees flocked around me when I left, as if to bid me good-bye. In this land they do not sting, and willingly allow their human friends a share of their honey, which is taken from them in strict moderation.

The Divine Master is my witness that here can be found peace and happiness; that the world of sorrow finds no entrance to these enchanted grounds, where time is not, nor beginning, nor end.

In front of my villa is the large lawn, smooth as velvet, emerald-green. On it, at certain distances apart, are placed three stone temple-lanterns on high pedestals. Just before sunset a small lamp, containing clear oil, is

placed in each of these lanterns, and lit behind a paper-screen. These lights throw a faint shimmer across the lawn and over the stunted pines and red and green maples, suggestive of that mystic lore which dominates the hearts of these people. From the ordinary outsider's point of view it is charming to behold, and gives one the idea of perfect repose. We are swinging here in hammocks, under the majestic group of camphor-trees, smoking our cigars, looking at the stars, watching the fireflies, and whispering sweet nothings to the darling creatures swinging at our side. Then a hot bath and *O Yasumi nazai.* So end our days, in peace; and our mornings begin in happiness. What could mortals desire more? Alas, there is sorrow plentiful everywhere—in the next street, perhaps!

Immediately in front of the garden entrance stands a cut stone, three feet high, with its top hollowed into a basin; at the bottom of this stone there is another, also hollow, and containing five small loose stones: this is for washing the hands. To the left is another stone, also hollow at the top, but shorter; this is for washing the face. To the right, cut into the mountain, is a large hollow, oval-shaped; this is for taking the bath. Every morning, at sunrise, the little maids fill these hollows to the brim with clear water from mountain-spring, and remove the refuse water from the loose stones. These are relics of the classic *cha no yu* (tea ceremony,) and are to be found in front of every Japanese *besso.*

As for the house itself, why must I lacerate my heart-strings by describing its delights? The snowy *tatami*, the silken cushions, the recesses with their incense-burners, flower-vases and *kakemono.* The soft lights and mellow shadows behind the paper-windows, and gilded sliding screens. The soft breezes through room and hall, the perfect cleanliness and wholesome freshness, the balmy air, flower-scented and incense-laden. The unpainted wood in posters, pillars, beams and ceiling; the arrangements of the bath, the toilet and the lavatory. The tiny ancestral shrine behind the orange-trees, where the four *Inari San*, (honourable foxes) in marble, keep guard day and night over the fortunes of the family—all these and many others I enjoyed with rapture; all these I see now, and I feel their charms lingering over my spirit. Farewell, friend, I can dream no longer, but with the words of the famous Osaka *geisha*, murmuring softly to her dying lover, I say:—

Omae shindara tera ewa yaranu,
Yaete Konishite saké de nomu.
Dearest, shouldst thou now die, the grave shall never hold thee:
Mixed with wine will I drink thy ashes!

Studies in Chinese Dreamlore.

By FRANKLIN OHLINGER.

I.

. . . . häud Di vör de Inbillung
De Inbillung is düller as de Pestilenz.—FRITZ REUTER.

LITERATURE.

HWANGTE.

THE Chinese have, as we might expect, an ample literature on the ever fertile subject of dreams. Dreams engaged the thoughts of their earliest writers and added many a joint or slat to the ancient bamboo libraries. Of these the worms have so long since made final disposition that no definite idea of their mechanical execution or shape obtains among scholars. And yet, as we address ourselves to the chosen task, we are almost inclined to exclaim in despair with Faust:

Beschränkt mit diesem Bücherhauf,
Den Würme nagen, Staub bedeckt. . . . .
. . . . . das ist eine Welt!

Hwangte, whom fairly reliable historians place on the world's stage about 2697 B.C., or contemporaneous with Noah, might have scratched (the characters were not written on the bamboo) guiding principles of interpretation for the benefit of Joseph, who will ever hold the chief place among mortals both as dreamer and interpreter of dreams. We might also look upon Hwangte as

a distant forerunner of Artemidorus, of whom we learn much in "A Pleasaunt Treatise of the Interpretation of Sundrie Dreames gathered parte out of the woorcke of the Learned Philosopher Ponzettus and part out of Artemidorus."

The Chinese can doubtless claim the earliest literature ever produced on dreams, but unfortunately their early writings were not as safely handed down to posterity as might be desired. In this regard they differ from the sacred writings of the Hebrews to a marked degree. With all their superstitious reverence for even the merest scrap of written paper the Chinese never developed anything like the passion for original or for literally faithful copies which amounted to a "jot and tittle" cult among the "chosen people." And thus, while archæology more and more corroborates and explains the Bible, it has done nothing for the ancient bamboo and leather books of this people. It would almost seem as if the remarkable ability of the Chinese to retain in memory as well as their comparatively early knowledge of printing, had made them somewhat indifferent as to the preservation of autograph copies of even their most valuable books.

There is a remarkable agreement among both very early and also modern writers that Hwangte was the first to give his thoughts on dreams visible form, and that in doing so he used not less than eleven bamboo slats or joints. Notwithstanding the claims of frequent impostors it is also generally admitted that not a line of his scratchings has been faithfully handed down to modern times. It is indeed doubtful whether we have an idea or thought from him unchanged. The accounts we have of the repeated attempts to palm off spurious works on the public as the original eleven joints make us all the more sceptical. So also the fact that as late as the eleventh century a medical work was published claiming to have come down from this same venerated "Yellow Emperor." The claim was based on the fact that the order for the burning of the books (B.C. 213) spared works on medicine, divination and agriculture. But even if writings had, in spite of perishableness of material and of sweeping revolutions, been preserved 2,000

SCRATCHED BAMBOO SLATS.

years and over, we do not know how much was included in the protected classes of books. It is very evident, however, that Ts'in and his servile flatterers by the "Fire in the Ts'in" made the most desperate effort ever made by man to break and have done with the past. Statesmen and scholars who showed any regard for antiquity were exterminated with their families.

Producing these apocryphal writings furnished welcome employment to those scholars who thought themselves in need of a livelier imagination on the one hand, and also to those who went in search of subjects on which to whet their critical acumen. Chinese penmanship and skill in literary composition owe much to the early use of this perishable material. A large field was open to those who knew how to make ideas visible. It was on the whole, however, a misfortune that the bamboo came so handy for bookmaking, inasmuch as it kept the Chinese from using clay by means of which records of civilizations much older than Hwangte were preserved and are now brought forth and placed before the reading world.

Again, as one takes up this dreamlore of the Chinese it becomes very plain that their scholars were more under the influence of a deep interest in psychology, with all its fascinating problems and phenomena, than under the spell of morbid superstition. Nor shall we censure them as backward psychologists after we have just been told by the greatest psychologist of our times (Hegel) that we ourselves have made no advance in this study since the days of Aristotle.

Turning now to the Classics we are disappointed in finding nothing on our subject in the famously dreamy Book of Changes. The Book of History and the Book of Odes offer a more inviting field. The Rituals, notably those of the great Chow Dynasty, deal specially with the subject. Tso, in his amplified Spring and Autumn Annals, narrates twenty-two dreams.

In the Miscellaneous Conversations, belonging to the Four Books, we read that Confucius, evidently conscious of advancing physical decay, deplored the fact that he had not dreamed for a long time and, consequently, had not as once before seen the Duke of Chow, who had ever been his ideal of an organizer and ruler. Mencius, it seems, took no interest whatever in our subject. And yet we might expect to find him studying it most carefully, not only because so many great writers had done so before him, but because the opening chapters of his works deal so largely with psychological questions. Like his contemporaries, Plato and Aristotle in the Western world, he made man his chief study, because on man's "essential Nature" he based his ethical teachings. Righteousness, he insisted, was the natural gift or characteristic of every heart and not a mere sentiment acquired from others. "It is man's

normal way. I love life and I love righteousness; if both cannot be attained I abandon life and choose righteousness." On his ethical system he based his conception of the properly organized state. "Above, . . . no *Tao* (ideal, truth) for comparison (example); below, . . . no law challenging obedience, . . . then the court will not be faithful to *Tao*, nor the artisan to the standard (rule, measure). Nobles sin against righteousness and the peasants against the penal code. If the state continue (to exist) it is simply by lucky chance."

The Miteh philosophy reached its greatest influence contemporaneously with that of the sage of Lu and was in Mencius' time shaking the very foundations of the venerable Chow Dynasty. Mencius entered the arena against these socialists. He finally vanquished them so completely that it is hard to find a copy of their writings, while his own have been placed among the Classics and are memorized in all the schools of the land. Sensualism, the perennial menace to society, was also rampant. Having come on the scene when the times were seriously out of joint, he became remarkable for the forcefulness of his style and for the scope of subjects discussed in his works. He felt himself called to champion a cause, a circumstance that gave his thoughts a very practical turn. We thus conclude that he had no time for—dreams.

Proceeding to Licius we begin to appreciate the lines at the head of this chapter on the freaks and pranks of imagination. The Chinese love to speak of him as their own (not an imported) Buddha. Mr. Wylie in his "Notes on Chinese Literature" says he flourished in the fourth century B.C., Dr. Faber declares him one of the greatest minds of China, and Dr. Giles, finally, pronounces him an allegorical personage invented by Chuang Tzu for purposes of illustration. This latter view is shared by many of the present-day native scholars and there seems to be but little prospect of substantiating either of the other views. This is certain, however, the work bearing his name is not only interesting but highly instructive as well. Strangely enough we find him describing paradise in the same words as it is described in the notoriously nonsensical Mountain and Ocean Classic. On the subject of dreams his book (for convenience we still speak of him as a real personage) is the most unique and original in the catalogue. It would afford us not a little satisfaction to know that he was not merely a dream but a *bona-fide* dreamer.

Chuang Tzu, coming immediately after the allegorical Licius and almost equally renowned, has left us the next best on our present subject. So far as the practical affairs of life are concerned he is described to us as one of China's wildest dreamers. In our day he would at least be called an "odd stick."

The work designated by the shortest possible title, "Dream Book," is probably no longer extant. In its place we have "Chin Sze-yuen's Guide to the Interpretation of Dreams," which dates from about the middle of the Ming Dynasty. From the popular view-point it is the completest work on the subject ever produced by a Chinese writer; for us it naturally lacks the interest of the older authors.

The "Hung Lou Mêng," usually called "The Dream of the Red Chamber," contains a short account of a dream and one of a frightful nightmare. Both accounts are vivid to a remarkable degree. The title of the great novel means the same as Ecclesiastes i, 2.

Was hilft es mir dass ich geniesse?
Wie Träume fliehn die wärmsten Küsse
Und alle Freude wie ein Kuss.—Goethe.

PSYCHOLOGICAL THEORIES.

In die Traum und Zaubersphäre
Sind wir, scheint es, eingegangen.—Faust.

THE DUAL POWERS YIN AND YANG.

It is as natural for a Chinese writer on dreams to examine into the psychology of the phenomenon as it is for a doctor to diagnose a disease. He also shows a remarkable facility for changing from the philosopher into the physiologist, naturalist, or astrologer. That they all have much to say about the dual priniciples, the Yin and the Yang, is only what we would expect. And, again, that their theories should at least now and then coincide with our own is as natural as it is for the Chinese to have dreams similar to ours. In this similarity lies much of the interest with which we pursue this study.

Finally, these writers plagiarise each other without remorse, which, strange to say, was also among the weaknesses that prevailed among Artemidorus's* immediate predecessors.

* "For nearly all my predecessors of recent times, having become victims of the passion for literary fame, and feeling sure of gaining their object if they transmitted a work on the symbolism of dreams to posterity, have either copied from each other or taken and watered the fine and correct remarks of the ancients, or added a mass of comments to the sparse notes of the same, for they did not draw on experience but wrote extemporaneously and without preparation, as each one felt inclined."

Licius teaches that man's body has periods of increase alternating with periods of decrease, that like the tide, it rises and ebbs, keeping in conformity with its environment. If the female Yin principle is strong you dream of wading through deep water and experience a sense of fear. If the male principle Yang, predominates you dream of going through fire and getting burned. If the two are equally strong you dream of both promoting and destroying life. A full meal is followed by dreaming of giving food to others, "retiring on an empty stomach" causes one to dream of receiving food. Loss of vigour is accompanied by dreams of flying, chronic disease by dreams of falling in the water, sinking and drowning. If you sleep on your girdle you will dream of lying on a snake. If the birds get in your hair you will dream of flying. While the sky is lowering and during twilight the sleeper dreams of fire. An approaching illness causes one to dream of eating. Feasting and jollification by day bring dreams of sorrow and weeping. One is apt to dream about that which greatly occupied the mind while awake. When the spirit (soul) comes in contact with the body (form) dreams are produced.*

The forms (bodies) that appear to the mind constitute our thoughts by day and our dreams by night. Therefore, dreaming ceases as soon as the mind is perfectly calm and not at all disturbed by material forms. Dreams come from thoughts—dreaming is thinking. Those who believe in what they comprehend rarely speak, those who believe in dreams (meaning those who believe that they are to be taken literally) are inexperienced, for they originate in the mutations of our material being. The spiritually-minded (he calls them the *true people*) among the ancients on awakening from their meditations had forgotten all about material things.

Observing here the stress Licius lays on calmness of mind we do not wonder that the Chinese call him their Buddha. A certain state of nirvana seems to be very distinctly in his thoughts. Its reality and nature, however, he does not look for in India, but rather among his own ever-venerated ancients. Licius stands well among Chinese philosophers and psychologists but goes far afield in matters involving geographical and ethnographical information. He claimed to have knowledge of a country called Kumong, at the southern corner of the most distant west, where people awake but once every fifty days and consider their dreams realities and their waking observations nonsense. He does not say whether the landscape abounds in elms or not, but evidently—

"The god of sleep there hides his heavy head,
And empty dreams on every leaf are spread."

* This is one of the hardest passages to translate in Licius. Dr. Faber words it thus: "The meeting of the spirit (the spirits) is dreaming; accepting the form is a matter of business."

He then describes the region between the "Four Seas" where things are normal, sleeping and waking alternating regularly, the people considering that which they do while awake reality and that which they see in their dreams nonsense. In the extreme opposite direction of Kumong, that is, in the northern corner of the most distant east, lies the land of Fanloh where the people are fierce and never sleep.

He evidently makes use of these three countries, whether he believes in the existence of any but the middle region or not, to show what the effect is when either the one or the other of the dual powers prevails, as well as the result of their mutually balancing. ("The Benefit of Evil.") His illustration of the "law of compensation" by the dreams of the wealthy Yin of Tsao and his aged servant, as well as the dispute over the fawn, owing to an uncertainty of mind as to whether things seen in a dream are to be accepted as more real than what is observed while awake, are the most interesting chapters on this subject in Chinese literature. One might almost think Houwald had set himself the task of putting Licius into meter when he penned the lines:

> Was steht denn nun als Wahrheit vor dir da?
> Was wachend oder träumend dir geschehen?

Chuang Tzu takes up the subject by saying that dreams are the life germs of the male principle. A person's state of mind influences the heart, and the life germs are controlled by the heart. If the heart is joyful the dreams will usually be joyful, if angry the dream will be angry.

From here he repeats Licius almost verbally, saying in the dreaming state soul and body (spirit and form) are combined (or mingle in their activities) and when we awake each turns to its proper sphere. The perfect (true people) do not dream. Tennyson says of "The Sleeping Beauty":—"She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells a perfect form in perfect rest." Weeping at night is followed by feasting during daytime, or, as our common saying insists, "dreams go by contraries."

The "Dream Book," if quoted correctly, says dreams are pictures of the moving life principle (essence, ether). "When the animal spirits (or energy) have commerce with the body in the absence of the spiritual faculties (the 'three souls and seven spirits'), in other words, when mental discrimination cannot take place, dreams are the result, because the female and male principles are moved. These also determine the nature, joyful or sorrowful, etc., of the dream. The dream may reveal an impending fault, putting the virtuous on his guard. Coming events are outlined for us in our dreams. The eye does not see, the ear does not hear, the nose does not smell, and the mouth does not

speak (while dreaming) because the soul has gone abroad recreating, and the body alone is on the couch.

"The heart is thinking, forgetting the body. This is the common theory of dreams.

"In his dreams a man receives messages and warnings from the spirits of heaven. If he do not grasp it (the message) firmly he soon forgets it or at best retains a bare impression while the words (details) are forgotten. (Dan. ii, 5, 11, 31.) The condition in which we may receive such messages is not called sleep but perception (*hellsehen*?), and the vision will certainly come to pass. Therefore every dynasty had its official interpreter of dreams."

Täuscht mich ein Traum?
Was seh'ich, grosse Götter!—Adelma Vigillar, 2,739.

The "Dream Book with Guide to Interpretation" says: "Dreams come from the three souls and seven spirits. The souls know things that have not yet come to pass, the spirits treasure experiences. By day the souls are in (belong to) the eye, but at night when we sleep the spirits reside in the liver and lungs. Because the souls are in the eye therefore we see; the spirits being in the liver, therefore we dream. Dreams are the result of the animal spirits' wanderings and mirror things to come. They are, therefore, the spiritual acts which the animal spirits run against (experience), these acts having bodies (or forms)."

Wen Chung-tzu, the ablest and best-hated scholar of the Sui Dynasty, assures us that the "perfect people" (the saints) of old did not dream.

Twan Shing-shih of the Tang says: "The illiterate as well as the 'perfect people' rarely dream. I asked a horseboy whether he had a dream. He replied: 'For a hundred nights I have not dreamed.' A monk said to me: 'Do not pay attention to dreams lest they cling to the heart and cause many complications.' Those who are born blind do not dream, hence we see that the dreamer gets the subject matter of his dreams from the objects he sees by day." This comes very near Jean Paul's idea, that sleep toys with us as we toy with our waking.

A cousin of Twan Shing-shih dreamed people were beating drums on the street, but found when he awoke that his little brother had been drumming on the door.

Choo He, the famous Fuhkien commentator of the Sung Dynasty (A.D. 1130-1200) enlightens us in the following words: "The animal spirits (immaterial energies) have communion with heaven, earth, and the dual powers, classifying our deeds by day in our dreams in the night, according as they are *yin* or *yang* (good or bad)."

Lü Tsu-chi'en, a great admirer and contemporary of Choo He and almost as famous as a writer, commenting on the dreams recorded in Tso's narratives, declares that these were neither revelations nor discoveries but merely the legitimate imaginings of what those ancients had within themselves.

The Taoists say dreams are the phantoms of the "Seven Spirits."

NOTE.—In addition to the authors and works mentioned in the foregoing, the writer has also consulted William's "Middle Kingdom" and Doolittle's "Vocabulary and Hand-Book of the Chinese Language."

Chinese Human Nature.

By W. Arthur Cornaby.

EVERY Western resident in China, away from the Treaty Ports, and many a resident within those Treaty Ports, has often been, however unconsciously, the subject of discussions whose last word has been: "Spite all foreign peculiarities, which I grant you are neither few nor small, he or she is really a human being after all." In the earlier years of missions in China every native preacher had to be armed with a whole arsenal of arguments for the purpose of carrying this point by assault. Years ago when a missionary made his appearance upon a platform, or rostrum if you prefer the more dignified term, to essay his powers of preaching to outsiders, the closing remarks of an aged native orator used to be: "When I have done, a gentleman from the West is going to address you. He is not a 'foreign demon'. His appearance and clothing and his short hair will seem strange to you, but look at him, he has two arms and two legs, two ears and two eyes, a nose (though a long one) and a mouth, and I assure you his teeth are made of *bone* just like ours. He is really a human being, and I hope you will regard him as such."

Having been the subject of such distinguished kindness (!) in days gone by, it is only natural on the present occasion to try and return it by endeavouring to pourtray some items of the common human nature of the Chinese, and to explain how some of the peculiarities which may arrest our attention at times, have come to be evolved from that common human nature. In order to study the subject, it is not only necessary for us to bring two eyes to bear upon the whole case, but for one of those eyes to be a Chinese eye, which can look at matters, from the Chinese standpoint, with something like intelligent sympathy.

Let us first, with our Western eyes alone, notice a few prominent Chinese peculiarities or characteristic features.

The elaborate scheme of politeness among the Chinese has often afforded occasion for remark. There is a stock anecdote, for instance, of a gentleman who went elaborated in his best silks and satins to pay a call.

While he was waiting alone in the guest-room, a startled rat on the beam overhead upset a pot of oil over his robes. He forthwith cursed the rat in language that could hardly be called "childlike and bland"; language, if the truth must be told, not specially adapted for translation; but immediately his host appeared on the scene, he apologised for his own sorry appearance by saying: "On entering your honourable hall, an honourable rat ran along the honourable beam and upset an honourable pot of oil upon my despicable garments." Which method of stating the case seems hardly to fit in with any general scheme of human nature as we of the West know it.

We hope the host invited his guest to temporarily occupy a clean suit of his own garments, and thus attired to sit down to a social meal. If he did so, we may be sure that neither wife nor daughters appeared at the social board, but were left to regale themselves on the leavings afterwards. Which undoubtedly grates upon our sense of human nature.

Further, if we read the Imperial counsels to the populace, known as the Sacred Edict, of some two centuries back, we find such remarks as: "If your wife dies you can get another, but where will you get another brother?"—the argument being that wives are not to be compared with brothers, in point of importance. Which hardly coincides with our ideas of connubial relationship.

We find also in China that there is no courtship preceding marriage; that the young folks are supposed to have no will of their own, and that the betrothals are arranged by parents and middle-men, between youths and maidens who have never seen each other, except perhaps by accident. And if anyone were to pronounce that to be human nature, and endeavour to introduce a like custom into the West, he would hardly be considered to be in his right senses, to say the least of it.

Then as to the middle-man or deputy. He seems to be ubiquitous as regards all important negotiations, and in all asking of favours from those regarded as superiors. I once had an employee who saw me every day, but who, on being taken poorly with a complaint for which I had medicine in the house, went to a native preacher and asked him to ask my Chinese writer to ask me for the desired medicine. He recovered, and in process of time was about to be married, when, by means of a native friend, he summoned up courage to request me to supervise the ceremony on a certain date. At which, I confess to have asked, as if in surprise, "Does he really want me to attend in person, or to send a deputy? And is he really going to be married himself? Will he not get some deputy to go through the ceremony for him?"

Then, having made up our minds as to what are the special peculiarities of custom in China, our well-defined knowledge of them is much discounted by the discovery of some contrasting custom which is quite the reverse of all that we imagined to have been fixed by rule. It is the rule, we said, for those who are betrothed not to see each other before marriage. Let anyone state that as the invariable custom, and there are a host of facts to be quoted on the other side.

"My son has been with me to the country," said a man one day. "He will be returning shortly, and wants to be married."

"To whom?" I asked.

"Oh, we exchanged a cabbage-plot for her. He is bringing her with him." The bridegroom was escorting his bride in person several days' journey. And as to the unusual method of gaining a bride from a cabbage-plot, I have always held the theory—especially after studying her remarkably vegetable-disposition—that she really *grew there*, a human variety of the cabbage! I grant you that such a method of rapid evolution must be regarded as exceptional, but then in China every excellent rule seems to have equally excellent exceptions.

It is the rule for betrothed couples not to see each other before marriage, is it? Then be prepared to find the extreme opposite of this custom in the fact that everywhere there are thousands of betrothed couples who have actually grown up together under the same roof, seeing each other every day for a decade or more before marriage. In connection with this fact, let the following incident be told.

My coolie came to me one day saying that his sister was poorly, and would I give him medicine for her, as the lady-doctor was away? Not knowing the whereabouts of his sister, I asked where his home was.

"At Ts'aitien" (twenty miles away).

"How will you get the medicine to her?"

"Oh, I'll take it. She lives quite near."

"I didn't know you had a sister living near at hand."

"No, she is my wife."

"Your wife! I didn't know you were married."

"No, I am not married. She is my sister."

Talk of the riddle of the Sphinx! Here was a conundrum! And yet all his answers to my questions were perfectly natural ones, and perfectly consistent ones, when he had explained the whole case.

By the question as to his home, he had understood his birthplace, or "old home." His parents had died when he was young, and he had been adopted into a family where the children were all girls. They were therefore

his sisters. But his adoption was an early betrothal too, and as a betrothal in China is quite as binding as a marriage, he spoke of the eldest sister as his wife, meaning his affianced bride.

In this case, then, the riddle was explained; and I hold that every riddle connected with Chinese life and its mannerisms is equally open to explanation, if we can gain possession of the basal facts of the case, and can bring ourselves to see the matter from the Chinese standpoint. In other words, that Chinese characteristics and peculiarities, like our own—for we have many Western peculiarities too—are just the out-working of a common human nature under certain conditions of environment. It is, of course, impossible to cover the whole ground within the limits of a short paper. But certain specimen peculiarities may be traced to their source as an incentive to further study for all who care to pursue the wider subject for themselves.

The key to many of the problems before us is found in the conditions of life in the country hamlet or village. Ancient Rome consisted exclusively of cities. To be a Roman was to be called a *citizen*, or city-dweller; to live in the country was to be called a *pagan* or country-dweller, or as we say a *heathen* or heath-dweller. But in China from of old it has been otherwise. Rome began with a city, and the empire was practically an extended city; China began with villages, and the village point of view has ever since coloured the whole scheme of national life.

The empire is practically a huge village, with the emperor as patriarch of the huge village-clan. The term patriarch and the term Son of Heaven seem leagues removed; but the latter happens to be a natural development of the former. In the ancient days the patriarch was not only the acknowledged head of the clan, as Job was of his family and retainers, in the Land of Uz, but like Job he was the offerer of sacrificial worship on behalf of the family and its connections. He was thus the representative of the "One great, exalted in the highest"—which is the ancient dictionary-definition for the character *T'ien* 天 (Heaven). As the clans became a nation and the nation an empire, the patriarch became king and then emperor, under the term Son of Heaven, or representative of Heaven. He was regarded as bearing the same relationship to heaven as each of the populace bore to him.* And his term of address for the

* Li Kang, a statesman of the eleventh century, says: "Heaven is to the sovereign as father and mother to a son—loving him with an extreme love, and therefore giving him extreme admonition. Thus a ruler of men, admonished by Heaven, must be fearful and careful to the point of sincerest awe." And Hu Hung, a statesman of the twelfth century, adds: "The sovereign serves Heaven as a son serves his father. He must do so with settled sincerity and the most refined unity of virtue. He selects a spot of rural land to the south of the city, sweeps the ground, and sacrifices to 'Shang Ti of the vast Heaven'—the word 'Heaven' denoting His disposition, and the word 'Shang Ti' (Sovereign on High) referring to His essential nature."

populace was "little children," or to be grossly literal, "pink babies"—a term still in vogue in the edicts of the great "father-mother of the populace," the emperor, or the proclamations of the deputy "father-mothers of the populace," the mandarins. Here we have a natural development of the original patriarchal village system extended to the empire at large.

And on the other hand, the country hamlet or clan-village is a microcosm of the empire. It is a little empire to itself. The patriarch or some elder is the sovereign; the village school-teacher (if there be one) is prime minister and counsellor; the heads of the families are the statesmen; neighbouring villages of a different surname are foreign realms, requiring diplomatic treatment; and lastly, as Chinese sentiment is opposed to the marriage of men and women of the same surname, the wives of the younger villagers are foreign residents. That is to say, they have been recently imported from other villages, and at first are naturally most in sympathy with the interests of the outside clans and villages from whence they have come.

We must further remember that our own individualistic basis of society is after all a Western peculiarity of comparatively recent growth, as the ages of history are reckoned, and that the use of the capital "I" is a remarkable phenomenon which would need a long essay to explain it. The earlier basis of society—one does not affirm it to have been the very earliest basis of society—the earlier basis of society, among even our own Aryan ancestors, say 2,000 years B.C., and persisting in the bulk of humanity ever since, has been the communistic basis, where the community or clan or family has been the unit, of which the individuals have been regarded as mere fractions.

The point to be considered in a Chinese village is not the enjoyment of young Mr. Li, or Miss Wang, before or after marriage, nor the prosperity of any one individual in the village. The family, the clan, is the great object for consideration. It exists, and must be perpetuated by the addition of sons. Daughters do not count in this respect, for they will go by-and-by to furnish wives for other clans. Prospective daughters-in-law count more, for they are to become permanent members of the clan. And the task of selecting them naturally falls to the lot of senior representatives of the two separate families concerned. It would never do, from the standpoint of the clan, for the young folks of rival or antagonistic villages to make their own matches. That would at once introduce avowedly rival or antagonistic interests into the heart of the village where the marriage is to take place. The considerations which must weigh are family considerations, and the preservation or nurturing of harmonious relations

with the outlying world. The bond of betrothal, therefore, must be tied by those of experience.

And when once tied it must on no account be broken, for it is the covenant of two families. Such and such a family guarantees to provide a home for a daughter; and that home must be provided, whether she continues in a normal state of body, or becomes disfigured or blind with disease. Once married, she is the property of the new clan. And it is even possible for the marriage-bond to be less binding than the betrothal-bond. In rare cases of necessity it is not regarded as illegal to sell a wife, though, of course, unless the necessity was extreme, the clan from which she came would naturally raise an objection.

Male members of a family are exhorted, in the Sacred Edict, to live in dutifulness to parents and elder brothers, and not to listen to their wives. With the family or clan as the unit, and the young wives as fractions drawn from other clans—somewhat heterogeneous fractions, not fully assimilated to the interests of their husband's clan—we can see this exhortation to be a natural one from the clan-standpoint.

Then, as in point of fact they are of less count to the clan than the original male members of the clan, it seems to have been found the best policy not to admit them to the same social standing as those who are their lords and masters—in theory. In theory, we said, for in practice it not infrequently happens in the Far East, as perchance in the West, that the woman is by no means the "weaker vessel" either in her physical capacities, or her mental calibre, or the strenuousness of her will, or (this of course applies to the East and *not* to the West) the—let us say—the warmth of her temper!

Domestic peace, and harmony generally, is of prime importance to the clan, for it needs to be knit together in unity if it is to withstand the minor encroachments of other clans. To be weak is to be oppressed by stronger neighbours, as human nature is at present in Chinese country places (and as it is sometimes, as must be admitted, in the wider region of things international). The best preventative against oppression is strength, which can only be obtained and retained by internal harmony.

It is essential in Chinese country places to cultivate as friendly relations as possible with all neighbouring clans. The alternative is a feud which may drag both clans into the law-courts, where both will suffer severely. When the imperial author of the Sacred Edict takes pains to warn the populace against going to law, we may be sure that the disastrous consequences are by no means imaginary. In China, to go to law is to go to war, a war in which both victors and vanquished will be heavy losers.

From these and many other considerations there has developed in the Chinese generally a strong instinct for things pacific. While life in the country especially may often be so dull that some local excitement in the form of a quarrel may be a welcome excitement in lieu of anything better, there are sure to be peacemakers forthcoming on both sides, who do their best to settle matters amicably and speedily. And in the event of any misunderstanding between clan and clan, there are sure to be middle-men appointed, who arbitrate with undoubted tact and skill.

In general matters everything is done to preserve harmonious relations, and to "soothe the savage breast." Not being possessed of our modern arts of music which that phrase suggests, the Chinese have elaborated their wonderful system of complimentary counter-point, in a whole gamut of polite phrases. Those phrases are found *par excellence* in their written correspondence. Should a letter have to be written, with the aid of the village school-master, the phraseology is sure to be charming in the extreme, whatever the subject of the epistle. A certain industrious woman, with a lazy husband at a distance, received a verbal message from him to come at once and to bring some of her earnings. It was inconvenient for her to leave just then, and she wanted to tell him he must shift for himself, so an epistle was indited (which I saw before it was sent off). It began: "Princely husband, beneath whose lightning throne, etc., etc." (夫君電台下...). I fear a Western wife would have expressed herself more brusquely than that, and opened up the possibility of "words" when she and her not super-excellent husband did meet!

Someone has said: "Politeness is an air-cushion; there is nothing in it; but it averts a good many hard knocks." And if politeness is good policy in the West, it may often be an absolutely essential item in the East. Of course, the Chinese, even at their politest, do not talk to one another in the high-flown phraseology of their epistolary correspondence, but always with host and guest, and often with strangers generally, the terms *honourable* and *mean* take the place of *your* and *my*, and so on. And as all these terms are monosyllables, they do not sound in Chinese nearly so ponderous and extravagant as they do when translated into our own language. Good words cost little, and may often be very effective sedatives for strained feelings; for after all it is human to be pleased and pacified by compliment and praise.

Diplomacy is necessary in Chinese social relations for many reasons, and it takes many forms. The cultured among the Chinese have learnt an art which we of the West might well aspire unto. They have learnt the art of reproving a man in such a way as not to irritate him. Many of them also may be very angry within, and all the while preserve a placid

countenance, and utter pleasing words. From such minor diplomacy, there has been a development of artifice generally, sometimes objectionable and truth-avoiding when of an extreme form, but not always objectionable, even to the subject of it.

A young man once called upon me, when I had only been three years in the country. With a genial smile suffusing his features, he enquired tenderly after my health, and expressed his sorrow that one so generally esteemed should ever purpose returning home even for a year's furlough. The time was happily distant, and when it did arrive, I was so interested in the Chinese that doubtless I would awaken much interest in China at home. I also had various Chinese objects of interest to take with me by and by, he had heard. A very interesting thing to take to England would be a Chinese bride's dress; he did not know whether I had one in my collection. If not, would I care to purchase one at a moderate price, second-hand? And he named a sum which was certainly not exhorbitant. I thought perhaps I might, if the dress was a fairly good one. "Then," he continued, "I have one with me, outside the door, at that price. Would you care to see it?"

He brought it in, and spread it out on the table. It was certainly ornate and very cheap. Would I care to purchase it now, or wait and get one when I was really going? I decided to purchase it straight off, asking whether he wished to have the money at once. "If convenient, not otherwise," he said. And then, instead of retiring, he lingered with a curious expression on his face, and eventually said: "I really ought not to say it, and hope you will not be offended, but I am to be married in a fortnight's time. Could you lend me the dress for the bride to wear then?" Thus an expectant bridegroom, having to supply the wedding trousseau, managed to furnish the chief item without expense, and without giving offence to anyone either.

To return. Over against the language of compliment, and the ways of minor artifice, there has developed a great faculty for "reading between the lines," catching at hints, and recognising the unexpressed facts of the case. At no part of a call from a polite visitor will he blurt out the real object of his visit. If he states it, it will be wrapped-up in much pleasing padding. But he will as often leave his Chinese host to infer it, knowing that host to be quick at inferences, and able to read suggestions as though they were categorical statements.

Over against most facts in China there seems to have grown up a balancing or contrasting fact. The instance just given was of course inevitable. If A expresses himself to B in hints, B will naturally develop the power to interpret hints. But we find this tendency to balance facts with facts in

many a region besides. The complex religious beliefs of the Chinese come under this category. The teaching of Confucius, which rightly represented the family as the prime factor in the make-up of the nation, but magnified parental authority until it became absolute, was soon balanced by the cult of Buddhism, which represented the path of virtue as involving the abandonment of filial and family relations altogether for a monastic life; and the teaching of Mencius that son-bearing was an essential item in filial piety, was balanced by the same Buddhist representation of the ideal life as a celibate one. Then again, the Buddhism which advocated celibacy became in process of time modified into a means of gaining sons for the generality, through the invocation of the son-bestowing goddess Kuan Yin. And as the Western cult throve through its holding out the promise of sons, what more natural than that a native cult should develop a promise of riches, inventing a popular idol known as the god of riches?

All this, however, has landed the Chinese in the region of striking inconsistency, perhaps proving them thus to be the more human, for consistency is not a very prominent human characteristic, after all. Thus the religious belief of China has come to be expressible in contrasting elements that may be set down under the first four letters of the alphabet.

(1) Ancestral Worship, which assumes that parents live after death.

(2) Buddhism (its Far-Eastern variety) which assumes that they live in the Western Heaven.

(3) Confucianism, in modern days largely Sadducean, assuming that they do not live after death at all.

(4) Daoism (commonly spelt with a T) which assumes that they live overhead in the Nine-storied Heaven.

And to make sure of their comfort, not only are offerings presented at the graves to supply their necessities, but such offerings follow the employing of both Buddhist and Daoist (Taoist) monks to secure them a safe passage to their respective heavens, as though a passenger ticket had been taken on two lines of steamers bound for different ports!

But again, when any item of belief or practice develops into a manifest absurdity, the Chinese are human enough to see the comical side of the situation. And these religious incompatibilities have been satirised in central China in a quatrain that translates thus:

You'd embark in two boats!
Do so if you can!
Off goes one foot to Shanghai,
T'other to Szechuan! *

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* 脚踏兩隻船, 心裏總不安, 一脚到上海, 一脚到四川.

And as we began by noticing the remarkable system of Chinese politeness, we may end by quoting from a fairly recent Chinese work a native skit upon the whole system :—

A number of friends went to call upon an old man on his birthday, agreeing that everything mentioned should be prefixed by the adjective "long-lived"; and this is how it worked.

Arriving at the dwelling of the long-lived man, they were regaled with a long-lived feast, partook of the long-lived viands, lifted the long-lived cup, drank the long-lived wine, handled the long-lived chop-sticks, finished up with the long-lived pork, then had a long-lived game of forfeits (in which each forfeit consists of a cup of wine), sang a long-lived ditty, thumped the long-lived board, were in a condition of long-lived intoxication—when all at once they heard outside the long-lived door a long-lived clamour, and calling the long-lived boy to go and find out what was the long-lived matter, he reported that a long-lived beggar, grasping a long-lived staff and holding out a long-lived bowl, begging for long-lived rice, had been so beaten by the long-lived servants upon his long-lived pate, that he had received some long-lived wounds, had closed his long-lived eyes, and opened his long-lived mouth, and gone off in a long-lived death, so that it would be best to request the long-lived host to inform the long-lived magistrate, that he might identify the long-lived corpse, buy the long-lived coffin, and give him a long-lived burial.

Book Review.

A MANDARIN-ROMANISED DICTIONARY OF CHINESE, by the REV. D. MAC-GILLIVRAY, M.A., B.D., Shanghai, Presbyterian Mission Press. (Mex. $10.)

In the year 1871 George Carter Stent, of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs, published his Chinese and English Vocabulary in the Pekingese Dialect, a volume which has been of great use to more than a generation of missionaries. Six years afterwards a second edition was issued. But later on it seemed as if the one-time useful work would be superseded by other and more elaborate helps for the study of the Chinese language. The volume now before us is the work of a competent Chinese scholar, having for its basis the above-mentioned work. But it has been so altered, revised, and improved that the change of title is fully justified. It is appropriate, however, to find inserted in the dictionary a brief memoir, condensed from the *Journal of the China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society* for the year 1885, of the late George Carter Stent, the author of the volume which forms the basis of the present work.

The book in its present form is an indispensable *vade mecum* for all who are seeking to acquire a knowledge of the peculiar idioms of the Chinese language. It is a compact volume, of convenient size, and packed full of phrases of every-day use by the people of this country; and we predict for it a long life of ever-increasing usefulness. Newly-arrived missionary students, and others who are grappling with the intricacies of the Chinese tongue, will be profoundly grateful to the compiler of this valuable help which, while it will not do away with the necessity of acquiring the larger dictionaries, will yet be found to have a distinct usefulness of its own.

Looking at the work a little more in detail, we find that there are some 4,500 Chinese characters, 95 per cent of which are followed by a group of characters which, when affixed to the introductory character, constitute a phrase. In the first column is found the pronunciation, according to the most widely accepted system of romanization (Wade's).

By a very simple plan the user of this dictionary is able at once to turn to the page of Giles' Chinese-English Dictionary on which the character is found, and also to the place in Williams' Dictionary in the same way. Thus, users of Giles' or Williams' Dictionary may at once refer to them for fuller information, without the labour of searching in their radical indexes, thus obviously saving an immense amount of time and trouble.